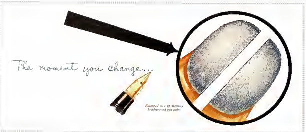
Can Three Different Women Live in One Body?

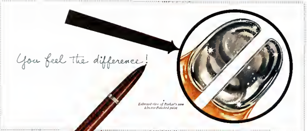
THE ENIGMA OF EVE WHITE

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS


The moment you change...

Enlarged view of ordinary hand-ground pen point


You feel the difference!

Enlarged view of Parker's new Electro-Polished point

The new Electro-Polished Parker "51" Pen writes measurably* smoother than any pen ever made

*** SMOOTHER 3 WAYS**

Try this! Write with any pen, then try the new Parker immediately. You can instantly feel what a difference Electro-Polishing makes.

You can see this difference too. Parker's new Electro-Polished point hasn't a trace of roughness on it even where the nib is slit.

And unlike ordinary points you can't hear a whisper of scratch with the new Parker — even when a high powered microphone is alongside!

Too bad you can't just happen to have a magnifying glass with you next time you pass a pen counter. You'd see, as you can here, what a startling thing has happened to the pen point.

The point above is a *hand* ground point. Note the roughness. Up to now, it has been impossible to remove all of this by hand finishing methods—*to have a pen completely free from scratch*.

But Electro-Polishing does the impossible! Each new Parker point is "dipped" in a special electro-chemical bath which leaves the point so mirror smooth (see it!) that you can't even feel yourself writing.

In these all-new Parkers, too, you get the simplest filling ever offered—two finger filling that draws in thousands of words. Only *one* moving part—no complicated gadgets for repair.

See this wonderful new pen at your dealer's. You can write with an Electro-Polished Parker for as little as $5.75. Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Do you plan before holidays? ...Or kick yourself after?

For most people, summer holidays are over. Here's to the next one! And it's only human to want the next one to be bigger and better in every way. But, alas, it's also human to put off the regular saving needed to make it so. Then a mad scramble begins. You borrow from this and you borrow from that. You trim down your dreams and pare down your hopes. You switch targets and destinations. You make do. But it's only second best and you know it. You kick yourself for not taking the necessary measures, and it all manages to spoil — just a little bit — the vacation you finally can 'afford'.

Well — put your foot down on that part of you that likes to put things off. Start saving *now* for a bigger and better vacation next year. Open an account at the Bank of Montreal right away and put a little aside each month, regularly.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

"MY BANK"
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
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WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

MACLEAN'S CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER 15, 1954 VOLUME 67 NUMBER 18

ANNOUNCING A NEW

Maclean's Fiction Contest

FOR CANADIAN WRITERS

MACLEAN'S invites submissions to a new short-story contest, intended to stimulate Canadians already engaged in creative writing and to encourage new writers who have not yet had fiction published. Because all entries will be identified only by a pseudonym during the judging, amateur and established writers are assured that their work will receive equal attention. For the winning stories Maclean's offers a total of $3,000 divided as follows

First Prize $1,500 Second Prize $1,000 Third Prize $500

In addition to the prize-winners, which will appear in Maclean's soon after the contest closes, other outstanding submissions will be considered for publication at regular rates.

1. The contest is open to all Canadians except employees of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company and their families. Non-Canadians who have lived in Canada since January 1, 1954, and intend to make a permanent residence in this country are also eligible.

2. The contest will close at 5 p.m. EST on Friday, April 1, 1955.

3. The stories must be original fiction, written by the contestant and not previously published.

4. Stories should be approximately between three thousand and ten thousand words and may be on any subject, not necessarily Canadian. Manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of the paper, and should be mailed flat to:

Maclean's Fiction Contest,
Maclean's Magazine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2, Ontario

5. The contestant's pen name should appear on the first page of the manuscript. Entries in which the contestant's real name appears on any page will be disqualified. The entry form should be filled out and enclosed in a sealed envelope attached to the manuscript.

6. After any story appears in Maclean's, all secondary rights revert to the author for disposal as he wishes.

7. Contestants are warned that no manuscripts can be returned. Please do not enclose return postage. Contestants should keep duplicate copies of their entries so that they can, if they wish, submit stories which have not won a prize to other publications as soon as the contest winners are announced.

8. Contestants may submit as many stories as they wish.

9. The editors of Maclean's Magazine will act as judges.

10. Correspondence and further enquiries should be sent to the address given in paragraph 4.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

I have read and accept the rules as they appear in the September 15, 1954, issue of Maclean's and wish to enter this story in the contest which closes at 5 p.m. EST on Friday, April 1, 1955. This fiction story is my own work and has not been previously published. It does not knowingly depict any real person, living or dead.

PLEASE PRINT

TITLE ....

PEN NAME ....

REAL NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

SIGNATURE ....

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CHEMICALS BASIC TO CANADIAN LIVING

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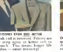
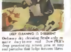
as clean as the day you bought it!



CLOTHES EVEN FEEL BETTER
All harsh soil is removed. Fabrics are freshly crisp again or kitten soft to your touch. This means longer life for clothes — smart economy!



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Dow PER eliminates the sharp, depressing odour that used to hang on clothes for hours overpowering your carefully chosen cologne or perfume.

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Be sure your dry cleaner uses Dow PER!

DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG SARNIA

Why the lady's ALLERGY suddenly vanished . . .

DOCTORS who treat allergy frequently encounter cases that have all the elements of good detective stories

Consider, for example, the case of the housewife who had asthma and hay fever every summer Strangely enough her doctor found that pollens—which usually bring on these disorders—*did not* cause her trouble. Tests showed that she was sensitive to feathers, particularly those of the sparrow.

In tracking down clues to this case it was discovered that outside the patient's bedroom was a vine in which many sparrows nested When the vine was cut down and the sparrows departed—so did the patient s asthma!

Allergies may be caused by an almost endless number of substances which, to the average person are entirely harmless. The person sensitive to one or more of them may develop skin rashes, sneezing attacks, digestive disturbances and other allergic reactions

Most allergies are mild and only occasional attacks occur However people highly sensitive to such substances as feathers, pollens, or dusts may have attacks so severe and persistent that both physical and mental health are affected Whether the allergy is mild or severe it is important to find the cause of the trouble.

In doing so, the doctor asks many detailed questions which may quickly reveal the trouble maker When and where do the attacks occur? What kind of furnishings are in the home? What chemicals or medicines were used recently? Are pets kept in the house? What foods have been eaten lately?

Allergies due to an obscure cause—or more than one cause—generally require detailed diagnostic studies including simple skin tests These usually reveal the cause of the allergic condition Once found complete relief may follow simply by avoiding the offending substance

If treatment is necessary the doctor will prescribe in accordance with the nature of the patient s sensitivities Generally a series of immunizing inoculations are given. These may greatly relieve allergic symptoms in over 4 out of 5 of the cases *provided patients maintain close and continued cooperation with the doctor*

Whenever recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, itching eyes, skin eruptions, digestive upsets, headache or "wheezy" breathing occur medical attention should not be delayed For early treatment brings best results—especially for "hay fever" and other seasonal allergies.

While medical science as yet has no "cure" for allergy this disorder can usually be controlled and distressing symptoms greatly, if not entirely relieved.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

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Canadian Head Office (Dept. H. W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, 94-M "Allergic to What?"

Name
Street
City Prov.

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*

Come To Europe, Mr. President!

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL came into the smoke room and sat down in the upholstered chair which is his by custom. He had had a long hard day with cabinet meetings, questions in the House, and the endless problems of all sizes that arise from government of the people for the people.

But the old warrior was in great form that night and his quips kept his immediate smoke room circle in guffaws of laughter He looked up and smiled as Eden strolled in, and we were glad to see that the Foreign Secretary although carrying more burdens than Atlas upon his shoulders looked stronger than for a long time

In a matter of hours both Churchill and Eden would be in the sky over the Atlantic flying to America for a man-to-man talk with President Eisenhower And I wondered then as I wonder now, why it must always be Churchill with his weight of years who makes the Atlantic flight and never the President

There is no law which prevents the President of the U S from traveling abroad during his term of office Teddy Roosevelt came to London from the White House for a State visit Woodrow Wilson sat with the victors at Versailles to pass sentence upon the guilty and to unveil his plan for an all wise League of Nations

Therefore and with the greatest possible respect, I give it as my opinion that it would have been a good thing if President Eisenhower had cabled to Churchill that he would come to London and thus spare the old warrior the strain that is inseparable from the burden of years

It is true that today the President of the United States of America holds a position more powerful than any emperor, premier or other president. Two world wars ended forever America's dream of splendid isolation Today she is the unquestioned leader of the Western world Although she needs powerful allies America possesses the industrial, financial and military strength which not only justifies her leadership but makes it inevitable.

I can easily understand how the normal decent American looks back nostalgically upon those halcyon days when the U S could stand apart from war or if the worst happened could wait until the eleventh hour before intervening

It was that rarified feeling of spiritual superiority which made it possible for the professorial Woodrow Wilson to utter those feeble words "Too proud to fight," and be acclaimed as if they were the highest wisdom to which mankind could rise

In another sense it was that same detachment from reality which caused the U S to demand the repayment of the loans which it had made to France and Britain as they poured

Continued on page 44

Eisenhowers welcome on ancient manner: Should they have spared him the trip?

A thermostat* in every room

*including bathrooms

Iron Fireman SelecTemp Heating gives you warmth-as-you-like-it everywhere in the house

Room Temperature Control Now Practical

If you have lived in a one-thermostat home you know how hard it is to keep the temperature in every room at the level which you and every member of your family require for complete comfort

Accurate, independent control of the heating in each individual room has long been the goal of heating engineers

Now—with the Iron Fireman SelecTemp heating system this individual control is not only possible, but practical from the standpoint of initial cost and operating expense

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Since each room has its own thermostat, you can select the exact temperature you want for any room at any time The living room, for example can be kept at 72 degrees, bathrooms at 75 kitchen at 65 and bedrooms at a comfortable sleeping temperature, without affecting the rest of the house And these temperatures can be changed at any time with a touch of your finger For example, you may wish to have the living room cooler in the forenoon, when housework is being done than in the evening. Possibly you will want to step up the temperature of a child s room temporarily so that you won't worry about his kicking the covers off All of this is simple with SelecTemp heating. Even the temperature of Grandmother's room ceases to be a problem

Each Room a "Zone"

You can instantly change the temperature in any room without affecting other rooms If you light a fire in the fireplace or if the sun warms a room through the windows, the heating unit in that room automatically throttles down to keep the room temperature from rising above the thermostat s setting If a cold wind strikes one side of the house room units there will instantly step up their heat output This is done automatically, without changing the temperature of other rooms

Modulated Heating

And that s not all Each room unit automatically modulates its heat output If the room needs less heat the unit just slows down Filtered warm air is constantly circulated eliminating overheating—or "cold ankles."

Economical to Install—and Operate

Read about the unique features of this system under "SelecTemp Highlights" Installed cost is little more than that of ordinary systems which provide "on-off" heating with a single thermostat Absence of overheating and unnecessary heating saves fuel.

Before you decide on any heating system you own it to yourself to get the facts about Iron Fireman SelecTemp Use the coupon below or ask your Iron Fireman dealer for a demonstration

BATHROOMS 75°
[illegible] individual heat control. You can keep them warmer than bedrooms. If you want a little extra warmth while bathing, all you have to do is set the thermostat for a higher temperature.

BEDROOMS 65°
Bedrooms can be comfortably cool at nighttime [illegible] daytime [illegible] while [illegible] remain warmest. To save fuel you can also keep temporarily unused rooms cool and warm them again in a few minutes.

for GRANDMOTHER 78°
Grandmother's room [illegible] can be warmed to any temperature desired, without affecting any other room in the house. SelecTemp room units respond very quickly to any change in thermostat setting.

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[illegible] SelecTemp heating [illegible] office buildings, motels, apartments, hospitals and schools.

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MODULATING ZONE HEATING WITH OIL, GAS OR COAL

In every room
SelecTemp gives you a compact, individual heating unit only 18 inches high recessed into the wall with only grille projecting. Can be painted to fit any color scheme. Room unit has copper core heat exchanger, circulating fan operated by steam turbine, air filter and thermostat. 12,000 Btu size shown other sizes are 8,000 and 16,000 Btu.

SELECTEMP HIGHLIGHTS

THERMOSTAT IN EVERY ROOM. Temperatures can be varied in every room to fit the personal preferences of the guests

MODULATED HEAT Air circulation is continuous. Both temperature and volume of air are automatically modulated as required to offset heat loss from room

FILTERED CIRCULATED AIR Individual room air circulation prevents transmission of odors or bacteria from other rooms. Air is cleaned by a spun glass filter in each room unit. Filtered outside air can be introduced if desired.

BOILER LOCATION. Does not require centrally located heating plant. Boiler can be placed in any desired location with proper distribution of heat to every room.

LOW POWER COST No electricity required to operate circulating fans. Non-electric thermostats no wiring needed.

LOW INITIAL COST No other system can be as easily installed in either new or old construction. Small soft copper tubing (⅜ inch I.D.) carries steam to individual room heater units. Return lines are ¼ inch. Substantial savings in installation costs.

LOW FUEL COST Temperature easily reduced in unused rooms. Eliminates overheating

AUTOMATICALLY BALANCED No special adjustments of dampers valves or orifices required to balance heating system. Each unit continuously regulates heat needed for each room. Automatically compensates for external heat sources such as fireplace or solar heat without affecting temperatures of other rooms

Information on SelecTemp and 11 other Iron Fireman heating and cooling systems gladly supplied

SelecTemp heating is fully described in this free 32 page illustrated heating plan book. It also contains valuable information on other types of heating warm air steam or hot water using gas, oil or coal and on room and central cooling systems If you are in doubt about which heating or cooling system will best fit your needs, you should read this new book.

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and Air Conditioning
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Unless clear instructions on investments are given in a Will, even the most competent Executor can be seriously handicapped.

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—to retain your investments?
—to subscribe for additional shares?
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We invite you to write for free booklet "Security for Your Family".

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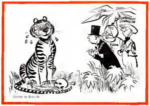
BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE
at Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

Our Unwanted Job In Indo-China

WHEN CANADA was stuck with the job of serving on supervisory commissions for Indo-China, Ottawa assumed that meetings would take place on the 17th parallel, the new line of demarcation between Communist Viet Minh and anti-Communist Viet Nam. The pattern of Panmunjom, where Korea's truce talks were held on the 38th parallel, was taken for granted

It turned out on enquiry that there's no town or village on the 17th parallel The whole territory is deep jungle more severely infested with man eating tigers than any other part of the region

Like William Blake's "Tyger, tiger, burning bright in the forests of the night," these man-eaters are more than mere fauna They are symbols in the current case, symbols of Canada's plight in this unwanted unexpected, unavoidable international duty In the most literal sense we didn't know what we were getting into

When the invitation came no one in Ottawa's Department of External Affairs had ever in his life set foot in Indo-China Arthur Menzies the Japanese scholar and old China hand who heads the Far Eastern Division, had lots of book learning about the former French colony But he'd never been there

Moreover there is no part of the world with the possible exception of Formosa, where Canada was less anxious to become involved Ottawa has no illusions about the victorious Viet Minh—they are no mere nationalists or "agrarian reformers," they are Moscow-dominated Communists On the other hand, illusions are equally few about "free" Viet Nam. Some genuine Vietnamese nationalists have come to the fore lately, superseding the puppets of the French Colonial Office and "Emperor" Bao Dai, but they are embarrassingly latecomers. The French hung on too long to make their ex-colony's case really plausible

At Geneva, Canada was at great pains to let everyone know we wanted no part of the Indo-China problem. Ottawa is inclined to think, in retrospect, that this is why we were drafted for the job of supervising the armistice agreements Canada's very reluctance was an argument in her favor, as a nation willing to judge issues on their merits and uncommitted to any foregone conclusions on the matter

Red China, having got Communist Poland and "neutralist" India on the supervisory commissions must have known the third member would have to be a member in good standing of the Western camp Canada evidently looked like the most independent and fair minded candidate available Communists in their propaganda always represent Canada as a mere satellite of the U.S., but Communists in their actions show that they know better

On the other hand, the United States was equally anxious that Canada should accept the invitation —Americans were openly worried during the delay between its receipt and acceptance by Ottawa, lest Canada might turn down the unwelcome assignment They knew they could count on Canada for two things —sympathetic appraisal of American aims and intentions, and a frank answer to questions about what was going on in the supervisory commissions.

Thus persuaded by friend and foe, the Canadian Government felt it had no choice *Continued on page 94*

DEEPFREEZE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Deepfreeze home freezers are available in 8 models, capacities from 8 to 24 cu. ft. Imperial Model C-146 (13.59 cu. ft.) illustrated above

Save money, live better with a Deepfreeze Home Freezer

Cornell University School of Nutrition made a survey of freezer families. Every family interviewed said, "We couldn't get along without the freezer, we have what we want when we want it!"

Do you own a home freezer? If you don't, here is what you are missing

With a Deepfreeze home freezer you can have a greater variety of quality food at your finger tips—ready to serve any time at lower cost

You can shop less often—only in nice weather

You're always prepared for unexpected guests, or any occasion that calls for food.

You can enjoy this summer's strawberries and corn on the cob next January—or any type of food any season of the year

Because you can buy in quantity, cook in quantity, you can make worthwhile savings in time, work, food and money.

There is no reason why you should be missing the pleasure convenience and economy a genuine Deepfreeze home freezer can give you

With a Deepfreeze Home Freezer . . .

1. You shop less often—only in nice weather
2. You cook and bake ahead for many meals.
3. You can buy in quantity at money saving prices
4. You're always prepared for unexpected guests.
5. You cut meal preparation time and effort
6. You do away with leftovers avoid all waste of food
7. You have greater varieties of food on hand always
8. You enjoy all foods any season of the year
9. You always have larger quantities of food on hand

Deepfreeze®
HOME APPLIANCES
[illegible]

Look for it! Insist on it! Deepfreeze—the trade-name of freezer fame!

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Imperial Model CU-[illegible] (12 cu. ft.) illustrated above. Available also in Model CU 196 (18.6 cu. ft.)

Deepfreeze Upright Freezers, Too!

Deepfreeze has a complete line of freezers with a model to fit any size family or purse Beautiful Deepfreeze Upright Freezers are available for the family where there is minimum floor space

Send for this beautiful book on home freezing.

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assures you of greater car value

Zooming day and night around the fastest test track in the world pounding over an obstacle course of hills, curves, rocks, sand and water hazards these cars are getting the works!

Skilled drivers are doing their utmost to *beat them to death* at Chrysler Corporation's new 4000-acre proving grounds—the toughest automotive test centre of its kind They'll punish these cars more in a few short weeks than you could in years of normal driving In the process, Chrysler Corporation engineers will discover new ways of assuring you ever longer service *and ever more value* from a new Plymouth, Dodge, Chrysler car

Pictured below are just a few of the tests these cars take After 18,000 bruising over some of the best and the worst roads planned by man, the test cars are torn down & tested part by part These careful checks with scientifically-designed equipment all aid in Chrysler's never-ending search to *prove* and *improve* car value

No wonder people expect more and get more . . from Chrysler products

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Splashing into a miniature lake, this new Plymouth gets a soaking bath This gruelling test tells engineers whether water can get into vital operating parts, how brakes react, and whether there are body leaks

Sailing over the bumps before coming to earth with a jolt that will pound and strain every part of the car Such testing results in better shock absorbers and springs . . . brings you a safer, softer ride.

urning into deep sand at a brisk rate of speed, the test driver twists e steering wheel again and again He's getting facts on axles, wheels, ansmissions, drive shafts—all to make a better car for you

Topping a hill after a jarring run over a washboard road, this car heads for heavily rutted gravel and a bumpy block road Engineers will discover how well springs, shock absorbers, steering assembly can take it.

PLYMOUTH • DODGE DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

WHAT MAKES IT TICK?

When you listen to your watch, it speaks to you of [illegible] the passing of the seconds [illegible] of the skills of all the men whose efforts bring you [illegible] expert action.

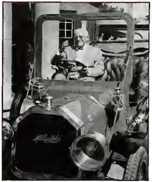
To a watchmaker, your watch is like a living thing. Its world is as tiny as the watch but its working [illegible] is large as the history of recorded time.

Your watch ticks 432,000 times a day as the lever jewels strike the escape wheel. The constancy of this heartbeat determines the accuracy of your watch—the big difference between a fine Swiss jeweled lever watch and an ordinary watch. For a fine Swiss watch is painstakingly precisioned from the balance wheel that travels 3600 miles a year to the tiniest screw—no bigger than this period ».

Whether you're buying a new watch or having a watch serviced, your jeweler will show you why Swiss craftsmanship means more in beauty, accuracy, value—and in the ease and economy of servicing. No wonder 9 out of 10 jewelers wear fine Swiss watches themselves! *For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.*

The Watchmakers of Switzerland

Time is the Art of the Swiss



This 1907 Model F, with author at a right-hand drive, was the original horseless McLaughlin. But for 40 years the family had been renowned for its carriages

My Eighty Years on Wheels

By R. S. McLAUGHLIN as told to Eric Hutton

The McLaughlins said that Young Sam had "wheels in the head"—and it was true of them all. One of Canada's most famous and well-loved business leaders here begins the richly intimate story of how his family fashioned a mighty industry by building a better horse's carriage and then replacing the horse

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

WHEN A MAN looks back on his life from his eighty-fourth year those who will listen to his memories expect him to become nostalgic about the good old days. But I happen to take more interest in the present and future than in the past, so to me everything that happened before yesterday belongs in the old days.

Should I remember particularly that day in 1907 when the first automobile bearing the name McLaughlin rolled out from among the doomed graceful carriages in our Oshawa shop?

Or that spring afternoon in 1934 when my graceful Horometer won me my first King's Plate in record time?

Or the latest report of General Motors of Canada which shows that the company that grew from an axe handle my father fashioned on a backwoods farm a hundred years ago is, more tha[illegible] the largest single producer of consumer goods in Can[illegible]

All those things and a thousand more memori[illegible] old days, and all of them were good.

My father's days were good too—all his lo[illegible] never reconciled himself to the supplanting of

the McLaughlins enjoy their magnificent Italian garden at Oshawa. As an apprentice he got three dollars a week, but his father held back two-fifty for board.

by the automobiles he could never learn to love, even though they bore our name.

So were the days of my grandfather John, who first stepped on the soil of Ontario with no other possessions than the clothes he wore. And very wet clothes they were, too.

Grandfather John McLaughlin came to Canada from County Tyrone on a sailing ship in 1832. He and the 140 other Irish men, women and children on the ship were not "potato famine" immigrants but had been persuaded to come to Canada by an agent for a scheme to populate the Peterborough area. I don't think Grandfather McLaughlin required much persuasion; he was eager for the opportunities offered to an energetic young man by the big new country across the Atlantic.

At Montreal John McLaughlin and his companions transferred to river boats for the hazardous trip up to Lake Ontario. It proved so hazardous that Grandfather nearly did not survive it. His boat was swamped in rough water and all his possessions were lost. When he landed at Cobourg for the overland journey to Peterborough he had only the contents of a thin wallet between himself and destitution.

Grandfather stayed in Peterborough only a short time, then took up a 100-acre grant of crown land in the virgin forest six miles north of Bowmanville. Some of the other Irish settlers took land nearby and, nostalgically, they called the place Tyrone.

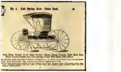
Granddad cut enough trees to build a log cabin and make a clearing to sow his first crop. In that log cabin was born his eldest child, my father Robert McLaughlin. It was a thrifty life the McLaughlins and the other settlers led. They could grow much of their own vegetables, catch fish in the creeks, and occasionally butcher and share a pig. But there was mighty little cash for the tea, salt, sugar and flour they had to buy in the bustling town of Bowmanville, half a day's journey away. In fact, my father remembered that about the only cash crop on the farm was the potash they made by burning the hardwood they cut as they cleared the land slowly and laboriously, acre by acre.

As soon as my father was big enough to swing an axe he was enlisted in that work that never finished for the Tyrone settlers, felling trees to make land for the plow. They say that if a person gets a surfeit of anything when he is young he will grow up hating that thing. Well, that certainly wasn't the case with my father. From the time he was a boy until he was a grown man and married, my father felled and logged and stacked hundreds and thousands of cords of hardwood. And when he married, what do you think Granddad gave him for a wedding present? Why, fifty acres of virgin forest to be cleared into a farm of his own!

And so he sharpened his axe again and fell on those endless trees to build a house and clear a field for his wife and the family they were soon to start.

Yet, next to God and his family, wood was the great love of my father's life. He loved the smell of it and the feel of it and the way it worked under axe and saw, adze and chisel and plane. There was to come a time when I would have to stand before him, more than a little nervous and prepared to be ordered indignantly from his office, and tell him that the McLaughlin Carriage Company should start making automobiles as well as carriages in order to keep abreast of the times. Yet he took my brash suggestion surprisingly quietly and calmly, and I know he agreed, albeit sadly and reluctantly, only because cars in those days had bodies made of wood which required quite as much skill to fashion as his carriages. This was something he could understand and approve of, even though he disapproved the noisy, smoke-belching iron machine which took the place of the stately horse. It wasn't until metal bodies replaced wood that he finally lost interest.

"That's the end," he told me quietly.



No. 1. End Spring Gear Piano Body.

They said nothing was more useless than a fifth wheel, but "the Governor" invented one to steer with and outstripped rivals.

While he was still a boy my father had taken up a hobby. In those days on a backwoods farm you pretty well made your own entertainment. There were no movies to go to, of course, and no radio or television to keep a boy entranced. Even such entertainments as "the city" might offer, in this case the village of Bowmanville, were out of the question; the trip over the narrow rutted muddy road from Tyrone to Bowmanville was a major undertaking.

So, in the few hours between the end of a day of hard labor with his axe and his early bed time, my father occupied himself with what was to become his life's work, shaping wood. At first it was axe handles, fashioned with such skill that when Granddad took them into Bowmanville on market day the merchants declared they were the best they had ever seen and even paid a penny or two above the going price for them. In addition to being my father's hobby, those axe handles were an important supplement to the family's other source of cash income, potash. The axe handles also were in a very real sense the first production units of the enterprise that is now General Motors of Canada.

Granddad was a devout man and the only activity permitted on Sundays was church-going. But that in itself was an adventure, a complete change of scene, a transition from the "Little Ireland" atmosphere of Tyrone to the mixed Irish and Scottish settlement of

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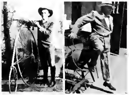
THE
McLAUGHLIN
CARRIAGE Co FACTORY

lin factory at Enniskillen, Ont., first turned out carriages. Founder Robert (third from left) soon moved to Oshawa to expand.

From a country carriage shop grew huge GMC of Canada

In the Nineties the McLaughlin staff worked a 60-hour week, including the boss, in an upholstery shop

Robert McLaughlin (the Governor) was never reconciled to the auto.



Young Sam often rode this bicycle sixty miles in a day. Now at 83, he agilely jumps from the first cutter made by the McLaughlins.

Workers shouldered arms as the camera clicked in the Oshawa factory in 1892. The first car rolled in 1907.

THREE women:

A case history by SYDNEY KATZ

THE GRAPH below is a tracing of brain cell activity as each personality takes over in Eve White. Note changes in pattern.

ONE body

Is it possible that one housewife can be three people at once? Yes, say scientists who have studied this true Jekyll-and-Hyde story. It's hard to believe, but here are the facts:

EVE WHITE

Timid, simple, shy, she had strange spells when she neglected the child she loved and told her worried husband lies,

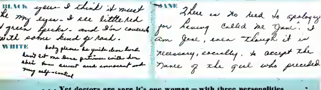
EVE BLACK

Loud, cruel, glamorous, she liked men, money, fun. She had a different IQ, and she always insisted she was single.

JANE

Strong, sensible, attractive, she didn't know who she was and had to learn like a child to live again, although she was 28.

Experts say this handwriting is by three different women . . .



BLACK

you- I think it must
ke my eyes- I see little red
t green specks- and I'm covered
with some kind of rash.

WHITE

baby please be quite dear Lord
don't let me lose patience with her
she's too sweet and innocent and
my self-control

JANE

There is no need to apologize
for having called me "Jane". I
am Jane, even though it is
necessary, socially, to accept the
name of the girl who preceded

. . . Yet doctors are sure it's one woman — with three personalities

. . etet oecs as a se sue s a ce we we— – —

PERHAPS once in a lifetime a doctar finds a patient with a condition so rare and startling that he is overwhelmed by feelings of wonder and awe. This has been the recent experience of Dr. Corbett H. Thigpen, a 35-year-old associate professor of neurology and psychiatry at the Medical College of Georgia, Augusta.

For more than three years Thigpen has been treating a young woman who he is convinced is not one but three completely different people. She has what is perhaps the strangest malady known to medicine. She is a "multiple personality." Improbable as it may sound, her body appears to be shared by three different women.

When she first went to see Thigpen the woman was twenty-five and married with a two-year-old daughter. In medical history she is now known as Eve White although that is not her real name. Eve White doesn't smoke, drink or dance and she wears drab conservative clothes. Her face is lined with worry and her only aim seems to be not to offend anyone.

But at times another personality emerges, pushing Eve White aside and taking over complete control of her body, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for several weeks. She is known as Eve Black and in many ways she's the exact opposite of Eve White. She is a racy, free and sexy young woman. She is outrageously flirtatious, picks up strange men, drinks, smokes and buys flashy clothes she can't afford. Eve Black sums up what she wants out of life in a single sentence: "I want money and fun."

The third person in Eve White's body is Jane, who seems to possess the better qualities of both Eve White and Eve Black with something of her own added. She is poised, calm and intelligent, dresses in excellent taste and is gracious and pleasing with men.

Each of the characters "comes out" whenever Thigpen asks her to ("Come out, Eve Black!" he may say). But sometimes one will take over from another without warning and turn Eve White's life into a bewildering nightmare. She has been told about her multiple personality, but until then Eve White knew nothing about Eve Black or Jane. Eve Black, on the other hand, always knows everything that Eve White thinks and does but only what Thigpen tells her about Jane. Finally, all the thoughts and emotions of both Eve White and Eve Black are an open book to Jane although they have no personal knowledge of her.

Doctors as well as laymen, find it difficult to accept the extraordinary fact that three different personalities can exist at the same time in the same body. Is it possible that Eve White is merely a clever actress who has hoodwinked them?

This is highly unlikely. The voice, expressions, gestures, vocabulary, dress, tastes and thinking of Eve White, Eve Black and Jane are different. It would not be possible for even the most accomplished actress to play this complicated triple role for three years without a single noticeable flaw. Furthermore, the existence of three distinct personalities has been established by such objective means as "brain wave tracings" (the electro-encephalogram), psychological tests and handwriting analyses.

Finally, the two men who have made the deepest study of the case, Thigpen and his superior at the Medical College of Georgia, Dr. Harvey Cleckley, are both highly qualified observers—Thigpen a specialist in psychiatry and author of scientific papers in several leading medical journals and Cleckley a former Rhodes Scholar who wrote The Mask of Sanity, a highly regarded work on the psychopathic personality.

What are the causes of multiple personality? What course does it run? Can it be cured? These questions are not easily answered because there is no definitive work on this type of mental disorder. During the past two hundred years medical literature makes mention of only about ninety such cases. The best-known multiple personality occurs in a work of fiction —Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The central character is Dr. Jekyll, a respectable law-abiding physician. But at times he changes to Mr. Hyde, a lustful evil man with all the instincts of a savage. Concerning real-life multiple personalities, available medical literature has this to say:

> Multiple personality is a form of hysteria—"the grand hysteria." It is related to conditions such as amnesia (memory loss), trances, dream states, flights from reality and sleepwalking and is the reaction of a person to emotional conflict. The person can no longer cope with some painful situation so his mind gives up the fight and runs away, unconsciously deserting his personality for one with no problems. In the multiple personality it's as though the patient's mind has divided itself into parts, each part with its own mentality and its own ego—taking it in turn presiding over the body.

This rare psychiatric disorder has made Eve White's life a turmoil of conflicting desires and ambitions with each personality apparently exerting its will on her often weary body. Eve Black's fascination for expensive clothes and strange men has threatened to break up Eve White's marriage with her husband George White. (When she can be persuaded to think about it Eve Black considers herself single.) Eve White loves her daughter Carol and is anxious for her sake to patch up her troubles with George. Eve Black is usually impatient with the child and has a black hatred for George.

In fact, beginning with her submissive manner and ending with her marriage, Eve Black doesn't like anything

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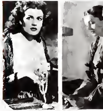
These Dual Personalities Were Famous in Fiction

Fredric March as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. With a potion he was transformed to evil.



Phyllis Calvert in Madonna of the Seven Moons. With earrings she became a queen of bandits.

Will Your Youngster Turn to Crime?

After looking at the lives of 1,000 boys these world-famed criminologists believe they know the answer—and can tell before it's too late. They also know that the sweetest infant is a thief at heart and a model student may be a delinquent

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

ONE OF the newest and most astonishing developments in the field of crime prevention is a prediction test that aims at foretelling if a six-year-old boy will grow up to be a criminal.

This test, far removed from the realm of crystal balls, tea cups and the signs of the zodiac, is the work of one of the world's foremost teams of criminologists, Professor Sheldon Glueck and his wife, Dr. Eleanor T. Glueck, both on the staff of the Harvard Law School.

The Gluecks base their prediction test on a study they made of one thousand young boys, half of them juvenile delinquents and the other half non-delinquents. This research, conducted over a ten-year period, wound up with specific proof of the simple and now almost universally accepted premise that conditions in the home are the major factors in determining how a child will get along with society and the law.

Because it represents some of the most intense research ever made into the character of a juvenile delinquent, the Gluecks' ambitious project has commanded enormous respect and interest all over the world. Its usefulness is being tested in an experiment in two New York City schools. For the past two years the New York City Youth Board has been applying the Glueck test to first-graders and their careers are being followed closely to determine if the predictions are accurate. In these two schools, situated in slum areas with a high incidence of juvenile delinquency, the test indicates that approximately 115 boys out of a total of 350 so far tested are earmarked for crime.

If the Youth Board's experiment demonstrates that the Glueck prediction test is 90 percent accurate, as many authorities suspect it is, a new era in the war against crime may be on the way. Instead of the long, expensive and often tragic program of capture, trial and imprisonment, criminology could shift its emphasis to the cheaper and less painful patterns of prevention—to the readjustment of the delinquency-prone before they actually become delinquents. Instead of flint-faced teen-agers with ten years of bitterness and hatred behind them, authorities could deal with malleable moppets who haven't yet shed their baby teeth.

At first glance the Glueck test appears to be a grotesque oversimplification. It is concerned entirely with the relationship of the boy to father and mother and the closeness of the family group. But facts are facts—it was in this area that the Gluecks found clear-cut differences between delinquents and non-delinquents. The Gluecks believe, from their research, that any boy in any financial circumstance is in grave danger of becoming a criminal if he scores high on their test. "A boy getting a $100-a-day allowance can still have a father and mother who hate him," the Gluecks point out.

The stature of the Glueck prediction test rests largely on the stature of the Gluecks themselves. In the field of criminology the Gluecks are giants. Professor Glueck, who teaches criminal law and criminology at Harvard Law School, and his wife, a research associate in criminology at Harvard, have spent 29 years studying the development of criminals. Through grants from their university and such foundations as Ford, the Commonwealth Fund and others, they have published jointly ten volumes, each of which was described in its time as "pioneering."

The Gluecks became social researchers almost by accident. Prof. Sheldon Glueck happened to remark during a seminar in 1925 that no one had ever checked on the effectiveness of various penal institutions in curing crime. "Those claims of high success of reformatories in reforming might not be supported by the facts," he observed. "No business could be run without an audit."

The comment impressed Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot, then professor of social ethics at Harvard. He obtained a $3,000

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The Glueck Test for Delinquency

Here is the simple five-factor test the Gluecks of Harvard devised to indicate a child's chances of becoming a criminal. Scores on the five factors, when added, give the child's total score. Table at bottom supplies a prediction for each group of scores.

WARNING: Although the test is based on percentages worked out in a study of real delinquents, it can be accurately used only by specially trained people.

1. Discipline of Boy by Father

Overstrict or erratic	73
Lax	60
Firm but kindly	9

Definition: Overstrict, demands obedience through fear. Erratic, varies between strictness and laxity. Lax, father is indifferent. Firm but kindly, discipline is based on sound reason which boy understands.

2. Supervision of Boy by Mother

Unsuitable	83
Fair	57
Suitable	10

Definition: Unsuitable, mother is careless in supervision or boy is cared for by irresponsible child or adult. Fair, mother gives partial supervision. Suitable, mother keeps watch on boy and provides for his leisure in clubs or playgrounds. (If she is ill or out of home a good deal, there is a responsible adult in charge.)

3. Affection of Father for Boy

Indifferent or hostile	75
Warm (including overprotective)	34

Definition: Indifferent, father doesn't pay much attention to boy. Hostile, father rejects boy. Warm, father is sympathetic, kind, even in some cases overprotective.

4. Affection of Mother for Boy

Indifferent or hostile	86
Warm (including overprotective)	43

Definition: Same as in 3.

5. Cohesiveness of Family

Unintegrated	97
Some elements of cohesion	61
Cohesive	21

Definition: Unintegrated, self-interest of members exceeds group interest. Some elements of cohesion, family not intact but some characteristics of cohesive family. Cohesive, members of family co-operate, have group interests and pride in home.

SCORING

(total of scores for all categories)

SCORES	CHANCES OF DELINQUENCY
Under 200	8 percent
200-249	37 percent
249-299	63 percent
300 and over	89 percent

"It's better to know they're bad before they go wrong"

His constituents in Temiscouata like him so much that they once gave him a new car.

The Wordiest MP in Ottawa

Jean-Francois Pouliot has been called a buffoon, a "vocalamity" — and also polite and charming. His nonstop oratory on every subject under the sun has kept him in office (and hot water) for almost thirty years

By GEORGE BAIN

WHEN HE made his maiden speech in the House of Commons on April 14, 1925, Jean-Francois Pouliot, then the new Liberal member for Temiscouata, Que., used words which almost never cross the lips of a new MP. He said: "I insist."

The average new member makes his first speech clutching in a damp hand a large sheaf of notes, if not a full manuscript, and presenting whatever requests or proposals he may have in a decidedly deferential manner. Pouliot however was not the average new member.

He had only a few heading notes. He covered topics extending from federal highway construction and the need of a ferry between Riviere du Loup and Tadoussac to the economic differences of Canada and the United States and the freight rate on potatoes. The index to Hansard required more than two inches of type merely to list the subjects.

It was when he came to the just demands of the county of Temiscouata, however, that he began to insist. In this, he had the backing of a resolution passed by the county council of Temiscouata. Its final words were:

> This council prays the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, and his colleagues to deign to include in the supplementary estimates of each department concerned, before the close of the present session, substantial amounts for each of the demands that shall be made by our member, Mr. Jean-Francois Pouliot, in the interests of the county of Temiscouata.

Today, at 64, Pouliot is still the member for Temiscouata, still insisting and still using resolutions from the local council at home to sustain him when he wants to give the government a push in the right (i.e., Pouliot's) direction. More often than not, on national issues, he mirrors the predominant trend of thought in all rural Quebec, but what he cares about most is championing his own constituency with a suitable show of belligerence.

In Temiscouata, on the lower St. Lawrence, they like a combative member. With only one exception since he was first elected at a by-election in December, 1924, Pouliot has been favored by the voters with majorities ranging between comfortable and overwhelming. The one exception was in 1930 when the Conservatives won 24 seats in Quebec. Temiscouata, by

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My, uh, Dazzling Career as Miss Canada

BY MARILYN REDDICK

AS TOLD TO McKENZIE PORTER

Marilyn's publicity gags included being "thrown" by Jughead, the tame ostrich.

▶ To be a beauty queen, says this ex-queen, you have to be intelligent, talented and tireless. You have to ride an ostrich and be kissed by politicians. Above all, you must never believe that it's true

I SUPPOSE there isn't a girl in Canada who hasn't hankered to be a beauty queen or at least wondered what it would be like. To outsiders it seems the pinnacle of glamour and feminine fame and a sure key to the doors of television, show business and the movies. But they see little of a beauty contest except rather silly pictures in the papers of scantily clad girls parading on a platform.

I'd like to tell you what it's like from the point of view of the girl on the platform. From the suffocating nervous tension of the contest itself, to the brief whirl of fame and fortune, to the wolves who lie in wait. I know the whole story. In August 1952, when I was eighteen, I won the title of Miss Canada.

The Miss America title is reputed to be worth $100,000 to the girl who wins it. Even the Miss Canada title has been worth $10,000 to some of its holders. I made between $7,000 and $8,000 out of it and I think I earned every cent.

Once a girl has been declared a beauty queen she becomes big — or at least medium sized — business. To do the job properly she must combine the appearance of a musical comedy actress with the ethics of a Girl Guide. If she is to stand up to the nervous and physical strain she also requires the constitution of a Clydesdale mare.

Before I won the title I had to count every nickel of the money I scratched together for clothes. The moment I became Miss Canada I acquired trunks full of new clothes free. I was waited on from breakfast to bedtime. I drove in expensive convertibles to cocktail parties, carnivals, conventions, city halls, department stores, new factories, first nights and big sporting events. I was given lessons in singing, dancing, elocution and table manners. Photographers awaited me and politicians were eager to pose with me. I appeared on the stage with world-famous artists and once made a speech to 25,000 people. I flew the Atlantic, saw the Coronation from a costly seat, and in Europe I dined with noblemen, millionaires and diplomats. Every time I made a public appearance in Canada somebody paid my father, who managed me, fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars.

After I stepped down from the "throne" I was blacked out of the public eye just as suddenly and effectively as a vaudeville comedian who has delivered his final punch line. Today, a year after my "reign," I'm still waiting for the thing I thought the Miss Canada title would provide automatically — a chance to go on the stage.

My father, Harvard Reddick, a singer in the Commodores, a Toronto novelty quartet, and my mother always wanted me to go into show business. That's what I wanted too and I felt that the way to do it would be to win a beauty contest.

At sixteen I placed third in the Miss Toronto contest run by the Toronto city police. At eighteen I won the Miss Bloor contest organized by the Bloor Street Business Men's Association of Toronto and collected fifty dollars. I entered the Miss Toronto contest again and placed second. That same summer my parents took me to see Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe Weaver, a handsome middle-aged couple who own a beauty salon, a steam bath, a Palomino stable and the rights to run the Miss Canada contest in Hamilton, Ont. They receive these rights in the form of a franchise from the organization which runs the Miss America contest in Atlantic City.

No girl can enter the Miss America contest unless she first wins a preliminary state title in the U.S. or a preliminary national title in South America, Central America, the West Indies, the Hawaiian Islands, or Canada. It seems to me that the Weavers were in a position to accept or reject any girl they liked for the Miss Canada preliminary. Mr. Weaver says that he gets in touch with service clubs, like the Lions, and gives them a franchise to elect a local beauty queen at their summer galas who would automatically qualify for entry to the national contest. "Of course," he says, "I have to advise a number of girls that it would be hopeless for them to enter."

When my parents asked the Weavers if I could enter, they didn't appear interested at first. They said they had had hundreds of applications and had whittled them down to twelve girls. Then Mrs. Weaver took a long look at me. I acted up to her in my best girl-next-door style. Eventually she said I could enter Miss Canada after all, as No. 13.

The Miss Canada contest wasn't really very representative of Canada. All the other girls except one, a British Columbian, came from Ontario. One girl was a dancer with the

Continued on page 104

CHEESECAKE for the cops. Later she met a prince.

CONVERTIBLE symbolized her brief life of luxury.

CONGRATULATIONS: Allan Lamport had roses is

THE BIG BUILD-UP. MARILYN SAYS A BEAUTY QUEEN NEEDS "THE CONSTITUTION OF A CLYDESDALE MARE"

Miss Canada (fourth from right) lost out in first round of the Miss America contest. Wolves pestered girls.

When posed with a more famous Marilyn, the 18-year-old Miss Canada felt "just like a girl from the farm."

THE SHIPWRECKED MONEYBELT

was crammed with every dollar Morten had saved from five dangerous years at sea. How could he get it past the U-boats and the hungry Atlantic that stood between him and the lovely Lise?

BY PETER FREUCHEN

Illustrated by James Hill

THE CASHIER of the Danish Consulate smiled at the tall sailor just in from Rio and asked "Well, how much are you depositing this time Morten Mortensen?"

"I am taking it out," Morten said "At last I am taking it all out. Home for sure this time."

The cashier consulted his books, wrote a cheque for the total of the deposits Morten had made, savings from the voyages of five years "Sign here, and here—that's it" He handed the cheque to a clerk "How do you want it?"

"In fives and tens please," Morten said The clerk nodded, walked away quickly

"That will make a wad and a half," the cashier said "You got a suitcase?"

Morten laughed to show that he knew he was joking but this money wasn't really funny How many times before, completing a voyage in New York, he had wanted to go home but, being offered another berth had taken it for the sake of his "pile," or rather for Lise's sake, and had put in instead of taking out at the consul's He looked up at the clock hadn't that clerk been gone long enough?

"Going to surprise somebody?" the cashier asked.

"I hope My folks"

"Your folks and who else?"

The cashier was a shrewd businessman, the kind who could read your thoughts. Morten had just been thinking of Lise waving her white apron as he went down the street of their village five years ago She was a tall dark haired girl He could hear her deep slow voice when he began thinking of her He was sure she was still there. He wasn't one for writing a lot of letters nor she either but he always sent her a greeting when he wrote to his folks "Tell Lise I am okay Hoping she is the same" And his mother might write "Lise got the present from Lima She was pleased, she asked me to tell you."

The talkative cashier said "Anxious to be home again?"

"Takes time," Morten told him "Worry won't shorten it" As a matter of fact he had already signed on the Marta, a 2,000 ton Norwegian freighter that would sail from Hoboken in a day or two "What's keeping that clerk?" he asked His heart gave a great leap of terror "By God he's run off with my money!" He looked wildly around and might have started running after him had the man not just then appeared in the door, both hands carrying packets of money. When he had counted all the clean crackling stuff Morten stowed it into his coat pockets, his trouser pockets and said "Excuse me please," and went out into the hall to the men's room where, behind a locked door, he folded the bills away into the grey-leather moneybelt he had bought in Rio Buckled around his waist he found it made his jacket a close fit he felt as if he had a beer stomach Never mind, this was a healthier sort of fat Walking in an odd self conscious sort of way he went back to the cashier to say good-by

"Good luck, Morten" (You'll need it) "Be careful now" (Don't start drinking, for heaven's sake, nor betting with strangers) As for submarines— the cashier wanted to say "Morten, why didn't you go home last year when peace of a sort still ruled the Atlantic?" But all he said was "Send me a postal from Copenhagen."

"I'll do that," Morten answered.

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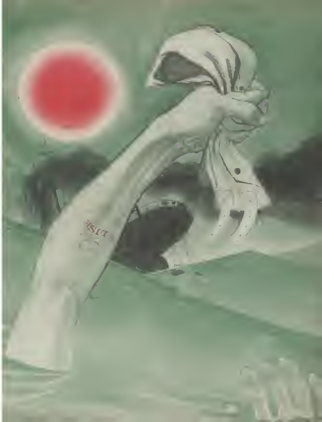

His hand clenched on the belt with a power that was his love for Lise.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN'S Clinic for Marriage Counselors

offers its own insane method of making monkeys out of the experts

EVERY NOW and then I amuse myself by having little imaginary sessions with the sort of guy who gives advice on straightening out marriages. The one who annoys me most is a Dr Harold L Oberman, of the Institute of Family Relations of Illinois.

"Let's start this way," Dr Oberman says, closing his eyes "*Why* do you resent the love relationship and the proportioning of interests between your work and your home?"

"I don't resent it," I shout my glasses falling off "All I say is that men and women are different. Their minds don't work the same. Women have a way of driving men nuts that's all *I* say."

"All right," Dr Oberman acquiesces. (Oberman always "acquiesces" "counters" or "predicts" he never just says anything.) "Let's take that as a basic premise then and merely try to put it to use."

I'm beginning to dislike this guy. All my rage at my wife is disappearing.

"Let's say you're both loaded with dynamite," he says. "Now dynamite may be put to some valuable uses."

I'm beginning to think of one valuable use I'd like to put it to right now. But I say "By the way you've never met my wife have you?"

"No," he concurs. "But I'm sure she's a charming woman."

"Look," I say "she asked me if you could come up some evening. She'd love to meet you. We could have a good talk."

"I'm sure we could," he predicts. "I'd be delighted."

By this time my wife and I are friends again. By the time Oberman arrives we have rehearsed the whole evening. Right after coffee my wife stands in front of him with a queer little smile. When he looks at her she says "Do you like it?"

"Like what Mrs Allen?" he queries.

"This dress," my wife says. "I finished making it today."

"Very nice."

"You *really* like it?"

"Yes indeed. It's very becoming."

My wife goes upstairs and Oberman and I go on with our talk.

At nine o'clock my wife appears in front of him again. "Look I want you to tell me honestly Dr Oberman. Do you really—like—this dress?"

Oberman hesitates just for a moment, then says blandly "I certainly do Mrs Allen. Very nice."

"You're sure it isn't too plain in the top?"

He purses his lips. I can see the first signs of indecision. But he rallies. "No. If it isn't. Nice and simple." He gathers confidence. "I *like* simple things."

"Well I'm glad you like it," my wife says, and goes upstairs again.

At ten o'clock she comes back. "Dr Oberman," she says quietly, looking him straight in the eye, *Continued on page 83*

As far as the eye can see, this is Gagetown — a vast egg shaped parcel of real estate that covers 427 square miles of lush New Brunswick countryside

THE PRIVATE EMPIRE WE'RE GIVING THE ARMY

Trained for almost a century in overgrown Boy Scout camps, our soldiers now have Gagetown, N.B., with $50 millions worth of elbowroom, hiding space for secrets and a built-in city of its own

By DAVID MacDONALD

WHEN IT was revealed two years ago that a site had finally been picked in New Brunswick for a new army camp a distinct sigh of relief swept through military headquarters in Ottawa. The camp was so big that it would rank sixth among New Brunswick industries. "Now," an infantry colonel remarked to a reporter toasting the announcement with a Scotch and soda "now we'll have some elbow-*room at last*."

His hallelujah was understandable. Until now this nation of wide-open spaces, having packed soldiers off to four hot wars and one cold war since 1867, has never given its army room enough to train even the smallest of major formations an infantry brigade to full combat fitness. The navy has had two oceans to work with and the come-lately air force its wild blue yonder but the army in the words of the same officer "has been penned up too long in overgrown Boy Scout camps."

In both world wars Canadian troops were molded into brigade then division shape on the smallish island of Britain strangely no camp at home was big enough to train them in a body. Came the Korean War. Canada gave basic training to three battalions of volunteers at home (in widely separated camps) but had to send them to Fort Lewis Wash a sprawling U S base to learn how to fight as a brigade group. With teamwork being the essence of success in battle, this might be likened to training the backfielders and linemen of a football team on separate gridirons then introducing the boys just before the first game. Even in this time of ersatz and uneasy peace our 27th Brigade had to be trained where it's now based in Germany.

Korea our decision to contribute troops to the NATO army in Europe the buildup of Canada's largest peacetime army (50 000 men) and the advent of modern long range weapons all pointed up the army's crying need for more room. Gagetown is it.

At this writing Camp Gagetown is little more than a vast egg shaped parcel of real estate covering 427 square miles of southern New Brunswick between Fredericton the provincial capital, and the salty old port city of Saint John. On it hundreds of farms tilled since the days of the United Empire Loyalists lie deserted. Here an old hand plow rests in an unfinished furrow. There a scarecrow flaps its rags at a passing column of soldiers. Dirt roads wind through dark woods past ghost villages whose people have sold out in Ottawa and moved on. Numerals painted on each empty house each school church barn and privy signify that the army has taken over. Soon the quiet of the countryside will be shattered by the chatter of machine gun fire the whoosh of rockets and the distant rumble of artillery.

For what the army plans to make of these pastoral surroundings two years and $50 million hence, is Canada's biggest *Continued on page 83*

KHAKI-CLAD NEWCOMERS WILL REPLACE . . .

Lieut Col Freeman Waugh commands Camp Gagetown. At right Maj Gen J M Rockingham tests a field phone.

. . . MARITIMES' PIONEERS AS RESIDENTS

To expand the army bought the home of Mrs Mary McCarthy 95-year old widow who was there 75 years

DR. LOCKE AND HIS

MILLION-DOLLAR THUMBS

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Miracle healer or charlatan? Controversy swirled around the Locke clinic in the 1930s. But the world beat a path to Williamsburg, Ont., where the tubby doctor cheerfully manipulated 2,700 fallen arches in a single day

BY DORIS DICKSON

ON A steaming July afternoon in 1932 a couple from Kentucky were driving into a little village in northeastern Ontario called Williamsburg and they were startled to find themselves entangled in a bizarre traffic jam.

A maze of automobiles, wheel chairs and stretchers on wheels clogged the road, while thousands of pedestrians, many on crutches, spilled from the maple shaded sidewalks onto the highway, got in the way of automobiles, dodged hot dog and souvenir stands and made driving a nightmare. More misshapen bodies were in the shuffling crowd than would likely be found anywhere outside a hospital.

After one stricken glance at the snail-paced traffic the woman burst into tears. "We're too late," she sobbed. "The doctor's dead and they're having his funeral today."

But that was ten years before the doctor's death in 1942 and was an almost daily occurrence for every one of those ten years. It was a procession of, literally, the lame, the halt and the blind making their pilgrimage on fallen arches and tortured arthritic limbs to the shrine of Canada's world-famous "miracle healer," Dr. Mahlon W. Locke.

Outside Williamsburg today Dr. Locke is best remembered as the designer of a shoe which has a special arch support and carries his name. But from 1928 to 1942 grateful patients hailed him as a miracle man who could cure everything from hives to multiple sclerosis by twisting their toes and pressing fallen arches back into place. Although sufferers from every disease (including curiosity) came to his clinic, Locke's reputation was based chiefly on his treatment of arthritis.

Thousands swarmed into Williamsburg, mostly from the United States but also from every province in Canada, from Yukon Territory, Alaska, South America, Holland, Norway, South Africa, Germany, Australia and England. Many had joints so swollen, frames so cruelly twisted and bodies so emaciated when they arrived that no one but themselves and Locke had any hope they could be cured. They traveled in private planes, private railway cars and limousines; they hitchhiked; a red-haired cowboy from Alberta with a crippled ankle rode the brake rods across the prairies in winter to arrive in Williamsburg with twelve cents in his pocket. One woman survived the trip from California on a cot in the back of an ancient half ton truck.

A list of Locke's patients reads like a page out of Who's Who. Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, Louis B. Mayer, Lady Eaton, Faith Baldwin, Ernie Pyle, Eva Tanguay, Mrs. James Donahue (heiress to the Woolworth millions) and Sir Robert Borden were among them. Mackenzie King returned year after year for treatments. A merchant prince from Bombay, India, brightened the landscape one summer with his red fez, brown jodhpurs and brilliantly gowned wife following at his heels. He brought his private physician who was reported to be interested in starting a similar clinic in India. Screen siren Jean Harlow was said to be a patient but Locke wasn't sure he had treated her. If he were alive today he probably wouldn't recognize Marilyn Monroe as she passed through his hands. His specialty was feet.

A Land of Milk and Honey

A graveled road through Williamsburg to Ottawa forty miles northwest began to go to pieces under the heavy traffic and had to be hard surfaced. Transcontinental trains made unprecedented stops at the nearest railway station, Morrisburg, six miles south of Williamsburg on the St. Lawrence River. The ferry, crossing from Morrisburg to Waddington, N. Y., stepped up its hourly schedule of runs to a quarter hourly schedule, added another ferry and kept both operating until midnight. Six hundred cars a day often crossed on the ferry. Williamsburg took on a cosmopolitan air as a dozen foreign languages were heard.

While the rest of Canada fearfully groped its way through its worst economic depression, Williamsburgers "never had it so good." Money poured into the village and surrounding countryside. Every house bulged with paying guests and farmers' sons slept in the haymow and rented their beds. Two hotels (one with 125 rooms) were built to help house the crowds and the Rapids Queen, a liner with 65 staterooms and a ballroom, was anchored at Morrisburg to accommodate the overflow. Frame cottages sprang up and were rented at high rates. After the boom was over they were sold for chicken houses. Twenty-three restaurants operated where there had been three. Even the children were in business: they carried lunches, held places in the line up and ran errands. Young men earned a dollar a day per patient for pushing wheel chairs and carrying stretchers to and from the Circle, as Locke called his lawn on which he worked his wonders. News and tobacco stands took in as much as $1,500 a week.

It was by no means all fun. Guests complained about the lack of toilet facilities until plumbing was installed. Wells went dry. Housewives worked from early morning until late at night serving meals, house cleaning and doing laundry. It was impossible to make reservations as the patients never knew when Locke would send them home. The children had no room on the streets to play and whole families tired of sleeping in their kitchens. One man declared, "It was the happiest day of my life when the last guest left."

It was the first acquaintance with high living that many of the young people and the older ones too had known and in some instances it went to their heads. Only Locke and a few other canny souls finished up the years much wealthier than before. Gamblers followed the crowds and set up floating crap games in the hotels. Predatory women looking for wealthy husbands considered the village a happy hunting ground. Locke tried to control the situation, to keep the villagers from exploiting the sick, and the gamblers from exploiting the villagers. He spread the news among his patients that he wouldn't treat any who stayed in homes or hotels of which he disapproved. He earned himself a reputation as a czar but for the most part his wishes were respected. A newcomer to the village, Miss Flora Griffiths, brought a lawsuit against him for ruining her livelihood by refusing to treat patients who stayed at her rest home. She asked for a hearing without a jury, claiming

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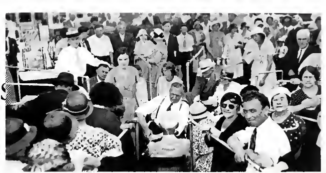
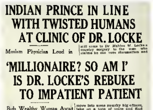


Locke at work. He'd press up the arch of each outthrust foot with his thumb while twisting the toes down with his other hand. It cost $1.

Mackenzie King, chatting with Locke, took treatments year after year



INDIAN PRINCE IN LINE
WITH TWISTED HUMANS
AT CLINIC OF DR. LOCKE

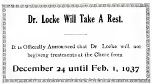
Moslem Physician Loud in

still come to Dr. Mahlon W. Locke's country surgery to the man who claims he can cure rheumatism and

'MILLIONAIRE? SO AM I'
IS DR. LOCKE'S REBUKE
TO IMPATIENT PATIENT

Bids Wealthy Woman Await
Her Turn in Long Line

move into some swanky big offices, take on a tone of voice and find himself on Easy St. in a few years. Of course, he won't do it. You know



Dr. Locke Will Take A Rest.

It is Officially Announced that Dr. Locke will not be giving treatments at the Clinic from

December 24 until Feb. 1, 1937

The crowds that sought the doctor's educated thumbs made front-page news all through the Thirties. He even had to advertise a vacation

We'd be better off on all fours

The terrible force of gravity causes us untold discomfort because we simply weren't built to walk on two legs. If you've ever suffered from an aching back or a creaky knee read this —

By NORMAN J. BERRILL Professor of Zoology, McGill University

GRAVITY is a terrible force. It not only holds us in our place but smashes us to bits if we don't take care. The wonder is that we are able to move around as well as we do, for like all backboned animals on the land we are essentially fish out of water and were not originally designed to support our own weight. Most of the time we take gravity for granted and it is only when someone leans too far or jumps from an upper-story window that we realize its power, not to mention the splashy nature of our bodies. Yet from the time we are born until we die in our bed, life is one continual fight against the force of gravity, or time spent out to recover from its effects.

It is harder for us than it is for most other animals. The first great battle was won when four-legged creatures, which had once been fish, succeeded in lifting their bodies clear of the ground. Their limbs became enormously strengthened to support the weight, but at least the body itself remained in the horizontal fishlike position, with its tissues and organs partly slung from the vertebral ridgepole, partly supported by the ribs and the thick muscle sheets of the body wall. Even at that all of them, reptiles and mammals alike, need to take the load off their feet and lie down and rest whenever possible. We ourselves have gone much further and are now upended, poised on two feet instead of four, with the same kind of effect on suspended organs as you see when a line of clothes is tied at one end only and hangs straight down. It is not as bad as that but there is strain and a lack of support, and the peculiarly human fight against gravity is far from ended.

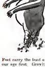
In four-legged animals the body is slung like a hammock between four posts with the various internal organs and the long digestive tube partly suspended by ligaments from the upper side and partly supported by the horizontal body wall below. Stand the same kind of body upright as we do, and the stomach and intestine no longer hang straight down from the backbone but sag parallel with it. Moreover, the supporting ligament has a smaller and less secure hold on the backbone. Another result of the shift in the weight bearing thrust of the abdominal viscera against the weak wall of the lower abdomen is that we are prone to rupture or hernia.

We contend with gravity in two ways. Except when we are lying down, gravity works its more or less destructive will on us whether we move about or not. While every time we move, whether to take a step or scratch our head, the weight of the body or the arm must be shifted with levers of muscle and bone. Work is performed and energy expended simply to counteract and overcome the gravitational pull. With each step forward we lift the full weight of our body from 100 to 200 pounds, although it is done in such a way that we hardly notice the effort.

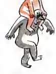
A 200-pound man, for instance, who has no business being so heavy, takes about 2,000 steps to walk a mile and in so doing lifts the equivalent of 200 tons, although not all at once and not very far. Yet an 80-ton whale swims through the seas with the greatest of ease and lifts nothing at all. A housewife not unusually walks 12 miles a day, or about 27,000 steps, each of which moves some 130 pounds a couple of feet forward.

You feel gravity most, however, when climbing stairs, for climbing a flight of stairs 15 times a day is equal to lifting a ton from one floor to the next. It is no wonder we suffer from wear and tear, especially when we consider how long we live. The great whales grow fast and burn out quickly in about twenty years, with their enormous bulk completely supported by water, whereas we grind along for three or four times as long with our weight forever pressing on our feet and joints. The longer we live the more time there is for gravity to play havoc with our anatomy. For 15 or 20 years we rise and shine. Thereafter time grows heavy.

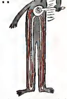
In youth we can laugh it off, but gravity always catches up. Here's why . . .



Feet carry the load and show our age first. Gravity builds bags under our eyes as well.



With each step we lift our body's weight, a whale in water does no work at all.



Our heart has to pump blood four feet from the toes and sometimes it gets plain weary.

Our feet feel it first since they carry all of our weight, but even those little bags under our eyes that so many of us eventually acquire are gravity effects. The cushioning fat lying beneath the eyes too often breaks through its own support and presses down and out against the skin, which it would never do if we had remained horizontal. Paunches and aching backs are equally penalties paid for our presumption.

The trouble begins when we are born. Until then a baby is supported comfortably by the liquid within the fetal membranes. Only the mother feels the weight of her burden. But once birth has occurred and the buoyant water has been replaced by insubstantial air, the infant is held down as though by a giant magnet wherever it is put. The body is too heavy for the limbs to raise and the neck muscles too weak to raise the head. Only slowly as the muscles strengthen and arms and legs become stronger does the baby find it possible to roll over and finally, still on all fours, lift itself clear of the bedding. It is a triumphant moment, usually when the baby is four or five months old. Yet even this is but a halfway stage, for the greater triumph comes later when the child laboriously hauls itself up and balances precariously on its feet alone. After that comes the mastery of walking, a truly remarkable performance from any point of view.

As walking animals human beings start off with the old pattern of four footed progression, supporting the weight of the body and moving it forward by using all four limbs and regularly shifting the centre of gravity to and fro. Even when we stand erect and walk in our usual manner, our right arm swings forward with the left foot and the left arm with the right foot, just as we did before. The movements however tend to keep our centre of gravity over the foot which is on the ground. Otherwise we lose our balance and are pulled violently to the earth. Nerve impulses from all the muscles, tendons and ligaments, and from the balancing organ of the inner ear, help us keep this precarious balance, although for the most part we become unconscious of them and respond automatically.

So it is that even a five-year old child can toss his fifty pounds of body weight about with a minimum of effort, always keeping the centre of gravity over one foot or the other and exploiting the force of gravity as far as possible rather than fighting it, a trick something like jujitsu. For the foot serves not only for support and as a cushion for the descending leg, but as a lever, a jack and a catapult as well. Twenty-six small bones combine to form an arch capable of supporting several hundred times their own weight. The big toe alone takes a load of 12 to 14 pounds.

So much for the machinery. It works marvelously for a while. But no matter how skillfully we have raised ourselves up, no matter how well we exploit the very force that tends to pull us down, that force is felt throughout the body as long as we are erect, or even partly so. And the longer we live the greater the wear and tear, and the more the imperfections begin to show.

Let us start at the top. The skull weighs little and the brain is too light to be much of a burden upon the neck. But as we pass down the vertebral column the load increases steadily. If we consider again those animals that walk on all four legs we find that the vertebrae are fairly uniform cylindrical sections and that they are separated from one another by thin cylindrical discs of cartilage. In our own case the single curved arch is broken into an S-curve as an aid to maintaining our balance. We get a forward curve in the backbone's neck region when we are about four months old, and when we stand up at about a year we get a forward curve in the lower trunk. In the upper trunk and the pelvic region the backbone keeps its old backward curve.

This is all very well but a price has been paid for all this twisting and bending. Nature has had to change the original shape of the vertebrae to that of a wedge, with the thicker edge in front and the thinner in back. This allows them to pivot on their front ends as on hinges. It also weakens the backbone and if we suddenly increase the effect of gravity by lifting a heavy load, the lowermost lumbar vertebra starts to slip backwards along the slope of the next one, and we complain bitterly about our aching back.

The other source of trouble however can be more serious. These discs of cartilage which separate the vertebrae were never meant to carry weight, but in the upended man they bear much of the weight of the body, particularly those farthest down, and they become compressed and gradually wear thinner and thinner as time goes on. As we grow older, slipped discs become more and more a hazard and a disc out of place may put pressure on the nerves which is excruciating. No wonder stretching out in bed gives us the relief it does.

Farther down is another trouble area, the hip region or pelvis. This is where we reap the worst consequences of standing on our hind legs, for it is where the backbone, the hind end of the body, and the legs come together. The pelvis had enough to do in the beginning as a support for legs and for attachment of muscles. When we stood upright it had to change its shape in order to bear the weight of the upper part of the body. To a great extent our pelvis now forms a floor that helps support our abdominal organs and also takes the brunt of sitting through a double feature. The changes however have created an area of instability which too frequently results in low back pains or slipped sacral discs.

Many of us however sooner or later will feel the load we carry most acutely in the knees. We rock back and forth on them with every step we take and our weight is upon them even while we stand still. This of course is nothing new, for the knee joints of all four legged animals also bear the weight of the body. Still we make two joints do the work of four and they eventually show it. The moving surfaces which cover the ends of the long bones are made of cartilage like that of our vertebral discs and also like the discs, the cartilaginous layer is continually compressed and wears thin with years of incessant use. Whenever they wear through in places to expose the underlying bone, the bone tissue grows out in irregular ridges to give you arthritis of the knees. It's not the crippling kind that spreads to the other joints and finally leaves the victim helpless and perhaps bedridden but is simply the result of the force of gravity pulling the body down against tissues not hard enough to stand it indefinitely. The remedy is the obvious one, to diet off what excess weight there may be and to spare the injured surfaces as much as possible.

Finally, as far as the skeleton goes, we reach the base. Feet take the biggest beating of all. How great is the force of gravity acting within the body is shown by the heavy build and thick walls of the thigh and shin bones which transmit it. In effect, however, what the foot does is to divide and conquer. The force is channeled to many small bones, and each bone in the foot plays its part in carrying the total load.

It's the division of these heavy stresses upon the slender metatarsal bones in the first half of the foot that is most critical, the first segment being the most important. In walking for instance, half of the total body weight is thrown upon this segment alone, while the other

Continued on page 74

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY

Ambassadors are a dime a dozen in elegant Rockcliffe. Here's the family of Swedish Ambassador Dr. Klas Book with Aina, son Peter, daughter Annika.

Vines climb the walls of Senator Cairine Wilson's residence. Bears have been outlawed since a hefty pet jumped from a tree onto an unsuspecting lady.

The Haughtiest Suburb of Them All

Ottawa's Rockcliffe abounds in admirals, senators, judges and millionaires in a community unsullied by stores, garages, jails or even cemeteries. To most of its well-heeled inhabitants the possibility of living anywhere else is unthinkable, and that goes for their poodles, too

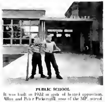
A resident corporal ([illegible] Clarke) and two constables perform Rockcliffe's police duties. "Quiet," says Clarke of his rich and ritzy domain.

Mrs. Mirza Osman Ali Baig is the wife of Pakistan's High Commissioner. Eight foreign countries own Rockcliffe houses and twenty others rent space.

BEFORE THE PARTY
Mme Doreen Poussett hangs out washing helped by Jackie, Susan and Catherine. Half an hour later

AT THE PARTY
She joins her husband, who is French Ambassador, at a garden party thrown by General G. G. Simonds.

PRIVATE SCHOOL
Ashbury had 212 boys last term, including Jeremy and Robin Powell. Jeremy (left) shines at cricket.


PUBLIC SCHOOL
It was built in 1922 in spite of heated opposition. Allan and Peter Pickersgill, sons of the MP, attend.

THE PERAMBULATING RETAINERS
Almost everyone who gives a party hires this wise quintet. They know guests' capacities to the ounce.

THE WAITING CHAUFFEURS
Rockcliffe has eleven miles of winding roads and its amiable chauffeurs are used to waiting out parties.

By BILL STEPHENSON

Photos by Paul Rockett

IN THE heart of Canada's capital stand two heights of land from which one may—if so inclined—look down on one's fellow humans. Both heights are oases of green in the grey desert of the city. Both luxuriate in stately oaks, elms and beeches which were mature at Confederation. Both command a superb view of the ancient Gatineau Hills. Both, to put it commercially, are a real-estate man's dream.

From Ottawa's civic viewpoint there is only one drawback to these twin pinnacles: neither belongs to Ottawa. The first, Parliament Hill, belongs to the federal government. The other is part of the independent village of Rockcliffe Park, often called the most exclusive community in Canada.

Among the 1,800 souls who inhabit Rockcliffe's 368 acres are, not surprisingly, a good proportion of Canada's highest-placed parliamentarians, judges, senators, scientists, military brass and a battery of well-heeled businessmen. A bend in the rustic roads which amble through the village may bring C. D. Howe face to face with his parliamentary foe, George Drew. At a soiree in any of the gracious Rockcliffe homes the ambassadors of Pakistan and India may sip protocol cocktails *tête-à-tête*. The Home and School club may adjourn after its meeting to Senator Cairine Wilson's garden, where her first two grandchildren, sculptured in stone by Felix Weiss, gaze eternally at their nude reflections in the lily pond.

Rockcliffe has a distinction it values above all others: it was spurned by Ottawa's headline-making spinster mayor, Charlotte Whitton. It happened during the summer of 1953 when Ottawa was planning its 1954 centenary celebrations. Looking at the map of Ottawa, and seeing Rockcliffe sitting there in splendid independence, someone asked Mayor Whitton if this wouldn't be the psychological time to annex the village and put the civic house in order. The mayor was not amused. In characteristic Whittonese she cried, "I would sooner marry a millionaire with ulcers than annex Rockcliffe!"

A cheer went up from Rockcliffe and all that kept it from becoming a roar was the suspicion the mayor might change her mind. If the village were engulfed, however, few people foresee any great change, for Rockcliffe is not merely a village full of VIPs: it is a different way of life—literally.

For one thing, though these 1,800 Rockcliffites eat, drink, smoke, marry, go to church, occasionally divorce, walk, drive, watch TV, wear clothes and sometimes die just like other Canadians, not a single one of these human failings is catered to in the village itself. Within its borders there is no business of any kind, no drugstore, smoke shop, garage, restaurant or theatre. There is no church, no cemetery and no jail. There is no apartment building in Rockcliffe, and there is only one two-family dwelling which was there before the village was incorporated in 1926. There are 11 miles of road winding through and about several thousand beautiful old trees, but there is less than half a mile of sidewalk.

There are two private schools—Ashbury for boys and Elmwood for girls, both established before 1926. And there is a public school. A Rockcliffe mother who wanted to start a nursery school was politely refused a permit and had to set up the school in the adjacent Ottawa suburb of New Edinburgh.

The public school itself barely made the grade. At the meeting called in 1922 to discuss the project, many and heated were the arguments against it. One resident felt he was speaking for all when his turn came. "Surely," he said, "we don't want people in Rockcliffe who would even *send* their children to a public school!"

Today, with 280 pupils, the public school is a model for such institutions and, ironically, one of the main reasons why young people who can afford it now move to Rockcliffe. Ashbury, with 212 boys last term, and Elmwood, with 126 girls, outtotal the public school. But where the public school's roster is entirely made up of Rockcliffe children, only a small percentage of the private-school children come from the village itself.

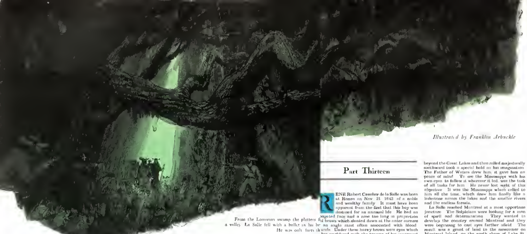
Rockcliffe has other little differences not immediately apparent. Geographically situated in the county of Carleton, the village numbers among its residents the Hon. George Drew, MP for Carleton County. But Rockcliffe is represented in parliament *not* by Conservative home-towner Drew but by Liberal out-of-towner Jean Richard, MP for East Ottawa, in which the village lies politically.

This anomalous situation resulted from a gerrymander carried out during Sir Robert Borden's regime when it looked as if the local Conservative candidate, Sir George Perley, might not poll sufficient support to carry Russell County. To ensure his election voters from the true-blue Tory county of Carleton were switched to Russell, and Perley won. Subsequent movements of population have since forced the division of Russell into two constituencies, one being East Ottawa. To this day, however, the electoral situation is Greek to most 'Cliffe-dwellers.

As if the federal election weren't sufficiently confused, Rockcliffe finds itself for provincial voting purposes still in the county of Russell. The late MPP Daniel Nault, just as MP Jean Richard, did not live in Rockcliffe.

Lots of politicians do live there, however: cabinet ministers C. D. Howe, Stuart Garson and John Pickersgill, for example. There are a host of non-politicians, among them Generals H. D. G. Crerar, A. G. L. McNaughton, G. G. Simonds, E. L. M. Burns, Howard Kennedy, H. F. G. Letson, W. H. S. Macklin and D. M. Ormond, Air Marshals C. R. Slemon

Continued on page 69



From the Louisiana swamp the plotters fi
a valley La Salle fell with a bullet in his br
He was only forty th

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

BY THOMAS B. COSTAI

The Mad Visions of La Salle

With nearly every man's hand against him, this French nobleman opened the fabulous Mississippi, offered an empire to his king, then was murdered by his own men

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle

Part Thirteen

RENE Robert Cavelier de la Salle was born at Rouen on Nov 21 1643 of a noble and wealthy family It must have been apparent from the first that this boy was destined for an unusual life He had an ongated face and a nose too long in proportion d brows which slanted down at the outer corners an angle most often associated with blood unds Under these heavy brows were eyes which her smoldered with the tension of his innermost oughts or flashed with animation and excitement was fairly pulsing with energy and filled with a desire to do things to keep forever on the move became certain early that nothing could divert m after his mind was made up He was always ady to face any odds.

In his early youth he conceived a desire to join e Jesuit Order and fit himself for the mission lds He entered the Jesuit novitiate at fifteen d two years later took the vows After three ars of intensive study he was sent as a teacher Alençon He was to prove unsuccessful as a acher being too impatient too filled with vibrant ergy Next he demanded to be sent at once to e missions. When this was denied he obtained s release

At 24 therefore La Salle found himself free with s life ahead of him and his prospects rather blank llowing the customary practice he had surrendered his property rights to his brothers when he tered the novitiate and they now showed no clination to return him his share The best they uld agree to was to contribute a yearly income 300 to 400 livres On such meagre means he uld not hope to accomplish anything in France d so his thoughts turned to Canada where an der brother Jean Cavelier had joined the lpicians in Montreal He arrived in the New orld in 1667

This was the land to which fate had been ckoning him he was sure of it at once He ew moreover the role he was to play There re still so many things to be discovered the rthwest Passage the great rivers farther inland e lands of the west He would solve these ysteries and open up new dominions of incalable grandeur for France

The story of the mighty river which had its rise beyond the Great Lakes and then rolled majestically southward took a special hold on his imagination The Father of Waters drew him it gave him no peace of mind To see the Mississippi with his own eyes to follow it wherever it led was the task of all tasks for him He never lost sight of this objective It was the Mississippi which called to him all the time which drew him finally like a lodestone across the lakes and the smaller rivers and the endless forests.

La Salle reached Montreal at a most opportune juncture The Sulpicians were looking for a man of spirit and determination They wanted to develop the country around Montreal and they were beginning to cast eyes farther afield The result was a grant of land to the newcomer on Montreal Island on the north shore of Lake St. Louis So handsome was his grant that he was able to set aside four hundred arpents for himself and still retain enough to portion out farms of sixty arpents to all settlers who applied

Almost from the first however he was hearing things which set his mind to wandering and gave him an itch in the soles of his feet Some friendly Seneca Indians who camped on his land for a whole winter talked about the Beautiful River (the Ohio) which ran due west was much greater even than the St Lawrence and flowed finally to the Vermilion Sea The Vermilion Sea! Could such a name be applied to anything but the warm waters of the Orient? Here without a doubt was a substitute for the Northwest Passage which men had sought so long in vain

The result of these provocative rumors was a decision to toss away the orderly living he now enjoyed to sacrifice to his dreams the certainty of ultimate comfort and wealth The sympathetic Sulpicians bought back all of La Salle's land save the four hundred arpents where he planned to settle finally fixing the price at one thousand livres, payable in merchandise

But La Salle needed still larger sums He decided to sell the balance of his land and found a purchaser in Jean Milot a resident of the town who paid him twenty eight hundred livres a generous enough deal Now the indomitable La Salle had sufficient ready money to make a start He joined forces with another expedition which the Sulpicians were sending out to open a mission among the Shawnee Indians under Dollier de Casson, the gigantic ex-cavalryman

On July 6 1669 the combined expedition started out La Salle had four canoes and fourteen men, Dollier de Casson three canoes and seven men Despite the strength of the party, it proved to be a hazardous undertaking from the very beginning The Iroquois were turning hostile and they detained the French party for a full month in the Seneca village of Tsonnontouan Getting away finally, La Salle led his men across the Niagara River, hearing in the distance the roaring of the Great Falls By the end of September they had reached the Indian village of Gannatogue close to the site of the modern city of Hamilton Ont Here La Salle was told by a Shawnee prisoner of a direct route to the Ohio which would not take longer than six weeks.

At this point La Salle and Dollier de Casson parted company Deserted by some of his men who had lost all stomach for such adventures La Salle calmly turned his canoes in a southerly direction He must find that direct route to the Ohio

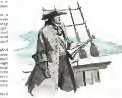
He was away for two years and there is considerable doubt as to how he employed all of that time It is certain that he reached the Ohio and continued down that broad and powerful stream Some historians have contended that he went as far as the junction with the Mississippi This would make him the discoverer of that mighty river and take the credit away from Marquette and Joliet (not to mention the shadowy claims of Radisson) who found it two years later La Salle himself did not make any such claim nor did he ever dispute the right of the others to priority of discovery La Salle affirmed that he followed the Ohio until a waterfall made it impossible to continue This must have been the falls above Louisville.

La Salle returned from his first great exploration filled with a new purpose a grand plan by which the whole of the west could be secured for France First the great river would have to be explored from source to mouth Forts would then be erected at strategic points to be used in the dual role of trading posts and units of defense This would fence the English and the Spanish into the territory of the eastern seaboard

It was a grandiose conception Although other French Canadians with vision would share this dream notably the sons of Charles le Moyne it is La Salle who must be given credit for originating the plan

La Salle returned, too at a fortunate time Frontenac, the new governor who had arrived while he was away, was a kindred spirit An alliance was established between them at once Frontenac his energies and ambitions blunted by the long years in which he had vegetated with nothing serious to engage his mind and nothing constructive to occupy his hands, had plenty of the fire and fury of the trail blazer in him still It was not hard for La Salle to convince him that a western empire was to be won by seizing control of the Mississippi and incidentally to show him the personal wealth to be achieved at the same time

The establishment of *Continued on page 75*



Tonty became known as the Man with the Iron Hand He could still handle a sword

The Toughest Beat in the World

In the north the Mounties are the only law—and often enough the only doctors, cooks and nursemaids too. Or they may—as two did—spend five years hunting a whole primitive tribe of killers

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

On Arctic patrol huskies pull the Mountie's supplies. Part wolf, they're often dangero

At Frobisher Bay, NWT, Const. Thomas Scott checks Eskimo family's seal catch. He also delivers the family allowance and old age pension cheques.

STRETCHING north from Canada's provinces far into the polar sea is a trackless wilderness half as large as the United States. In this lonely land the only law is 140 Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen whose 43 outposts are scattered from the Yukon to the fringe of Quebec. These outposts, small weather-beaten frame buildings, each with its flag flapping bravely in the wind, proclaim Canadian sovereignty over a great empty region that has now become a strategic area — our first line of defense, the crossroads of future intercontinental air travel and a potential treasure chest of minerals.

The men stationed at them, as ordinary policemen, represent the Government of Canada in a multitude of roles. Their duties have been increasing ever since the Mounties went north to the Yukon before the goldrush — a handful of redcoats who were to make Dawson City so peaceful that a gold miner didn't dare chop wood on Sunday, at a time when Skagway, in neighboring Alaska, was the toughest town in the world. Today they send rock specimens to Ottawa for analysis, collect taxes on furs, report now and then on the aurora borealis. They issue relief, old-age pensions and family allowances to Indians and Eskimos. They are postmasters, mining recorders, fisheries officers, game wardens. It is typical that an RCMP inspector once brought in an Eskimo murderer in his capacity as a policeman, committed him for trial as a magistrate, kept him locked up as a jailer, supervised his hanging as a sheriff and recorded his death coroner.

Mounties on this frontier — known as G Div — have acted as midwives, nurses and doctors. April last year an Eskimo hunter named Min neeak was brought into the Lake Harbour p post on Hudson Strait, bent over with pain clutching his stomach. Const. A. P. Wight took temperature; it was 101. He put him in bed radioed his symptoms to the nearest doctor Pangnirtung.

"It sounds like appendicitis," the doctor radi back. "Keep him in bed and give him penicil daily."

The retching stopped and the pain disappear But in four days Mingeeneeak's lower abdom started to swell. "Better operate," the doc advised.

Wight put a pot of water on his stove to boil went next door for the Hudson's Bay manag They laid the Eskimo on the detachment ta sterilized their instruments, washed the swol brown abdomen with alcohol, put an ether m on Mingeeneeak's face, and with the radio be them an invisible but audible fourth person Wi made the incision. Somewhat disturbed, he report to the doctor that Mingeeneeak didn't appear have an appendix. The doctor said that was right; some Eskimos who lived entirely on a m diet didn't have one. But the operation was nev theless successful, for

Continued on page

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"Pop!"
Snap!

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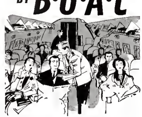

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Edinburgh Festival
Royal Braemar Highland Gathering
International Sheep Dog Trials,
The St. Leger
Ulster Motor Road Races,
Manx Grand Prix Motor Cycle Races,
Horse of the Year Show
International Motor Show

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **APACHE** Don't be misled by the commonplace title — this is one of the most exciting and entertaining westerns Hollywood has produced in a coyote age. Based on a novel by Paul I. Wellman, it tells of an unconquerable young Indian (convincingly played by Burt Lancaster) who refuses to surrender with old Geronimo. Instead, he wages an official one-man war against the United States Army. Jean Peters is his devoted squaw in the wilderness, and John McIntire is a dogged but compassionate scout who keeps trying to bring him in.

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE The gifted and immensely likable Shirley Booth does more than justice to her somewhat limited opportunities in this slow and sudsy drama. She appears as a matronly boarding-house keeper who used to enjoy a fairly high-minded confidential romance with an unhappily married tycoon (Robert Ryan). Several individual scenes are extremely well done.

GARDEN OF EVIL Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Cameron Mitchell are variously noble, cynical and swinish companions to a lady in distress (Susan Hayward) in Mexico. The Apaches in this one are complete hellions. Pretentious, but passable — and in CinemaScope.

LIVING IT UP A 1937 Hollywood movie (*Nothing Sacred*) and a 1953 Broadway musical (*Hazel Flagg*) now complete the cycle by returning to the screen as a Martin & Lewis farce funnier than their average.

MARLAG "O" PRISON CAMP Stereotyped characters and crisp suspense are among the debits and credits accruing to this British prisoner-of-war drama. Rating: one dot.

RIDING SHOTGUN Randolph Scott as a stagecoach guard in a very corny western, the least recommendable he has made in years.

Gilmour's Guide

LEGEND	
POOR	
FAIR	●
GOOD	●●
EXCELLENT	●●●
TOPS	★

- Bad for Each Other: Drama
- ● Battle of Rogue River: Injuns.
- ●★● The Big Heat: Crime drama
- ● The Bigamist: Drama
- ●★● Captain's Paradise: Comedy
- ● Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama
- ★● The Command: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope
- ●● Dial M for Murder: Suspense
- ★ Doctor in the House: Comedy
- ●★● Executive Suite: Drama
- Flame and the Flesh: Drama
- ● Front Page Story: Press drama
- ●● Glenn Miller Story: Musical
- ●● Gypsy Colt: Family-film drama
- ● Heart of the Matter: Drama
- ● Hell Below Zero: Adventure
- Highway Dragnet: Murder drama
- ★●● Hobson's Choice: Comedy
- ★●● It Should Happen to You: New York satiric comedy
- Johnny Guitar: Western drama
- ●● The Kidnappers: Drama
- ●● Knights of the Round Table: Drama in C'Scope
- ●●● Knock on Wood: Comedy
- ●●● The Living Desert: Wildlife
- ● The Long Wait: Mystery
- ●● Loophole: Crime drama
- ● Lucky Me: C'Scope musical
- ● The Love Lottery: Comedy
- ●● The Maggie: British comedy
- ★● Man With a Million: Comedy
- ●● Miami Story: Crime drama
- ●● New Faces: C'Scope revue
- ●●● Night People: Espionage drama
- ●● Johnny Dark: Sports drama
- ●● The Pickwick Papers: Comedy
- ● Playgirl: Crime drama
- ● Prince Valiant: Adventure
- ● Red Garters: Western comedy
- ● Reluctant Casanova: Comedy
- ● Rhapsody: Drama plus music
- ★●● Riot in Cell Block 11: Prison drama
- ★ River of No Return: Western
- ● Rob Roy: Adventure
- ● Rose Marie: Musical
- ●● Royal Tour: Travelogue
- ● She Couldn't Say No: Comedy
- ● Siege at Red River: Western
- ●●● The Stratford Adventure: Documentary on Shakespeare festival.
- ●● Tennessee Champ: Ring comedy
- ●● Them!: Science-fiction thriller
- ● Three Coins in the Fountain: C'Scope romantic drama
- ●● Top Banana: Burlesque comedy
- ●● You Know What Sailors Are: British comedy

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Dr. Locke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

it was impossible to get an impartial jury in the district. Her request was denied and the suit, for $50 000 dismissed

For fourteen years Williamsburg was like a circus merry go round revolving about Dr Locke's Circle a wooden platform on what had once been the Lockes' west lawn but was now covered with concrete—thousands of aching feet had worn it bare and each rain left it a sea of mud The Women's Institute, to Locke's disgust had a canvas canopy erected over the platform to protect the patients from the weather (Later the patients took up a collection and replaced this with a wooden structure which still stands) Iron pipes radiating like the spokes of a giant wheel, marked out fourteen runways down which patients moved on camp stools until they reached the wooden chair at the centre Two of the runways were for wheel chair and stretcher cases

Housewives, socialites, doctors, farmers businessmen and ministers chatted together democratically while waiting for the doctor's appearance When the runways were filled they lined up in the streets and milled about on the lawn next door They talked read sang and knit They vied with each other to show how they had improved People harassed and tense at home from too much work or play, relaxed in the cheerful atmosphere

As Locke made his way to the centre of the Circle from his modest frame house nearby the crowd cheered him The first impression he gave was of power—physical and mental Although he was little more than average height his head and shoulders were massive and he weighed 250 pounds His physical strength and endurance are legendary in Williamsburg His serene bright-blue eyes probed deeply This glance, together with what he learned through handling their feet, gave him the only information he obtained about his clinic patients.

As Locke seated himself in his low swivel chair at the hub of the wheel he looked more like the farmer he was at heart than a successful doctor Always a little untidy, he worked in shirt sleeves, often without a collar or tie, his baggy gray trousers anchored by both belt and suspenders. In his early fifties at the height of his fame he had thin light brown hair, an engagingly open countenance and a singularly sweet smile He was ambidextrous His powerful hands with well muscled thumbs and stocky, tapered fingers moved with incredible speed and sensitivity. X ray hands, his patients called them He grasped each stockinged foot as it was thrust forward and pressed up the arch with one quick movement of the thumb while he twisted the toes down and out with the other hand Occasionally a loud "crack" sounded and the patient jumped Stuffing the proffered bill in his pocket Locke whirled on to the next patient and the next dollar With occasional stops to unwind his chair or go into the house to empty his pockets, he treated as many as ten patients a minute After a full day of this he painted his aching thumbs with iodine before retiring and followed the same routine next day As long as his health and time allowed it Locke continued his local practice also and when he was forced to give it up he was jealous of anyone else coming into his territory

According to his admirers Dr Locke scorned advertising and cared nothing for money Yet so many millions of words were published about him in the United States and Canada during the early Thirties (in newspaper columns, magazine articles, several biographies and a novel) that in his busiest summers he treated as many as 2 700 people twice daily for a dollar each and as he said himself he was probably the only man in the world who made a million dollars with his own two hands (more likely three million, his neighbors estimated)

Although he seldom spoke unnecessarily and discouraged questions in the line-up, Locke's friends delighted in telling him jokes as they passed by His huge body would jiggle up and down with suppressed laughter "Like Santa Claus" remembers Mrs. A. J Casselman of Williamsburg

His rare remarks were usually humorous or sarcastic To a woman who demurred when asked to remove her shoes saying the pain was in her shoulder not her feet he replied "When you step on a dog's tail, which end yelps?"

A reporter was told "Other doctors pull their patients' legs I pull their toes"

A richly dressed woman who tried to push her way to the front of the line protesting "But doctor I'm a millionaire" was squelched with his biting "Get back in line madam, so am I"

He said he turned down a lucrative offer to move his headquarters to the Mayo Clinic Rochester, Minn because they "wanted me to work like a mole in the back room while they sat in the front with a cash register Here, I run my own show"

He Humbled the Haughty

A story probably apocryphal circulated through the line up that Locke had torn up a $40 000 cheque from a wealthy American patient accepting only his usual dollar-a-day fee At another time he refused $50 for preferential treatment in the line up with "My fee is a dollar madam," then turned to a shabbily dressed woman in the inner circle and asked "Is it worth $49 to you to give up your turn?"

This was good showmanship and boosted the morale of his patients but according to those who knew him it was also genuine His sympathies were all with the under-dog they say He took a certain perverse delight in embarrassing distinguished visitors If one felt it beneath his dignity to wait in the general line-up he was at liberty to wait in the Lockes' living room but he would cool his heels there until everyone in the line up was treated Andrew W Mellon when he was U S Ambassador to Great Britain had an appointment but was "forgotten" and kept waiting for hours

For the dollar fee Locke gave his patients a treatment in the morning and in the afternoon told them whether or not they had a goiter (he believed that goiter and arthritis were related in ninety percent of the cases and sold thyroid pills made to his own prescription for fifty cents a box) recommended that they have their shoes fitted with "cookies" which he called the special arch supports or buy Dr Locke shoes. Depending on their condition he would suggest they take further treatment in the driving shed at the rear Here his young woman assistant Aurlean Wegar (now Mrs J Tewsley of Toronto) exercised arthritic limbs and gently twisted stiffening bodies to hasten the breaking down of adhesions on the joints. For a time, before a shoe store was opened in the village, salesmen also fitted patients with shoes in the shed or even on the front steps of Locke's office More than 9 000 pairs of shoes at ten

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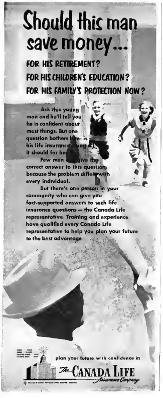

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dollars a pair were sold in the village.

Reporters had a field day. They sparked into life a fiery controversy between laymen and doctors as to the efficacy of Locke's treatments. They wrote reams of copy for big city dailies reporting fabulous cures of blindness, deafness, muscular atrophy and paralysis, saddling him with the title of "miracle-man," which he hated. Most doctors and some reporters ridiculed the "hoof doctor," attributing his successes to mass hysteria and hypnotism. A Detroit paper referred to the outdoor medical clinic as the "barnyard clinic" and a "dunghill." (Lack of sanitation was a serious problem in the pre-septic-tank days and probably the biggest miracle of all was that no epidemic started in the village.)

A report of an investigation published in the Journal of the American Medical Association in November 1932 virtually called Dr. Locke a quack. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal wrote, "As nearly as we can determine from the available evidence, Dr. Locke practices the laying on of hands." Patients hotly denied that "faith healing" was a factor in the cures. Samuel Silver, of Toronto, went to Locke's clinic in desperation, his leg so painful he couldn't walk. Five Toronto doctors, unable to find anything organically wrong, had dismissed him from a hospital with the admonition to forget it. Silver scoffs at the suggestion that faith in Locke was necessary. "Faith, what faith had I?" he asks. "I'm not a man with much faith. All I believe is what I see. He helped me."

A Drama to Beach

Canadian doctors, on the whole, ignored the furore or commented mildly, as did Prof. Duncan Graham, then head of the Department of Clinical Medicine at the University of Toronto: "We've had patients back in the hospital after they've been to his clinic still suffering from arthritis."

An Alexandria, Ont., doctor whose patient, against his advice, went to Locke and came back apparently cured, railed, "Why, man, he's got you hypnotized!"

"He could put a ring through my nose and lead me up and down the streets and I wouldn't care," replied the unpenitent one. "I'm better."

On the other hand, Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, came to Williamsburg to scoff and remained to praise the doctor's methods. A few doctors who observed the treatment attempted to imitate him. Rex Beach, American novelist, wrote: "To me he is the personification of drama. One man fighting barehanded against a score of creeping diseases. One man breaking canes and crutches! One man upon whom rests the last hope of an army of crippled people." Even more emotional were some of the women patients.

"I just worship the ground he walks on," said one.

Rabbi Stephen Wise's sister said: "I feel as though I were on holy ground."

A neighbor who had no illusions about Locke's holiness still says twelve years after his death: "It seems strange that Christ should have chosen Dr. Locke to carry on his work of healing on earth."

Locke's theory was that fallen arches press on the main nerve leading into the foot, irritating it. This constricts the arteries, and the blood, moving sluggishly, becomes full of impurities, particularly uric acid, which attacks the places of least resistance (in the case of arthritis, the joints). Outgrowths of cartilage eventually "fix" the joints in any position they would normally assume. Bone tissue enlarges and distortion results.

He felt that forcing the arch back into place relieved the pressure on the nerve and speeded circulation of the blood, which would in time rid itself of impurities, honeycomb the tissue that had formed on the joints and restore the patient's health. Specialists today, as they did in his time, say this is much too simplified a version of a complex disease. They say that arthritis is only one of the conditions included under the broad term rheumatism and there are over a hundred different types of arthritis. In only one of these, gout, does uric acid play any part. Present-day treatments vary greatly for each type of arthritis but Locke, in his "manipulative surgery," did not differentiate between them.

Jack MacDonald was one of Locke's most spectacular and publicized cases. Jack was 16 when he was brought to Williamsburg from Unity, Sask., on a cot in a baggage car as the least painful way of moving him. He weighed a scant 91 pounds and could barely turn in bed. His left arm was rigid at his side, his fingers deformed and one leg was drawn up and locked at his hip. The other leg was also slightly affected. He lay on his cot in excruciating pain, unable to brush away the flies that settled on his face.

After Locke's first arch treatment Jack felt a tingling sensation. His feet, cold before, began to feel warm, then burned like fire. After a week of treatment he became violently ill with much vomiting and diarrhea. (This was a common reaction and, according to Locke's theory, was nature's way of ridding the system of poisons.) Jack's fingers loosened up at first, then his legs; within six months he could walk using crutches and after two years could ride a bicycle for miles and walk with only a cane. Jack's father, James MacDonald, who had been a newspaperman in Unity, remained in Williamsburg to publish a weekly paper, the Williamsburg Times, devoted almost entirely to news of the Circle. He also lauded Locke in a book called Dr. Locke, the Healer of Men, which sold at newsstands about the clinic.

Helen Foley, a 16-year-old girl from Florida, was another patient whose recovery was praised as miraculous. Helen, a polio victim, couldn't stand without her legs buckling under her. Mrs. John Fewley, Locke's former assistant, relates that after several years of treatment Helen was "a perfect cure."

It is difficult to assess the proportion of patients who were helped by Locke's treatments. Those who were had their stories printed and reprinted. Those who after a few treatments went home discouraged, remained anonymous. A doctor, whose sister-in-law took treatments for several months for arthritis, says that rather than being helped she was considerably worse. Others could not stand the pain occasioned by the treatment nor the violent physical reaction afterward and left. Many, however, remained for two or three years. One girl stayed ten years. Although still sadly deformed, she is confident Locke's treatments not only arrested the disease but helped her materially in regaining

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SEE YOUR LOCAL PONTIAC DEALER

some of the mobility she had lost.

Born at Dixon's Corners seven miles west of Williamsburg on St. Valentine's Day 1880, Mahlon Locke was forced to take responsibility early when his father died in 1888, leaving three small sons (Mahlon, the eldest, Peter and Durno) and a farm. The boys attended public school at Dixon's Corners and high school at Iroquois, often shabbily clothed and walking the seven miles to and from Iroquois on week ends.

Because of the pressure of seasonal farm work Mahlon never spent a full term at high school and left without matriculating. After two years on the farm, influenced by his mother and a young student minister, he enrolled at Kemptville high school 25 miles away and completed his matriculation in a month. At 21 he entered Queen's University, spent every summer at farm labor and most evenings in Kingston working at odd jobs, one of which was plucking partridges for a hotel.

In 1905 when Mahlon was 25 he graduated from Queen's as a medical doctor and returned to Brinston, a few miles from Dixon's Corners, where his mother, now remarried, was living. Here the young doctor began his first practice with his stepfather, Dr. G. W. Collison. It was hard going. In six months he earned only $15 and was thoroughly discouraged. A college friend, Dr. M. E. Grimshaw, was working for the Algoma Steel Corporation north of Lake Superior and Mahlon joined the firm as a company doctor at Sault Ste. Marie for $100 a month.

A year later Grimshaw and Locke interned at the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, Scotland, for a post-graduate course. Here Locke earned his cherished triple licentiate from the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Years later he said he learned more in six months in Edinburgh than he had in four years in Kingston. In Edinburgh he conceived the theory that was later to make him famous.

City life had no charms for Locke. He liked the peace and freedom of the country. He fitted like a hand in a glove into the prosperous dairying community of Williamsburg, famous for its cheese and McIntosh apples. From the day he hung out his shingle on June 1, 1908, his success as a country practitioner was assured.

Except for a few short holidays Locke scarcely moved outside a twenty-mile radius of the tiny village. By his skill at diagnosis and treatment as well as his kindliness and capacity for work he won his neighbors' unswerving loyalty. To all ages he was known as Doc, or the Old Doc. He kept five horses steadily on the go. No call was too much trouble. Delivering three babies in one night under primitive conditions was not unusual. Mrs. Locke says that in winter his overcoat seldom dried between calls. One night as his team broke trail through deep snow, his cutter upset, dumping the doctor into a snow bank. He rolled himself up in a blanket and slept out the rest of the night there.

No storm was severe enough to keep him from a confinement case. One night while he was driving his first car, an open 1910 McLaughlin, fork lightning lit the sky, rain pelted down, thunder rolled and so did the McLaughlin until the doctor arrived, a cheerful, dripping, welcome sight. His patients had complete confidence in him. "You felt better the minute he stepped inside the room," says Mrs. H. McIntosh, whose four children he delivered.

He was always especially interested in bones and in a community where the chief occupational hazard seems to have been falling out of haymows he had plenty of practice setting broken bones and dislocated shoulders and hips. Innocent bystanders were called in to sit on the patient while the doctor, by main strength, pulled a dislocated hip back into place. Since he had little faith in anaesthetics the operation was bound to be painful.

During the flu epidemic of 1918 Locke didn't sleep in a bed for weeks, catching cat naps in the bottom of a long French sleigh while two men took turns driving him from house to house. People died in hundreds all over Canada but Locke didn't lose a patient—until he caught flu himself. "One did die then but only because the nurse drank the whisky I prescribed," the doctor is quoted as saying.

His fees for general practice were arrived at by a system of computation known only to himself. He sent no bills and unless a patient asked he'd never know how much he owed. If the family were poor or had had a run of bad luck there would be no charge. Even the well-to-do found his charges surprisingly low. One woman who started her family late in life says that for her first delivery the doctor charged ten dollars, for the next eight dollars and for the next (in the same year) six dollars. When asked why his fee kept going down he laughed. "If you have another baby within the year I'll deliver it for nothing."

Cookies in his Shoes

In 1915 when he was thirty-five Locke married 21-year-old Blanche McGregor at her parents' home near Williamsburg. Because of unexpected patients he was an hour late for the ceremony. The couple settled in the white frame house in Williamsburg where the doctor had lived for seven years. Here their four children were born, three girls and a boy, and here Mrs. Locke still lives.

Locke's treatments for arthritis began in 1908, the first year of his general practice in Williamsburg. He thought too many of his patients suffered from both flat feet and rheumatism for it to be coincidence. His chance to test his nebulous theory came when Peter Beckstead, a blacksmith in Williamsburg, was so severely crippled by rheumatism that he was unable to continue his heavy work. Locke began pressing the blacksmith's fallen arches back into place. After several treatments, Beckstead found that the pain was lessening. To keep the arches in place and strengthen the foot muscles, the doctor had the local shoemaker place leather "cookies"—rounded concave arch supports—in the blacksmith's shoes. Beckstead recovered and continued shoeing horses until he died a quarter of a century later. Pressing fallen arches back into place and recommending cookies for shoes became a regular part of Locke's work and in 1934 he claimed there wasn't a case of arthritis in Williamsburg Township. Gradually his reputation spread to surrounding towns.

Mrs. Ben Carr, proprietress of the Sign of the Ship, a restaurant eight miles west of Morrisburg, was an early patient and a staunch advocate. Recently she recalled those days:

"After my first baby was born—thirty-two years ago—I couldn't walk for the pain in my legs. My own doctor bandaged them and my ankles but I couldn't stand the pain. A nurse from Williamsburg was at the Prescott hospital at the time and she told me about Dr. Locke. When I told my doctor I was going to him he

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laughed and said "That fellow cures everything but the toothache by doctoring the feet." He didn't want me to go but I went anyway.

"My husband had to carry me up the stairs to the office. Dr Locke put my arches back into place and I walked out of there. I've never had any trouble that way since. Once I said to him, 'Doctor, what would have happened to me if you hadn't been here to help me?' He picked up a hand of another patient all deformed from arthritis and said, 'Your hands would have been just like this.' He was a wonderful man."

As more people heard of him Locke found it profitable to have office hours every Tuesday at Prescott, 25 miles away on the St. Lawrence River. A few Americans came across the river for treatments. Once a Roman Catholic priest, Father Kelly, from near Lockport, N.Y., came to Williamsburg so crippled by arthritis that he could no longer conduct Mass. Six months later, after Locke's treatments, Kelly literally ran up the path to the doctor's office to show how he had improved. A Lockport newspaperman, Frank Coughlin, himself about to undergo an operation as a last resort against arthritis, heard of Father Kelly's improvement and came for treatments. He was so impressed that he wrote a glowing account of the clinic. This was reprinted in several American newspapers and the boom was on. That was in 1928. Ontario papers took up the cry and articles were printed in magazines.

In 1930 from two to three hundred people were taking treatments each day. In the summer of 1931 the number had swelled to almost a thousand. About this time Locke sold the patent for the shoe he had designed to a Perth manufacturer for $30,000.

In following years he must often have wondered if he had a lion by the tail. In August 1932 *Cosmopolitan* magazine printed an article by Rex Beach describing the Williamsburg clinic and Locke in warm terms. He had been staying at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa golfing. Fallen arches made walking a misery and someone half jokingly suggested he visit the doctor at Williamsburg. Beach took the advice, had a foot treatment, talked to the crowds and wrote his article. The next summer the crowds reached an all-time record of 2,700 persons treated a day.

"I always say that Rex Beach killed him," Lewis Schel, one of Locke's old cronies, says. "He had plenty to do right around here without all those people." Although 1932 and 1933 were the peak years crowds continued until Locke's death in February 1942.

Besides the strain treating thousands of people daily placed on Locke's strength, his private life was sadly disrupted. Patients invaded his living room, his dining room, and on one occasion when he was ill with blood poisoning in his leg, his bedroom. Every meal was interrupted a dozen times by the telephone ringing or someone at the door. Locke began his treatments at eight in the morning (except for the mornings when he began at five) and continued until eleven at night so the clinic was seldom empty. Sometimes the line-up started as early as one a.m. To have a few minutes to himself during the day he would visit one of his farms.

Locke's farms were his only hobby. He bought his first one near Williamsburg in 1913. He said he wasn't sure he could make a living as a doctor but knew from experience he could as a farmer. He bought what everyone else considered a worn-out but pure-bred Holstein bull for $30 and began raising pure-bred cattle. One of his Holsteins set a world record for 101 pounds of milk in a day and 142 pounds of butter in 30 days.

Locke also raised Percheron horses and standard-bred race horses. Sulky racing was and is a favorite sport in the surrounding district and during Locke's lifetime a race track was set up on the outskirts of Williamsburg. Occasionally he took an hour or two off work to watch his horses run. He showed stock at Ottawa and Toronto winter fairs also. He was lawyer, general counsel and adviser to many of his older patients. He gave advice on business deals, on legal matters and wrote their wills (but died without one himself).

A man of strange contradictions, he often reached in his pocket and passed over a handful of bills to a needy patient. Yet he enjoyed telling of the time he dressed up in patched clothing to fool a cattle-buyer into thinking he was a poor man so he could get a better price. He'd lend money to anyone he knew without interest or fuss, but at a time when his earnings were well over $1,000 a day he paid hired men on his farms a dollar a day.

EXIT
TON SMITS

He took no interest in civic improvement or politics. When approached by the Ontario Liberal leader, Mitchell Hepburn, an onion farmer, to stand for election he laughed him off with, "You go home and grow your onions and I'll peddle my pills."

Except for a week's holidays at Christmas Locke had little time for anything but work. He read magazines, a few novels, his medical journals and, every day, a chapter or two from the Bible, of which he knew large sections by heart. He always found social contacts on his own intellectual level difficult and preferred spending his leisure with men he could dominate.

In July 1938 a group of former patients, who called themselves the Friends of Dr. Locke Committee, organized a testimonial banquet for him at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa with more than one hundred guests present. A bronze cast of Locke's hands, made by Italian sculptor Dena Bunilli, was presented to him, and he made what was probably the first speech of his life. The family was in a cold sweat for him but if he was nervous he didn't show it.

Another gift from the Friends of Dr. Locke Committee was a huge red leather-bound book with thousands of letters from grateful patients. These ranged from short notes from people who wore Dr. Locke's shoes but had never met him to testimonials saying, "I was doomed to spend the rest of my life in a wheel chair but after six weeks' treatment by Dr. Locke and after six or seven years I am still walking and able to attend to my work."

During the last few years of his life Locke's health was poor. His weight dropped from 250 pounds to 190. He was tired much of the time and had several severe colds verging on pneumonia. After he was unconscious for two or three days in a Montreal hospital, he began taking insulin injections for diabetes and watching his diet more closely. He tried to work fewer hours but 500 to 600 patients were still attending the clinic each day in the summer of 1941. At that time he also owned 17 farms, including some which had been reforested. He planned all the work himself for five farms under cultivation, shouting instructions each morning from his bedroom window to the hired men as they passed on their way to work.

On the morning of Feb. 7, 1942, feeling a little better, Locke left his home at 8.10 to drive to one of his farms. There had been a fresh snowfall and the car, a 1942 Cadillac, slid into the ditch. He tried at first to push the car out, then, when a neighbor came to help, he slid behind the wheel to steer. The neighbor found him slumped over the wheel, almost unconscious, and drove him home. When Mrs. Locke came to help carry him into the house Locke pointed to his head, indicating he had suffered a stroke. He never regained full consciousness and died about midnight that night. In spite of one of the worst snowstorms in the district a large crowd attended the funeral. One mother and her two little girls walked three miles through the drifts to be there.

During his lifetime Locke's wealth made little difference in the family's standard of living except that the children attended university with none of the hardships their father went through. They have continued to live modestly since his death. Jean, a graduate of McGill University, lives quietly in Williamsburg with her mother. They frequently visit Marion (Mrs. R. B. Prowse) in Toronto, and Ruth (Mrs. William Rowe) at Newton Robinson, Ont., and last summer they attended the Coronation and visited Europe. The only son, Parker, who lives in Morrisburg, has retained three of the farms and makes a business of his father's hobby, raising and racing standard-bred horses.

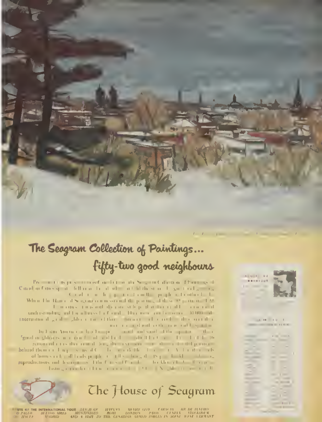
Charlatan, miracle man, faith healer, quack, Locke was called them all. Now twelve years after his death his place in Canadian medicine is still doubtful. Although osteopaths and chiropractors welcomed the attention his treatments focused on manipulative therapy, the medical profession has never accepted his theories.

Williamsburg's boom collapsed after his death like a balloon that had been pricked. Again it is a sleepy little village with a population of about 300. While old-timers like to talk of the hectic days when the town was overrun with strangers they remember with most affection the days before Locke discovered his Midas touch, when he was just a country doctor, never too busy to think up a joke or make three trips a day to any house where he was needed. Everyone there agrees with the inscription on his imposing tombstone:

> He has achieved success, has filled his niche and accomplished his task, who has left the world better than he found it, whose life was an inspiration—whose memory a benediction.

But perhaps Dr. Locke himself would prefer to be remembered for another quotation. A motherly woman who helped him with many confinement cases says that during one particularly difficult birth she complained, "I don't see why babies have to come into the world—they cause so much suffering."

"But, Maud," the doctor answered, his blue eyes twinkling, "this is the only part of life that isn't fun." ★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LONDON LETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

out their blood and treasure to save civilization in the 1914-18 war.

Let us gladly acknowledge the truth that it was America's intervention in 1917, belated as it was, that turned the tide against Germany at the cost of thousands of gallant American soldiers. Yet even that community of blood and tears did not open the eyes of the American bankers nor the American politicians. Britain had been drained of her wealth and her young manhood yet Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin had to go to Washington and agree to repay the loan which America had given to Britain at war. It was the beginning of Britain's financial collapse. We were driven off the gold standard, unemployment spread across the country and in reckless despair there came the general strike. The marks of that internecine struggle are still upon us.

I am writing these words in the library of the House of Commons and in such a setting I know that there is a danger of becoming detached from day-to-day reality. But history is a record by which the struggles of the human race can be studied in tranquility. Long after the event it is easy to point to the errors of those who held office when the world was mad but nevertheless if we are ever to learn, it is from the book of history.

One Man to Stop a War

This fact is self-evident: that the president of the United States is more hidebound by tradition than any British prime minister could ever be. And the worst tradition of the American way of politics is that which virtually makes the president a prisoner in his ivory tower.

I felt the truth of that when I flew out to America on a special mission in 1941. It was strange to visit Washington at that time and feel that it was a million miles from Europe. And although President Roosevelt was with us in sympathy and did what he could to help he had to bow to the Great American Illusion of Splendid Isolation.

I studied him at the White House then with something like fascination. At heart he was at war with Germany although his country was neutral. Brave, chivalrous and enlightened as he was, yet he must go down to history as the one man who could have prevented the 1939 war and failed to do it.

If instead of denouncing Chamberlain at the time of Munich the Americans had sent a single naval squadron into the Mediterranean to take its place beside the French and British navies Hitler would have been destroyed overnight by his own generals.

If it is thought that I am merely being wise after the event let me tell you that Harold Stassen, the present Director of the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, said those very words at the time of the Munich crisis. But such was the unrealism of American policy in that period that Stassen was denounced as a lightweight and caricatured as a Boy Scout with ideas beyond his intelligence.

There is no such thing as isolationism. Geographically, psychologically, spiritually and materially it does not and cannot exist. In the deepest meaning of the words we know that what happens to one country happens in some degree to all. It was the rebellion of the American colonists against Britain that made inevitable the French Revolution. It was a pistol shot in Sarajevo that sent the world to war in 1914.

Today the wheel has gone full circle as far as America is concerned. When Harry Truman, who will yet be acclaimed by history as one of the great American presidents, declared war against North Korea the leadership of Western civilization passed into the hands of the U.S. No matter how the individual American might long to return to the days of isolation it just could not be. A nation can no more turn back the pages than a man can return to his youth.

Then why should the U.S. President today remain incarcerated in the White House as if it were the Vatican and he the Pope? Why must it always be Churchill who undergoes the strain and excitement of crossing to America to discuss world affairs with a president who is still in the prime of life?

Think what strength and confidence the President would draw from the acclaim of the British people if he came here. And think how the bewildered divided French nation would gain confidence and unity if the President went to Paris.

Undoubtedly he would be assailed by the weekly magazine Time but the Bourbons are ever with us. They live in the hope that the 20th century will be followed by the 19th and that today will be followed by yesterday. In fact any day now we shall hear the thrilling slogan: "Time Marches Back!"

Let us face the truth and delude neither ourselves nor each other. Mankind, by the overdevelopment of its mind and the underdevelopment of its soul, has achieved a position whereby it can literally destroy itself. So far has the breed of Adam traveled from the innocence of the Garden that coherent life can be virtually brought to an end with only a few numbed and crazed survivors to wander among the ruins.

There is no reason to doubt that ancient civilizations lived and passed away before the known story of the human race. If there is to be another world war on a cosmic scale then we may as well hand back the earth to the monkeys. Against that grim picture and against such pessimism there is the inspiration and splendor of Winston Churchill's mind. As he nears his 80th birthday he proclaims to the world his policy of coexistence. There is no hatred in his soul nor fear in his heart. Instead there is pride in man's achievement and sorrow for man's blindness.

As he looks back from the pinnacle of the years and sees the long road that he has traveled there is infinite pity for the human race but also an indomitable conviction that mankind will yet achieve an understanding that will rule out war.

But Churchill must soon lay down the sceptre of power, and once he has done so he will leave it to his successors to speak for civilization. That will create a dangerous vacuum and, again with respect, I suggest that President Eisenhower should realize that he will have a far greater part to play than merely keeping the regional sections of the Republican Party together.

He has the warmth, the voice and the sincerity to give a new leadership to the troubled world. He need not pretend to command the classic phrase or assume the mantle of a contemporary historian. In London at the end of the war he spoke to the people on the radio and won their hearts. We ask no more than that he should be—that same likable wartime leader.

Even as commander-in-chief of the Allied forces that invaded Europe and smashed the might of Germany he remained a human being whose tolerance and sympathy for mankind made of him a lovable figure. No wonder the U.S. wanted him as president. The whole civilized world wanted it.

But from the day of his election he has been strangely silent. Even allowing for the fact that he lacks political experience his sincerity would have atoned. Yet he seemed crushed by the weight of his responsibilities and perhaps disillusioned by the pettiness of political rivalries.

Come to Europe, Mr. President! Come to London and to Paris! Visit Berlin and speak in memory of those young soldiers who gave their lives in the last phase when they liberated that city from the evil thralldom of Hitler.

You must be bigger than the Republican Party just as Churchill has been bigger than the Conservative Party. Destiny is calling you, Mr. President.

And unless our ears are at fault, there seems to be a note of impatience in its voice. ★

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The Shipwrecked Moneybelt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

IT WAS a mixed lot in the fo'c'sle of the Marta, most of them like Morten working their way homeward. The older ones were silent about the war; they could remember the first one and what was happening had a nightmarish familiarity. Morten acted like a man with a secret, a secret sorrow, they decided, and nobody asked him questions. He didn't even touch his money belt except when alone and unobserved. As for poker, he said he never played cards, a lie that had almost choked him.

The Marta slugged along through grey November day and black night, making easting, getting nearer home and nearer the danger. The wind blew stronger, a southeasterly, and it was hard to stay in one's bunk. From time to time Sparks passed along bits of news, none of it good. The Germans were sinking neutrals all right.

"But only neutrals bound for England," the big French bo'sun said.

"Where they got no business anyway," said his friend the carpenter.

"That make you feel good?" this from a young Norwegian. "Sure we're bound for Oslo, suppose we first have to put in at Liverpool?"

Double watch forward, and on the bridge daily lifeboat drill. The lifeboats were checked for provisions and swung out on their davits, ready to go. It seemed as if the young captain never slept at all. He was always on deck. For a time there was fog but no foghorn sounded; in silence and without lights they went on.

The hours below were the longest. If a game was on Morten did not even watch, or tried not to. After all, though, he thought craftily to himself, he need risk no more than the few bills he had in his pants pocket. But again he resisted. He rearranged the contents of his locker, a heavy old-fashioned one that had belonged to his father. There were the presents for Lise, but he didn't look at them. He checked over his clothes. On deck he would feel of his moneybelt. A wonderful belt! The money wouldn't be soaked through for days and even then that belt would keep it all safely buttoned together. But what was he thinking of? If he tried swimming home it wouldn't make much difference to Lise how much money there had been in that belt. It occurred to him that then she wouldn't ever know about his saving through these years. He had a new feeling that she was far away, that maybe he'd be sailing toward her the rest of his life. A morbid notion.

To forget it he remembered how once long ago his father had come home from the sea and had put money of silver and gold on the mahogany table that stood in the middle of their parlor. The coins covered it, or so he remembered. He was a little kid then. The money had seemed mysterious. It seemed to shine a light on the faces of his father and his mother, but pretty soon they laughed. While he remembered this he was at the wheel of the Marta. Lise seemed to be next to him. Well, *his* money might seem as wonderful to her.

The mate came by and asked him if he was awake. "Yessir, I'm awake." The mate leaned over the starboard rail peering into the darkness. At this moment it happened: the cruel blow on the soles of his feet, the shudder and deep smothered sound of the explosion that smashed the engine room, filling it with a hell of live steam, an inward rush of the sea which surged around.

As the Marta lost steerageway all her movement changed. She rolled and pitched, giving in to the wind and the sea. There was a great growing clatter of wreckage being smashed against bulkheads. The lifeboats madly swung on their davits. From the bridge the captain's voice trumpeted above everything and it was calm: Lower the starboard lifeboats.

The forward boat no sooner wet its keel than it was smashed against the ship's side. The men in her were thrown into the sea.

They had better luck with the second. Two men got her down and free of her hooks and, working desperately, fended her off until they could get oars in play, but then they were carried away, now high on a crest, now half out of sight in the trough. That was No. 2 lifeboat. The captain called its number, ordering men assigned to her in the drills to jump for it. Most of them were stokers and engineers and where were they now? No. 1 crew! They were to jump for it too. They went overside one by one into the black water. It was no great jump now for the ship was sinking fast. Roaring waves met the port lifeboats as they hung in their davits and then, lower aft, the remaining boats were afloat even as they hung. The waves lifted them from their hooks and they crashed down onto the deck.

The forward port lifeboat rested for a moment on the deck. The captain shouted to cast off right there on deck and shove her off with the next wave. Men clambered aboard, filled every thwart. The first mate led the run aft for the last one.

How they did it Morten did not remember, but as quickly as in a dream it was afloat and free.

"Captain!" called the mate.

The captain, holding to the rail of the bridge with one hand, one knee up, was trying with his other hand to tie up the ship's papers with a bit of cord, using his mouth to hold one end. That was the last they saw of him. With a more deliberate power the stern of the Marta rose higher. The mate slid on his pants to the rail and overboard. He began to swim. They picked him up and pulled away. The ship's ensign fluttered. Waves received it. The propeller emerged and for a moment dripped high in the air. The Marta slid straight down then. The Atlantic creamed over her.

A sailor was swearing. "The dirty dogs," he was saying. "The goddam ..." and he rolled curses over the dark water, a foolish sound.

"Silence," the mate said evenly. He was at the tiller in command. "They can't hear you. They're far away."

THERE were nine men and four were hurt. Cold, dark night covered them. There was no sign of the other boats. Waves were high. Their crests, sliced by the wind, rained inboard. Two men set to bailing. Wreckage floated by. There was something that might have been Morten's locker but he couldn't be sure. He thought of the things for Lise in it, especially a Chinese kimono, blue brocade with bright flies embroidered on the back and sleeves lined by apple-green silk. He was sorry she would never see that and the other things. He felt of his money belt. A chair floated up, riding the waves easily, and after it a coat. But when they got hold of this a face . . . a corpse was wearing it.

The mate said they were maybe two hundred miles from Scotland with a wind against them. There were four pairs of oars going now. The men bailing grunted and one or the other would say in a steady rhythm, "Water out,

"Nightgowns" for FIRE-FIGHTERS

WIDE AWAKE FIRE departments may soon be turned out in a new heat-resisting suit built on the general lines of the old-fashioned nightgown. Made of reflective aluminum foil, this outfit gives the hook-and-ladder lads a lot more protection from extreme heat.

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[illegible]
DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE

water out,'" as they emptied the bailer.

Doubled up amidships, covered with a tarpaulin was the cook's helper, a boy who had been hurt. He didn't groan or complain but talked to himself in a high voice or tried to sing. He was out of his mind.

The big bo'sun was there, his friend the carpenter beside him. "I'll never finish that ship," the bo'sun said, pulling steadily on his oar. He looked and sounded as if he could pull like that for a week without stopping. He meant the model ship he'd been working on. "Now," he said, "I got just nothing to bring home." As a matter of fact he had no family, but he'd planned to give the little ship to a church in Viipuri.

As the night deepened it grew colder. From time to time they lit a flare. They saw each other's faces leap up in the glare, and then darkness again, the sea darker. The dawn was grey. It revealed an empty sea. They stepped the mast, made sail but could get little sailing with this wind. The bo'sun broke open and distributed rations: hard biscuits and meat from a big tin, squares of chocolate, water. The bo'sun uncovered the kid to feed him but he was dead.

His body floated for a while face up. The waves moved the arms, turned him over. He floated near to the boat, a wave raised him high above it, finally he was out of sight.

Just before darkness of their second day a man forward shouted out that he saw a light. He stood up and waved his arms. They had to force him to lie down, covered him with the tarpaulin. Next morning the bo'sun got to the tiller and took it. The mate who hadn't slept was all in. They covered him, too, with the tarpaulin.

"Now, by gar! we'll go west with the wind," the bo'sun said. "There's ships somewhere."

They all ate biscuits and each had a half box of headcheese. The fat food gave them strength. Morten took the next turn at the tiller. He felt for his money belt, unsnapped one of the pockets and poked a finger within. Damp but so far okay.

In the morning of the fourth day the mate was dead. And the man lying beside him who had been hurt made bad blood on his mouth and breathed with a boiling sound in his chest. But not for long. The cold was terrible. Night came again. On the fifth a Norwegian sailor, giving his last strength to the bailing, half stood up, tottered with a wave, and fell. A man half asleep reached for him but too slowly, too weakly. So then there were five of them.

Morten was again at the tiller when they saw the steamer, not far, rather grey painted, enormous, without a light showing. He called to the bo'sun. The bo'sun set off a flare. They tried to shout, to wave. The ship slid on, became part of the twilight. If it had seen them, it had not dared to chance it, fearing a submarine ambush.

Morten bailed and dozed. "Water out ... water out ..." It seemed that the hoarsely whispered phrase became each time another rung of an endless ladder. He slept, awoke, felt for his money belt, slept again.

IT WAS broad day when the second steamer was sighted. ... Somehow Morten went back to sleep. He awoke in a bunk. Between sleeps that was enough to know. He counted his legs, his arms. He felt the good clean sheets, and slept and dreamed of Lise waving her snowy apron.

A voice woke him. Very close to him stood a steward in a white coat. He had a tray with a cup of hot soup. He asked in a Dutchman's English did Morten want it? Morten took the cup in both hands. While awake he lay feeling the long roll of the ship. As she rose to starboard he could look across the sick bay to the bo'sun's bunk without turning his head, which was a convenience. The bo'sun had a top berth; under him was the carpenter. Morten could hear him now. Soon he knew there were four of them left. Five had come on board; four had come to time.

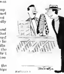
"What sort of an old pot is she?" the carpenter wanted to know.

"A Dutchman," said the bo'sun. "Good food."

"Turbines," Morten said.

The captain came with his first mate and a steward to put everything in the ship's log. The captain asked questions and Morten answered them and his answers were written down.

The bo'sun sat on the edge of his bunk. "Now," he said, "I go home. I'm through, I tell you. I go home and I stay home. It's a dog's life. It always was a dog's life. And now it is worse with murderers loose, sneaking up from under, falling down from up!" The way he said "up" made Morten begin to laugh at him and the carpenter. Suddenly they stopped laughing. After a little silence they could sleep again.



"No thanks. Just looking."

They would talk about home. The Swede's home was a little village, hardly a village even, high up on the Botten Bay; according to him it was a better place than any other really when you came to know it. And the Norwegian was going back to a farm on the lake of Jolster. In that lake there were trout a yard long.

"Listen," Morten said, "in Norway even the fleas, mind you, are big as canary birds!"

The bo'sun only wanted to talk about Finland. "Now take Finnish potatoes! Not like other potatoes which are nice only out to be hungry. Finnish potatoes," he said, "were as good as oranges. There were flowers, blue and white flowers everywhere in the spring. But the winter was the merry time. Everybody in Finland went to church on skis."

So they talked. Not of strange cities, fights, hardships, but of more distant memories, a cat that was a good mouser or a calf that had been mysteriously taken ill, or a sister's boy who was clever for his age. Morten listened and he felt that these were good fellows, but that they knew little about the business of finding the right place to live. He thought about a Danish village on an island where the sand was white and the harbor could be as blue as the sky. That is where it was! Smoking where there were no mountains to cut off the view, where lived one's friends, one's folks and Lise.

Just where were they going? Maybe now the captain himself had yet to decide which of Holland's ports he'd make. Anyway, Morten then has nothing to worry about," the carpenter ...

"Being a shipwrecked Dane his government will supply him with new clothes and a ticket home. That's what they always do." He looked across at Morten. "Now what's up with him?"

MORTEN was on the edge of his bunk, bare legs dangling. He was very thin and he looked crazy.

"My money! I've been robbed!"

The steward came in with a tray. Morten stood in front of him, tall and wild in his nightshirt, yelling Danish at the poor man. His money, his five-years savings — where was it?

Morten's three companions could not look at each other. This was bad. Not one of them spoke. The waiter asked in English what in hell had broke loose, anyway?

"I want the captain!" Morten shouted. "I want to speak to him now, this minute."

The waiter put down his tray and went away. Morten padded up and down, up and down, now swearing, now letting loose a little barking sort of sob.

The steward returned. "Old man's busy," he said.

The Dutch skipper, who had managed a bit of a nap twenty hours before, gazed through a misty November day toward England. The first mate said sarcastically, blowing his thick mustache, "The Dane's yelling murder about a lot of money he says he had."

"I make it see something," the captain said, meaning the direction of what he thought he saw. "Destroyer?"

"I don't see it, sir. This Dane ..."

The captain gasped. "Jacob, what's in your eye today? She is a destroyer!"

"Aye."

"A Britisher."

"She's signaling now."

"Two weeks in a control port. Or a month. Oh damn. Tell her we'll follow along." He stepped to the engine telegraph. Bells sounded below, the smooth thrust of the turbines slackened, the course changed. "All right," said the skipper. "Go speak to that Dane."

Morten was lying face down on his bunk.

"What's wrong with you?" The mate was a round bellied red faced man who wore his cap over one eye like Admiral Beatty. Morten didn't speak. "You had a lot of money, huh?"

"Had it in a grey leather money belt."

"That's your story. But how do we know? Your buddies here know about it?" He stared at each one of them in turn and each one had to shake his head slowly, regretfully but definitely. No, they had never seen or heard of Morten's money.

"Well, it is gone, it is gone," said Morten at last. It didn't sound like his own voice. He sat up and looked around. He kept nodding his head like an old man.

"It was wet, you blockhead." Morten didn't seem to be listening. "The captain had it dried out bill by bill. Here it is, folded back into your money belt."

The waiter, holding the belt across two outstretched hands like something in an old ceremony, offered Morten the fortune he thought he'd lost, and Morten slowly got off his bunk, and hardly daring to believe, he grasped it, clutched hard the grey leather, turned his head to say what he could to the good officer there and then.

Out on deck and beyond other things were happening. The destroyer put on steam, altered her course sharply and was away, a great white bone in her teeth, running for her life. The Dutch lookout forward saw a

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periscope off the port bow and just then the torpedo arrived and let go.

MORTEN MORTENSEN was now rather widely distributed. He was in fact in a number of different places at once. In New York for instance the cashier could see him clearly and this made him feel important so that he spoke of Morten to his wife and friends. In an island village in Denmark Morten's father, a stout greybeard, walked about in Morten's company. It was always Morten people wanted to talk about: they listened to old Mortensen as if he were a professor or the mayor of Copenhagen. As for the little old lady who was Morten's mother and the tall dark-haired Lise who had waited long and faithfully for Morten's return, they were different from all other women because of him. Even in Copenhagen in streets he had never known there he was also. ... It was all, of course, a matter of radio and cable, of the newspaper editors who know their readers' curiosity.

Morten Mortensen did not himself know that he was famous. He had been told but the fact made no sense to him. Surprising enough to have a Danish ship's doctor try to talk to you in Dutch, and be astonished when you at last answer him in—Danish. What else would Morten talk? But it was simple: he'd been torpedoed twice and the second rescue was by this Danish ship. He didn't remember getting on deck but he remembered being in the water with a life preserver round him. Something hit him a bad blow on the head: it was the corner of a life raft. He dragged somebody else onto it, a big man who was badly hurt, right arm mangled. He said this was one of the rafts they'd carried on the [illegible]: there'd be a waterproof tank of it with first-aid stuff and food too. All you had to do was to give that handle a twist but there wasn't any handle. The stuff was there an inch or two away but unreachable. The raft was floating upside down.

The Danes had picked them up within an hour but to Morten it might have been days or weeks. His memory confused it with the first sinking and the endless suffering in the lifeboat with his friends from the Marta. Not one of them had come through this one. The big Dutchman was dead too but that wasn't known till he was safe on board. The blood on Morten was not his own and he was breathing.

They rounded Skagen and were in Danish waters at last. Morten was awake. He thanked God, not only in thought but in the very marrow of his bones so to speak, that he was alive and this was not gratitude for having been chosen but simply a realization of the mystery of being alive. He admired his own hand and wondered that a thought would move his fingers. The Danish doctor was proud of him. "So anxious to get home," joked the doctor, "that he sets off in a nightshirt and a life belt."

Soon they were to learn that Morten's father and mother had come by the mail boat to Copenhagen and were there waiting for him; that Lise had stayed home to do some last things for his welcoming. No doubt that parlor table once so dramatically decorated by her father stood there well dusted, ready. Never mind. ... The doctor asked him what was troubling him: why did he frown and shake his head?

Morten had been trying and trying to remember something he had forgotten. Now he knew it was about the cashier back in New York. Suddenly he smiled. "I got it! I promised that fellow I'd send him a postal card from Copenhagen. What'll I write on it?" Morten gave it some sober, intense thought. Should he mention how he almost got the money there? And lost it? Oh, that was personal business though. The doctor who had volunteered to write the card for him poised his fountain pen. Morten began to sweat trying to think of something important enough to write down. "Greetings," he dictated at last. "Arrived okay. Then put down my name, Morten Mortensen."

The doctor gazed at him a while. "I suppose you don't remember the struggle we had to get your right hand loose from that money belt?"

Morten took it calmly. He shook his head. No, he didn't remember that. It is easy to be calm when you are tired out and comfortable. He was thinking of Lise anyway, but gradually he let himself know that after all he had taken it with him, and after a while that was a wonderful thing to know. ★

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The Toughest Beat In The World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

the swelling vanished, the stitches healed well and within a week Mingeearak was back hunting.

In the Arctic any illness can be fatal. Even a cold can kill the Eskimo. When Sgt. George Abraham was serving at Cambridge Bay on the Arctic Ocean just before the war a native came in to ask for help. His people, camped on the sea ice twenty miles out, were coughing and spitting.

Abraham knew the danger. He left at once. He found the native camp: a dozen igloos, some forty people sick with flu. Many were lying on their skin-covered sleeping platforms waiting to die, for the Eskimo is a fatalist. Two were already dead. Abraham pointed to the bodies. "You can take them to the land," he said, meaning he wanted them buried. "None of you will leave here and each family will stay in its igloo." They'd been spreading the disease by visiting one another.

The Mountie made sure each patient was warm. He gave them laxatives. He rubbed their chests with antiphlogistine. "You're not going to die," he told each patient firmly. He made jokes, arousing their sense of humor and their hope.

Next day he heard that the natives were sick in another camp twelve miles away. He hurried back for his detachment partner. They're always stationed in pairs, and the Mounties nursed the two camps back to health. Then they let the Eskimos return to the mainland where they had food cached.

Murder in a Snowhouse

If anyone dies in the north without making a will it's up to the Mounties to make an inventory of his goods, auction them off, pay his debts and deliver what is left to his heirs. In the case of one trader who died a Mountie had to trace several hundred Indian customers and collect money they owed the trader.

The Mountie has to inspect aircraft, naturalize aliens, collect customs and explain to the luckier trappers among the Eskimos why they must pay income tax. After one Mountie's long and patient explanation an Eskimo trapper vehemently shook his head. He wasn't going to "buy" any income tax: the "price" was too high.

Several times a year the Mountie goes on patrol, an adventurous trek by dogteam to the native camps in his district. In 1942 Const. Clifford Delisle set out behind his huskies from Pond Inlet, 425 miles north of the Arctic Circle, to check a rumor that a young and attractive Eskimo woman had murdered her husband at Victory Harbour. In the next fifty-two days Delisle covered 1,176 miles. He wore out two dogs and shot a third which went blind in a sleet storm. He bridged a series of deep crevasses with his komatik (sled) and narrowly escaped death when the ice he was traveling on broke up.

He recorded strange accidents: an Eskimo hunter had drifted out to sea on an ice pan and was lost; an Eskimo boy had frozen to death when a bear chased him out of his igloo.

In a snowhouse of the isolated Netsilingmiut tribe the Mountie found his murderess, Miktaeyout. By the wavering flame from a dish of seal blubber he wrote down her story. Her husband had been a mighty hunter and an influential tribesman had persuaded him to leave Miktaeyout and take his daughter as wife. Miktaeyout had been given a shiftless substitute named Kookeeyout. For two years she and her children were constantly on the verge of starvation until, unable to bear the pain and shame any longer, she had shot Kookeeyout in his sleep.

Delisle took the frozen corpse, murderess and witnesses to Fort Ross for trial when the yearly supply ship Nascopie came in. But the ship for the second summer was unable to break through the ice. A U.S. plane evacuated the Hudson's Bay manager. But Delisle had heard by radio that his partner at Pond Inlet was ill. He [illegible] with a warning to be [illegible] year when the ship arri[illegible] headed home in a long looping patrol through the Eskimo camps.

The sun sank low in the Arctic sky, then disappeared for the winter, and Delisle had to travel by moonlight. He froze his nose, ran out of food and had to live off the land. It took him 98 days to reach Pond Inlet. Going and coming he had covered 3,550 miles, interviewed 750 Eskimos, recorded 50 births, 52 deaths, two marriages and had put on 20 pounds.

Delisle was an athletic man who jumped out of bed every morning for a snow bath at 30 degrees below zero. The Eskimos thought him mad. He was shaping up as a noted northern traveler till he caught pneumonia at Clyde River and had to come "outside." He now works in the RCMP canteen at Montreal.

(As for the widow Miktaeyout, she trudged back to Fort Ross next year only to find that once again the supply ship could not get through. The Nascopie finally made it in 1945. Miktaeyout was convicted and sentenced to

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His body dropped in the crevass, legs dangling over a black abyss. Before he fainted he called to the Eskimos

one year's hard labor in charge of the Mounties at Pangnirtung. On her release she married again but the marriage did not work out. Her husband was afraid to come home after each unsuccessful hunting trip.)

Patrols are made to deliver mail, rescue the sick or insane, map the country and hunt for missing men. In 1930 the German Arctic Expedition led by Dr. H. K. Krueger disappeared across the glacial icecap of mountainous Ellesmere Island.

Two RCMP patrols set out to search ninety thousand miles of frozen wasteland where gaping crevasses hundreds of feet deep are deceptively bridged by drifted snow. Heading north with two Eskimos, Cpl. H. G. Stallworthy, a tall loose-limbed man with an easy drawl, had one of the closest calls in his notable northern career. His dogs dashed off in a frantic chase after a bear and dropped Stallworthy down a crevasse. At thirty feet it narrowed like an hourglass and Stallworthy's body jammed, his legs dangling over a black abyss. He managed to call to the Eskimos coming behind him before he fainted and when he came to they hauled him up on a harpoon line. "I felt a bit shaken," he says. "But after a drink of brandy I was none the worse for the experience."

Const. R. W. Hamilton, heading west, was finding the going tougher. One by one he was killing his dogs, chewing the frozen hindquarters raw and feeding his team the remainder. After five days of starvation they sighted a bear. All one day his Eskimo stalked it, finally shot it and waited beside the body for Hamilton.

As the Mountie came up the Eskimo tossed his hat at the bear to make sure he'd killed him. The bear sprang up and bit the seat from the Eskimo's fur pants. Hamilton shot the beast, which gave them fuel to reach easier country.

In a cairn left by the explorer Peary, Stallworthy found a note by Krueger saying that he was going toward Meighen Island. It was late in the year, the ice was rotting, the patrol's food was gone, they had lost 29 of their 125 dogs. They couldn't go on. Stallworthy was certain Krueger, unable to find game, had perished anyway. No trace of the explorer has since been found.

Three years later, in 1935, Stallworthy guided the Oxford University expedition up the precipitous ice-sheathed coast of Ellesmere. The party split up and Stallworthy's section ran out of food. For three days the Mountie fished through a hole in the sea ice, stirring the water to keep it from freezing, catching only a mouthful a day for each dog.

Meanwhile, a herd of musk ox appeared on nearby slopes. They were protected by law and the Mountie refused to let his Eskimo guide shoot one. "I cannot look at them," the Eskimo told another member of the party. "They give me a headache." Luckily a group of caribou crossed their trail and Stallworthy was able to ignore the musk ox and keep his ethics intact.

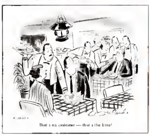
Tug-of-war with a Bear

The Mounties gave dogs, rations, refuge and advice to the explorers Stefansson, Rasmussen and Amundsen. On meeting a Mountie beside the Arctic Ocean in 1905 Amundsen remarked, "A policeman looks very peculiar up here."

In 1929 Insp. Alfred Joy, sometimes called the Admiral Byrd of the Arctic, made an epic patrol through the Parry Islands and once turned down an invitation to be Byrd's Antarctic adviser. Joy finally left the north at forty-five to be married in Ottawa but died on the eve of his wedding, exhausted by his Arctic travels. His last patrol is still remembered in RCMP annals. He was with Const. R. A. Taggart and in an igloo one night they were wakened by their dogs barking.

"Bear!" said their Eskimo hunter, cutting a hole in the igloo with his snow knife and peering out. "Bear is stealing stores."

Taggart had left his loaded rifle outside by the entrance so it wouldn't sweat and freeze. But the entrance was



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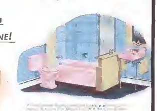

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blocked by drifted snow. He pulled on his clothes and began to cut a hole beside the entrance.

"Bear on the roof," the Eskimo reported, taking his cue from the direction the dogs were looking.

Taggart put his head out his hole and looked squarely into the bear's face. He backed in hurriedly and the bear lunged after him. Taggart whacked him across the nose with his snow knife. The bear withdrew his head and lay crouched like a great cat in front of the hole.

The bear and Taggart looked at each other. Just outside, tantalizingly within reach, Taggart could see his rifle. Cautiously he stretched out his arm; he had the gun halfway inside when the bear's paw flashed out and hooked the weapon.

Taggart pulled and the bear pulled and the bear won. Again they stared at each other with the rifle in front of the bear's paws. Again Taggart slowly reached out and slowly pulled it in. In an instant he reversed it and shot the bear through the head.

Adventures like this are mixed with a lot of prosaic paper work, for the Mountie off patrol has forms to fill in for fuel supplies, mileage, natives' pay. He has to compile monthly reports, annual reports, patrol reports, vital statistics reports. He may even have to cater to philatelists. For years the annual supply ship brought the Craig Harbour outpost mail from all over the world to stamp. It was sent by collectors addressed to themselves because they wanted to obtain the postmark of the world's most northerly post office.

Simply to stay alive keeps the Mountie occupied. Ice for water must be cut from a lake or iceberg, hauled by sled and stored out of reach of the dogs. The dog harness must be mended, rifles oiled, boats caulked, tools sharpened, fish nets repaired, stovepipes cleaned. Before the annual supply ship arrives with Supt. Henry Larsen, officer commanding G Division, aboard, the detachment must be scrubbed, the grounds raked, the stones in the walk whitewashed. Larsen, a bluff, red-faced Danish-born sailor, skippered the tiny RCMP patrol ship St. Roch in her history-making cruise through the North West Passage, the first vessel to sail from the Pacific to the Atlantic around the top of the world.

Every aspect of Arctic life takes energy and aptitude. The Mountie must sew, wash and iron his clothes. He has to hunt and fish for dog food and fresh meat, which is often sport but sometimes hard work. He learns how to skin and cut up a carcass. He becomes an accomplished housekeeper and cook. Two Mounties once had an argument about who baked the better bread and didn't speak to each other for two months. Week about, each cooked the meals and woke the other by gramophone.

G Division is not made up entirely of lonely bachelors. More than a fifth of the men on Arctic service are married. Several wives are nurses for the Department of Health and Welfare, and they too must measure up to emergencies. At Old Crow in the Yukon the wife of Cpl. F. A. Kirk happened to see an Indian boy fall and his huskies leap upon him. In a few moments their long fangs had torn his clothing to tatters and his face was slashed. Mrs. Kirk grabbed a stick and beat off the blood-maddened animals. Her prompt and courageous action won her a Humane Society certificate.

It is not an easy life for a woman. When Margaret Clay went into the Arctic with Staff-Sgt. S. G. Clay in the Twenties all her household possessions sank with an overloaded scow to the bottom of the Athabaska River. At Chesterfield Inlet a few years later, when Clay was away on patrol, she went into the dog corral and the huskies attacked her. No one knows exactly why, but the wolf strain in the husky lies close to the surface.

A native woman heard the dogs snarling and ran to the post for help. Two Mounties drove the dogs back and carried Mrs. Clay, unconscious, into the house. The flesh of her right leg from ankle to knee had been ripped off.

In terrible pain she begged the Mounties, Cpl. O. G. Petty and Const. Stallworthy, to amputate her leg. The two men talked it over through most of that night. They did not think the leg could be saved. By morning they'd decided. They asked Father F. Duplain and the Hudson's Bay manager, L. B. Snow, to operate. "You've had more experience than we have," Petty said, "but I'll take full responsibility."

Tea and Games on Saturday

The operation seemed to go well. Mrs. Clay was cheerful when she recovered consciousness. Stallworthy and two Hudson's Bay men set out by boat in a blizzard to fetch Clay, but the wind drove them back. That night Mrs. Clay sank into a coma and died. By the time Clay returned his men had buried her.

"Tragedy isn't uncommon," says Sgt. Henry Kearney, the red-haired NCO who runs G Division for Larsen, "but life is far from grim."

They huddle close to their radios to catch the Northern Messenger, a CBC program that brings news from the relatives at home. "We have a message for Corporal MacBeth," the broadcaster says. MacBeth hitches his chair closer to the loudspeaker. A sudden storm obscures the message.

They read. Crates of books circulate from post to post. Occasionally by error one post gets the same crate back.

On Saturday night the Eskimos drop in for tea and games and the Mounties must get down on the floor for friendly contests of arm twisting and thumb pulling. No matter how strong the Mountie is he's at a disadvantage, for the Eskimo, who seldom washes, has slippery hands. When the last native visitor has said good night, the Mounties close their kitchen door, bring out their portable rubberized tub, fill it from the hot water kettles and soak.

At Moose Factory Cpl. F. S. "Tiny" Covell, six feet seven and a half, used to amuse himself by impressing the Indians with feats of magic. One of the Mountie's favorites was to conjure up a dollar bill by burning a cigarette paper. After a show at Albany post an Indian chief came around and presented him with a bundle of newspapers. "Medicine man burn these," he suggested. "Make lots of money."

Covell played his biggest audience — 600 natives — in a boat shed turned

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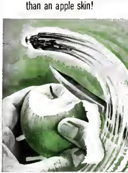

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They persuaded the tribe they were God and Jesus, and those who didn't agree were killed out on the ice floe.

theatre at Moose Factory. As the natives nailed him, handcuffed, into a box for "The Packing Case Escape" one Indian leaving the stage was heard to say, "At last I have policeman where I want him. Now I make more home brew." When he got back to his seat he found the Mountie sitting in it. Tiny's awesome reputation kept the natives in his area in a constant state of grace.

In a land cut off from civilization, food takes on an added importance. Const. Hugh Margetts at Pangnirtung some years back was overwhelmed by a craving for roast weanling pig at Christmas. Returning from leave on the annual supply ship he brought three pigs in crates.

Off the Labrador coast the ship hit bad weather. Margetts' only concern was his pigs. Two of the crates lashed amidships were washed overboard and the Mountie sprained his leg trying to save them.

At Pangnirtung he built a pen and a house for his one remaining pig. In the polar cold it sprouted hair till it looked like a miniature musk ox. Margetts and the other Mountie became so fond of the creature that they didn't have the heart to shoot it for Christmas. But the vision of roast pork was overpowering. They asked the Eskimo helper to shoot it.

Five Clubbed to Death

The Eskimo had also grown attached to the pig. He closed his eyes as he fired and shot the animal through the ear. Squealing, it ran into its shelter and refused to come out. The native had to tear down the place to shoot it. The two Mounties ate a delicious Christmas dinner with tears trickling down their wind-burned faces.

In the electric-lit oases where gold and uranium are mined, Mounties patrol paved streets in jeeps and life and crime are not much different from in the towns to the south. "Perhaps a little more drunkenness," says S/Sgt. Kearney, "but the farther north we go the less crime we have. The Eskimos are a law-abiding people. Occasionally we get an outbreak of murder but it's seldom murder as we know it. One old sick Eskimo, for example, asked his son to hang him as he wouldn't be a burden on the family. Another was an insane Eskimo who couldn't be left in the camp with the women while the men were away hunting so they shot him."

In the Belcher Islands in 1941 five Eskimos were shot and clubbed to death. Two natives, Peter Sala and Charley Ouyerack, had persuaded themselves and their tribe that they were God and Jesus, respectively. Those who didn't agree were killed. Sala's sister, a large powerful woman, went hysterical, thought the real Christ was coming, took the women and children out to floe edge and half persuaded, half bullied them into stripping naked to meet him. Whereupon another five froze to death.

The Mounties flew in a Norseman, put up a shelter as big as a carnival tent, hung a picture of the King and Queen, draped the Union Jack over a table, empanelled a prospecting party to act as jury and then waited for a judicial party from "outside" which tried the case on the spot. The crimes were considered from the viewpoint of the life the Eskimos lead. Sentences of one to two years were given. Then the portable court packed up and flew out again.

The longest chase in the RCMP, probably the longest police patrol ever made, was in pursuit of the killers of Harry Radford, an American biologist, and Tom Street, a Canadian surveyor. The two men set out to explore the Barrens in 1911. Reports drifted back of Radford's high-handedness with the natives, then no more was heard until 1913 when word came out via moccasin telegraph—news passed on from native to native—of two white men killed by a primitive Eskimo tribe beside the Arctic Ocean on remote Bathurst Inlet.

An RCMP schooner set sail from Halifax to erect a patrol base on Baker Lake off Hudson Bay. Blizzards and bad luck delayed the ship and twice the storm-swept, boulder-strewn Barren Lands turned back Inspector W. J. Beyts, a strong experienced officer. In 1917 the exhausted Beyts was replaced by Inspector Frank French, a handsome vital man, son of a Mountie and nephew of the force's first commissioner. French was serenely confident. With Sgt. Major T. B. Caulkin, four natives and 25 dogs he headed northwest for Bathurst Inlet on March 21.

Driving gales tore their clothing. They went snow blind for three weeks. They wandered off course, their compass needle gyrating uselessly from mineral deposits. But they had the good luck to travel with migrating caribou and by May 7 they sighted the Arctic Ocean. A week later they trudged into an Eskimo camp on the Inlet.

The women fled to their igloos. The men had been hunting in single file. They ran toward the police, spears and snow knives half raised.

"Tell them we come in friendship," French told his interpreter, holding his hand above his head in the universal sign of peace. The headman slowed his pace and smiled. "Welcome to our camp," he said.

They exchanged gifts, then French asked, "Do you know of two white men who passed this way, said to have been killed?" With the candor of children the Eskimos told what had happened. Here is the statement of one eyewitness:

> About five winters ago, two white men came from the south. One was named Ishumatak (man who does the thinking — Radford) and the other Kirk (meaning wood, a tribute to Street's strength). Radford was bad but the other white man was good. They made us understand a little by making signs.
>
> They wanted two men to go away with them to the west. Two men, Harla and Kaneak, were going with them but Kaneak's wife was sick and he did not want to leave her there. The white man, Radford, got very mad and ran at Kaneak and hit him with a whip. The other man, Street, tried to stop him. The white man was shouting all the time. He dragged Kaneak to the water edge. The other white man went with him. They were going to throw Kaneak in the water. Everybody was frightened the two white men were going to kill Kaneak.
>
> Two men, Okitok and Hulatark, ran out and stabbed Radford. He fell on the ice. The other white man ran off shouting toward the sleigh and Okitok ran after him and caught him and Amegealnik stabbed him with a snow knife. He was running toward the sleigh; he tried to get a rifle.
>
> I do not think this would have happened if the white man had not beaten Kaneak or if we had understood the white men.
>
> Aningnerk
> X his mark
>
> Witness: F. H. French, Inspector

After questioning many other Eskimos in the district French found no flaws in this story. His orders had been to make no arrests if the killings were provoked. His concern now was to get back. The patrol's supplies were gone. Their health was poor from the diet of half-spoiled meat. The trip back across the Barrens loomed in their minds like a nightmare.

French heard of a trading post to the west and they pushed toward it over the rolling sea ice. They found the post and here they rested, waiting to go out with the Hudson's Bay Company boat. "It has been the hardest trip I have ever made," French wrote in his diary. "We suffered much from cold and exposure."

The boat never came. They moved along the coast, fishing for salmon. On Oct. 16 with enough snow on the ground to travel, they started the long journey back. They were soon close to starvation. French shot ten dogs for food. "A hard thing to do," he wrote in his diary. "In this country a man grows to love his dogs."

"Duty Must Be Done"

They came across a herd of musk ox in time for Christmas dinner but in two weeks they were starving again. They were smoking tea leaves. Their skin clothing was ragged. Their hands and faces were frozen. A bitch in their team produced seven pups which the dogs immediately devoured. The men stumbled along, weak, numb in the 75-below-zero cold, with a storm blowing up and no sign of game. "It looks like our last patrol," French wrote on Jan. 20.

Next day a band of deer crossed their trail and a kill of ten took them through to Baker Lake. "After more than 10 months," French wrote, "we're safe at last." They had traveled 5,000 miles on foot through a hard unknown country. They had brought a five-year quest to a finish—to prove three Eskimos innocent.

French was rewarded with the Imperial Service Order and Sgt. Major Caulkin with the King's Police Medal. Shortly after French was invalided out of the force.

In his diary the man who had started out so confidently wrote: "Could I have foreseen or realized the immensity of that journey, could I have but visualized its hundreds of perils and hardships, had I but a glimpse of the gaunt spectre of hunger, cold and starvation and nameless fear for my party, then I might have decided that life was too short to be walking side by side with fate. But duty must be done."

It was a rare but understandable break-through of feeling into a mounted policeman's laconic recording of fact. But with the last sentence French comes back to earth. He must have realized suddenly that he had no free choice. No glimpse of the future could have spared him his hardships.

Even in the Arctic, where a Mountie is free from nagging regulations and superiors, where a self-reliant policeman has the power of an emperor and half the men who go in do not want to come out, even in the Arctic no Mountie can escape his concept of duty. ★

Three Women: One Body

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

about Eve White and does her best to make her life miserable. "Kill her off!" she has urged Dr. Thigpen, who does most of the therapeutic work with her. "I'm the one who loves life." By such mental and emotional storms of which Eve White is not personally aware, Eve Black can give her a splitting headache, which she often does wilfully; she frightens her by making her hear voices and has cost her several jobs by maliciously influencing her decisions the wrong way.

Jane's attitude toward the two Eves is exactly what you might expect from an intelligent mature woman. She disapproves of Eve Black's mischief making and she has the utmost respect for Eve White's gentleness. Thigpen has told all three that if the case is satisfactorily concluded only one of them will survive. Jane unselfishly wrote to him that Eve White was the most worthy to go on living. "... She must not die yet! I wish I could tell her what I feel but I can't reach her. I want her to live, not me!"

The strange Eve White-Eve Black-Jane story begins in the summer of 1951 in the city of Augusta, Georgia.

For some weeks a Mrs. Eve White had been visiting Psychiatrist Corbett Thigpen in his office at the Medical College of Georgia University Hospital. She was referred to him in a routine way. She had complained to her family physician about headaches, blackouts and skin rashes. When repeated

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physical examinations revealed no organic defects he told her. "I think your troubles may be caused by your emotions. I suggest that you have a chat with a psychiatrist."

When she went to Thigpen she told him frankly: "Whatever is bothering me I want to get rid of it. I have a two-year-old daughter and I don't want my marriage to go to pieces." The doctor recalls that Mrs. White was an attractive young woman, 25 years old, five feet three, 105 pounds, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She had a slender graceful figure. Everything about her suggested a shy timid person with prim ideas. She spoke so softly he often had to lean forward in his chair to hear her. Her clothes were quiet too and she wore no make-up or jewelry.

During one of these early visits Mrs. White told the doctor about a dream she had. "There was a long cavernous room," she said. "In the middle of it was a murky pool with a slimy green brownish algae on the surface. I was in the pool with my baby desperately trying to avoid being drowned. Every time I put the baby on the bank my husband would throw her back in. Then one of my relatives tried to push my head under the water and hold it there."

Thigpen felt that if he hypnotized his patient it would help her interpret the underlying significance of this dream. He put her in a "co-operative state" — a superficial level of hypnosis. In that condition Mrs. White had little difficulty in relating the dream to her life.

She had married George White, a machinist, five years before and since then her life had been a constant period of conflict and frustration. She was one religion while her husband was another. "I wanted to bring up Carol, my daughter, in my own faith but he refused to let me," she said. Some of her relatives, particularly the one in the dream, sided with her husband. She felt that most of the family's friends were critical of her stand on Carol's religious training.

After bringing her grievances out into the open Eve White seemed to improve. She had fewer headaches and seemed more relaxed. "But in spite of the improvement," says Thigpen, "I couldn't escape the feeling that this girl's major problems were not yet settled." This suspicion was confirmed not long after by a phone call from George White. "I must see you right away, doctor," he said. "My wife's got me worried." In Thigpen's office he told the following story.

He was in the living room reading the evening newspaper when his wife went into the bedroom, took out her traveling bag and started packing her clothes. The husband was surprised. "Where are you going?" he asked. She looked at him in astonishment. "Why, you know perfectly well. I'm going to stay with cousin Sue for a few days."

The husband could hardly believe what he heard. Sue lived in a city some seventy-five miles away and was married to a clergyman. A church convention had taken him out of town for a few days and Sue had asked Eve White to stay with her. Eve had made the trip and returned home the previous day but evidently she didn't remember a single minute of the visit.

A Letter Without a Name

What made this even more incredible to George White was that after four days he had phoned his wife and asked her to return home and she had refused, using the most abusive language. He had been puzzled by this behavior in his usually meek wife and after waiting another few days had driven to Sue's to fetch her. She was adamant. "What's more," recalled George, "she acted like a woman possessed. She shrieked at me and called me names. That wasn't the same girl I had left at Sue's only a few days earlier."

George White returned home alone wondering what to do next. The next day his wife walked in, calmly pecked him on the cheek and began unpacking her bag. She made no mention of the trip or the quarrel and her husband, thinking that this was her way of indicating that she wanted to let bygones be bygones, carefully avoided the subject.

The doctor questioned Mrs. White about the visit to Sue's and indeed she was unaware it had taken place. He figured that perhaps a form of amnesia had occurred: she had found the quarrel with her husband so distressing that she unconsciously erased the entire experience from her memory. Under hypnosis she was able to recall most of the details of the trip. For the next few weeks she again seemed to show improvement. But then a strange incident occurred which led the doctor for the first time to suspect the real nature of his patient's trouble.

An unsigned letter arrived for Thigpen; from the contents and handwriting he was certain it was from Mrs. White. It read:

> Dear Doctor:
>
> Remembering my visit to Sue brought me a great deal of relief to begin with. Just being able to recall the trip seemed enough but now that I've had time to think about it and all that occurred it's more painful than I ever thought possible.
>
> How can I be sure that I remembered all that happened even now? How can I know that it won't happen again? I wonder if I'll ever be sure of anything again?
>
> While I was there with you it seemed different. Somehow it didn't matter so much to have forgotten, but now it does matter. I can't even recall color schemes and I know that would probably be the first thing I'd notice.
>
> My head hurts right on top. It has ever since the day I was down there to see you. I think it must be my eyes. I see little red and green sparks and I'm covered with a kind of rash.

At this point the letter ended abruptly. But at the bottom of the page in small cramped handwriting quite different from the other was written:

> baby please be quite dear lord don't let me lose patience with her she's too sweet and innocent and my self control

The postscript too ended abruptly.

Thigpen showed the letter to his chief, Cleckley, and the two of them puzzled over it. Could a child have found Mrs. White's unfinished letter, added the peculiar postscript, then mailed it? Perhaps. The handwriting could belong to a child. Could Mrs. White be playing a joke on the doctors? They dismissed that notion. Mrs. White was too sober to indulge in pranks.

Besides puzzling him the letter also alarmed Thigpen. On a previous occasion Mrs. White had unaccountably lost her temper and put the cord of the Venetian blind around young Carol's neck. She might have done the child serious harm had her husband not been there. The doctor rushed to his phone and got in touch with Mrs. White. Talking with her he was satisfied she was quite normal. He asked her to come in later and see him.

When Eve White kept the appointment Thigpen showed her the letter. She denied sending it. "I wrote it — yes," she said, "but I decided against sending it and threw it away. As for the postscript, why it's not even in my writing!" Discussing the letter seemed to agitate Mrs. White. Her face was taut and she fidgeted uncomfortably. In an almost inaudible voice she whispered, "Doctor, for the past few weeks I've been hearing a voice . . . a woman's voice. Does that mean I'm insane?"

A strange expression came over the grey worried face. She smiled recklessly and in a provocative voice said, "Hi, Doc!"

As the doctor was pondering his answer a strange expression came over Mrs. White's face. As if struck by a sudden pain she closed her eyes and covered her face with her hands. She remained motionless for several seconds, then let her hands fall to her lap. A miracle of transformation appeared to have taken place in Eve White. The grey worried face was now vibrant and sparkling. She smiled recklessly. She crossed her legs and the doctor noticed for the first time that she had pretty legs. Then in a voice undeniably provocative she said, "Hi, Doc!"

"I Ain't Even Married"

The doctor immediately became aware that the woman seated in the big brown leather chair in front of him had undergone a profound change. This new woman had a daredevil air about her; her manners, voice, gestures and posture were different. The careful, correct language of Eve White had given way to careless slang.

"Anything wrong with you, Mrs. White?"

"Don't you worry about me, doc," she replied. "There ain't a thing wrong."

But even more perplexing was the fact that the patient began speaking of Mrs. White in the third person. When Thigpen asked her about her husband George she replied, "Are you kiddin'? I ain't even married."

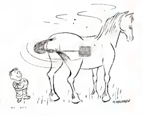
"Then who are you?" asked the doctor.

"I'm Eve Black." (This was Eve White's maiden name.)

"Then where's Eve White?"

"She's gone . . . gone to the same place I go. I go and come."

"How do I get in touch with Eve



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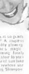

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White." Thigpen asked his patient. "That's easy. Just call her."

Thigpen did. The patient sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. By the time she opened them thirty seconds later she was again Mrs. White, the drab, harassed housewife. She looked down and noticed that her legs were crossed and that her skirt was slightly above her knee. She apologized to the doctor. "I'm sorry. I guess I must have had one of my spells. What were we talking about?"

Obviously Eve Black knew all about Eve White but Eve White wasn't even aware of Eve Black's existence.

A series of further interviews with the patient and conferences with Hervey Cleckley forced Thigpen to the inescapable conclusion that he had an authentic case of multiple personality on his hands. "I felt as if I had suddenly been confronted with a legendary figure like a centaur or a sea serpent come to life," he said later.

Voices in Her Head

Each day taught him something new about this strange malady. On her first appearances Eve Black had simply popped out of Eve White. To get her to come out the second and third time Thigpen had to hypnotize Eve White. After that Eve Black would come simply when she was called. On other occasions she would also come out when she wasn't called. But she was unable to come out as often or as long as she would have liked. Her short time out rankled Eve Black and made her the declared enemy of Eve White. "She (Eve White) keeps me bottled up even though she doesn't know I'm here," Eve Black told the doctor. "That holds her by going her head first."

This observation was of particular interest to the doctor. "Is there anything else you do to her?" he asked.

Eve Black broke out into a laugh. "Sure ... sometimes I give her a rash. She's got it coming for not letting me out. But I'm getting stronger all the time. I feel it. Pretty soon I'll be out all the time. I'll be the one in charge. Then there'll be no Mrs. White."

The doctor tried another line. "Was it you who went to visit Sue instead of Eve White?"

There was more coquettish laughter. "Sure. What a time that was! Eve's Sue hasn't recovered yet."

Another question. "Mrs. White sometimes complains of hearing voices. Do you have anything to do with that?"

Eve Black seemed amused. "I've been talking to her for a long, long time. What a laugh! I start talking to her when she's alone in a room, pretty soon she's poking her head out the windows or looking around to see where it is and it's only me. How does that shake her."

This was no exaggeration. On several occasions Eve White had complained to the doctor about hearing mysterious voices commanding her: "Watch out!" or "Look over there!" or "Knock George's block off." They seemed to come from inside her head.

Eve White was not yet told about Eve Black; the doctor wanted to learn still more about his unusual patient. He was not sure what effect the news might have on her. She was now coming to his office several times a week. Hardly a week went by without some disturbing incident. One night George White came home to find his wife surrounded by several boxes of expensive wraps and gowns. "Why did you buy all these?" he asked angrily. "You know we can't afford them."

"But I didn't buy them," his wife protested. "I just found them hidden in the cupboard and I thought they were a surprise from you." George disclaimed any knowledge of the clothes. So did his wife. "They're not the kind of clothes I'd buy," she said. "They're much too flashy."

George White phoned the store where the clothes were purchased. The saleslady's description of the purchaser left no doubt that it was Eve White. Eve White decided the whole thing was a frame-up planned by her husband to make it appear that she was insane. Thigpen felt that this rather thin explanation didn't even satisfy Eve White herself. As he was to learn, Eve White's explanations for situations which resulted from her changing personalities were often rather fuzzy. She didn't think too deeply on them. It was as though she had made a private agreement with herself not to question herself in too much detail.

A bitter quarrel ensued about the clothes. On top of that, the voices were back again. Frantic, Eve White rushed into the kitchen, seized a butcher knife and was about to slash her wrists. At that crucial moment Eve Black popped out and forced her to put back the knife. Shortly after the doctor discussed the incident with Eve White and Eve Black. The interview was recorded.

Dr: Why did you want to die?

Eve W: I'm sick ... I can't get any better ... I'm a burden to George. If I can't get well ... if I can't look after my baby, maybe it would be better all round.

Dr: Has your personality changed any since you've been married?

Eve W: I've become weaker.

Dr: What do you mean by that?

Eve W: I was high spirited before marriage. But that's gone away. I don't know why. It's just gone.

Dr: How do you feel about George?

Eve W: I neither like him or hate him.

Immediately after this conversation Thigpen called out Eve Black. She was casual about saving Eve White's life, as though her own physical preservation were not also at stake. The doctor accused her of driving Eve White to suicide by making her hear voices. She hotly denied it.

Eve B: That's not it at all. ... She tried to kill herself because her husband told her he didn't like her. He said he'd sooner see her dead. Anyway, I think you should kill her off, get rid of her once and for all.

Dr: Why?

Eve B: I like to live and she doesn't.

George White now noticed that his wife was no longer content to stay at home and do her housework and mind her child. Often at night she would deck herself out in a low-necked gown, load herself with costume jewelry, change her hair style and set out for a night club unescorted. She teamed up with any strange male who happened to be available. "For the perfect life you need only two things," she confided to Thigpen, "fun and money." Interestingly enough, she never actually had sexual contacts with these casual acquaintances.

Did she have no ambition to find the right man and settle down? "Sure you need a man to take you out and take you dancing and get you things, but that's all." Would she not like to have children of her own? "Not for me," said Eve Black, shaking her head emphatically. "I don't like kids."

Her Hair Was Flashy

This distaste for children was illustrated a few days later. Eve White was at home minding baby Carol when suddenly Eve Black popped out. Eve Black immediately phoned the doctor and complained about being left with Eve White's "brat." "Besides," she said, "I don't know what to do with it. What do you give kids to eat anyway?" Thigpen had her come to his office where he had Eve White come out and look after her child.

Eve White constantly found her everyday life confusing. Eve Black smoked heavily, after which Eve White (a non-smoker) complained of "a terrible taste in my mouth." On her visits to night clubs Eve Black would sometimes drink too much. "When I go out and get high," she explained to the doctor, "*she* wakes up with the hangover. She wonders what in the hell has made her so sick." After every visit from Eve Black, Eve White had to change her hair and dress back to a less flashy style.

Thigpen and Cleckley decided that their patient might be observed more carefully if she was in a hospital, so they sent her to the Medical College of Georgia University Hospital for some weeks.

The doctors soon noticed that Eve White awoke each morning exhausted. Eve Black had the explanation. "Down in the lounge they had some real snappy records. When *she* went to sleep,

> **"She tried to kill herself because her husband told her he didn't like her. He said that he'd sooner see her dead."**

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I'd got up and go down to the lounge to dance with the attendants and other patients."

The doctors decided that now was the proper time to explain to the patient and her family the nature of her unusual illness. Eve White received the news calmly. Her husband was skeptical. "Multiple personality!" he exclaimed. "What the hell's that? Sounds fishy." Her mother observed, "Pardon me, doctor, but I think you're talking a lot of nonsense." Thigpen thereupon called out Eve Black who promptly got into an argument with her mother, calling her "an old witch." She also insulted her husband. The sharp contrast in appearance, voice, language and attitudes convinced the family Eve Black was real. Later she described this first formal meeting with her family: "I just said to them, 'Hi ya folks and funny people. Pleased to meetcha ...' and they darned near passed out."

In hospital with the help of both Eves, it was possible to retrace the patient's life from childhood. Eve Black, it was found, had been bedeviling Eve White for years. Once when she was six, for example, she had been warned about going off to play with the children of a tenant farmer. After one forbidden absence she was whipped with a leather strap. "But I wasn't there!" she kept shrieking. Evidently the other Eve had come out to enjoy the adventure in the woods and then retreated during the whipping. When Eve White was seven she often played with her twin baby brothers. Eve Black recalls, "I hated the brats, while she (Eve White) loved them. I used to bite their feet leaving tooth marks on them. When her mother would hear them yelling she would come running and start beating *her* for it. I'd hide inside."

There were a number of surprises for the doctors. They were told by one relative, for instance, that George White was not Eve's first husband. When Eve White was asked about this she said, "Nonsense!" Eve Black denied it too. "I've never been married and I've never considered marrying any man," she said. However, Eve Black finally confessed that she had been lying. She told this story.

One time when she was living with an aunt she said she went to a dance with a young man who worked in the same office as she did. There she abandoned her escort and took up with a stranger named Albert. The two had an uproarious time and it was 3 a.m. before Eve Black was ready to go home. "It's too late to go back now," she said. "My aunt will throw a fit." Albert suggested that they get married instead. This struck Eve Black's fancy and some sort of ceremony was performed. (Official records show that a marriage license was issued to Albert and Eve Black at the local marriage office. The minister performing the marriage ceremony is supposed to return it properly witnessed to the office. He never did. It appears that the minister was merely a prankster in league with Albert and therefore the ceremony was not legal.)

Eve took Albert home to her aunt's house. The "marriage" lasted three months and during this period Eve Black enjoyed her longest period "out" up to that time. Eve Black had no desire for intimacy with her "husband" but she enjoyed infuriating him by arousing him and then denying herself to him. "I got a great kick out of it," she said. He would become angry and beat her. "But I didn't mind," said Eve Black, "because I'd go in and let the other Eve feel the blows."

The pseudomarriage reached a crisis when Albert left her unconscious one night on the floor of her bedroom. Later the same day he forcibly took her away on a bus. Her uncle summoned the police who rescued her. Albert continued on his way and that was the last they ever heard of him.

A Funny Mixed-up Feeling

One feature of Eve Black's "marriage" puzzled the doctors. If it was Eve White who suffered the pain and humiliation of those brutal attacks, why couldn't she remember them? Eve Black had a ready explanation. "By thinking about it over and over again I can make Eve White forget anything I want." The doctors tested this claim and Eve Black demonstrated that she actually possessed this power.

When Eve White was twenty and considering marriage to George she was the one in control of her body. Eve Black took a violent dislike to the groom and said later that she often made remarks like "He's a bore!" or "What a knucklehead!" These were the voices that Eve White was later to describe as coming from "inside my head." After the marriage Eve Black managed to "come out" once in a while. On one occasion she resumed correspondence with an old boy friend much to George's annoyance.

While Eve White was still in the hospital Thigpen made one attempt to "blend" both personalities by asking them to "come out" together. A colored motion picture which recorded the episode showed an intense emotional struggle. Eve clutched her face, breathed hard and flung back her head. Eve White later reported that she experienced a violent headache and great emotional distress while Eve Black explained: "I had a funny mixed-up feeling. I ain't gonna put up with it any more." Dr. Thigpen said later, "The different personalities were not ready to be united."

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Eve White left the hospital but didn't return to her husband. Instead, she took a job in a nearby community while her daughter Carol was placed with her grandparents. The doctor impressed upon Eve Black that she mustn't molest the other Eve. If she did, he warned, Eve White might have to be confined to a mental hospital. "And that would mean that your freedom would be gone as well," he told her. Eve Black didn't appear to take the doctor's admonition seriously. He was therefore pleasantly surprised to find that her behavior during the next few months was exemplary. Eve White's headaches vanished, she experienced no blackouts and the voices in her head were silent. Eve White missed her child but she shared an apartment with another girl and was enjoying her independence. She was gayer and she had made a few friends. In a moment of optimism she confided to the doctor, "I may soon feel well enough to go back to my husband."

A Turn for the Worse

At this point Eve Black became discontented with her humdrum existence. She started "coming out" at night, going to night clubs and dating strange men. Often Eve Black's boy friends would show up at the apartment only to have the door slammed in their face by a shocked Eve White. Once Eve Black impishly told a soldier that she would spend the following evening with him for twenty-five dollars. When he called and reminded Eve White of her offer she was embarrassed and angered. Eve White suddenly found herself one morning in a dimly lit, smoke-filled night club. The man beside her had his arm around her waist. She looked down at herself and was shocked by the flimsiness of her gown. Without a word she ran out the door and took a taxi home.

Eve Black now began a campaign to have Eve White fired from her job as a telephone operator which she considered dull. Once when the supervisor was watching, Eve Black forced Eve White to lay aside her work and busy herself with a poem. The supervisor was surprised. "I don't understand it," he said. "You're usually so efficient. Please keep your mind on your work." Finally, Eve White was fired. Later Eve Black told Thigpen, "The work bored me."

In spite of her conduct, the doctors didn't regard Eve Black as being purposefully mean, cruel or sadistic. She was simply incapable of realizing how much she made other people suffer. Dr. Thigpen explains, "She reminds me of a child who pulls the wings off a duckling without realizing what a terrible deed he is committing."

Because they felt that a psychological investigation might be helpful the doctors requested Dr. Leopold Winter, a clinical psychologist, U.S. Veterans Hospital, Augusta, to administer a battery of psychological tests to both Eve White and Eve Black. He found that during the tests Mrs. White was more serious and conscientious. Miss Black was satisfied with giving superficial responses. Mrs. White's IQ was 110, Miss Black's 104. Mrs. White's memory was far superior but Miss Black revealed that she had a much more flexible nature.

Mrs. White's condition now took a turn for the worse. Her headaches became more frequent and more severe. Two or three times her roommate found her unconscious in the apartment. Thigpen feared she was about to become psychotic. He suspected that Eve Black was up to her old tricks but she said she had nothing to do with Eve White's difficulties. "I'm telling you it's not me, Doc," she protested. "I'm worried myself. We're both blacking out now."

And now the case reached another dramatic point. One day Eve White was describing a scalding she had received in her childhood. As she spoke her eyes closed sleepily and her words trailed off. Thigpen looked on curiously. Her head fell back on the chair and she appeared to be in a deep sleep. Then a minute later she opened her eyes, slowly looked around the room until she saw Dr. Thigpen.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Thigpen introduced himself and then asked, "And who are you?"

She said, "I don't know." Later, she selected the name of Jane.

The new personality had no memory. She was in many respects like a newborn babe. The doctor explained that she had an unusual disorder wherein she was one of three personalities sharing a single body and that he was trying to help her get better. Jane was later to describe those first few minutes of her life: "I was puzzled and frightened. I felt as large as a giant sitting there on the chair. Perhaps the explanation is that I had suddenly grown from nothing into a full-grown adult."

Several interviews with Jane convinced the doctors that she was the most desirable of the three personalities. She was poised, self-confident and sympathetic, intelligent and mature. She dressed tastefully and talked like a cultured woman.

Apparently her memory extends only

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as far back as the day she came to Dr Thigpen's office On that first day Eve's parents invited her to dinner She didn't know what the word dinner meant (Strangely enough she seemed to know her parents. As in the case of so many other inconsistencies she didn't enquire into this too closely.) Before she could eat she had to watch how the others used their knives forks and spoons Shrimp were served at that meal and for several days after Jane ordered nothing but shrimp in restaurants because she didn't know the name of any other food When it came to going to work Jane retired and let Eve White do all the jobs "I let her teach me everything" said Jane She was an apt pupil She kept a dictionary and other reference works close by her side during her first months to fill in the large gaps in her knowledge Fortunately the ability to read and write was with her from the beginning

Having three personalities to keep track of complicated the doctors' job but there were also compensations Eve Black had always been an incorrigible liar Now there was reliable Jane who could tell the doctors when they were being misled When Jane is "out" her conduct is impeccable She will work capably at Eve White's job or help her with her child and domestic chores But she confided to Thigpen "I mustn't come between Eve White and her baby After all she's the mother" As for Eve Black Jane regards her at best as childish and at worst as a thoughtless nuisance Eve Black was not cheerful about Jane's arrival "Jane's coming out and staying out more and more" she told the doctor "I don't like the look of it Only one of us is going to stay For the rest of us it'll be just like dying I have a hunch it'll be Jane who's gonna stay"

Eve White has been fully informed about Jane and has great admiration for her She is quite willing to give up her life in order that her child might have a mother as competent as Jane On the other hand Jane will have no part in any act which might finish Eve White On marriage Mrs. White says she'll give her husband a divorce if he wants one "I don't want any alimony" she says "He can pay for Carol's keep if he wants to if he doesn't it won't matter" Eve Black thinks as much alimony as possible should be squeezed out of George White. Jane didn't want Eve White to rush into a divorce as for money George should be responsible for the support of the child because she can't work for a living

The doctors had their patient submit to an examination by the electroencephalogram By means of electrodes attached to the head the activity of the cells on the surface of the brain are traced in ink on long rolls of chart paper Dr J Manter of the EEG (Electroencephalograph) Laboratory Medical College of Georgia had the patient in the machine for thirty-three minutes while Thigpen called out the three personalities alternately Part of his report reads

"The greatest amount of tenseness is shown by Eve Black Eve White next and Jane least Eve Black's tracing is on the border line between normal and slightly fast slightly fast records are sometimes (but not consistently) associated with psychopathic personality Eve Black's EEG tracing is definitely distinguished from the other two and could be classified as borderline-normal Eve White's EEG tracing probably cannot be distinguished from Jane's both are clearly normal"

Jane's Big Problem

According to Manter the fact that the rhythm of the tracing shows a marked change just as soon as Eve Black is "called out" is a remarkable thing "After examining four thousand patients" he says "I've found that a person can't voluntarily change his tracing You can count on the average person giving the same tracing day after day and week after week"

The doctors submitted handwriting samples of the three personalities for analysis to Captain Ward S Atherton an army handwriting expert at Camp Gordon Georgia "It appears" he reported "that the handwriting of each personality is of a different person Nothing was found to indicate a wilful and conscious intent to disguise writings" However Atherton felt that a painstaking investigation might establish that in spite of the difference they were all written by the same person

As Eve Black had predicted Jane has grown in strength with each week With her superior ability she's always the one to help the others Once for example Eve Black was in a car collision As Jane later described the incident "Eve just popped back in She can't take it when the going is rough" This left Eve White at the scene of the accident Eve White didn't want to evade her responsibilities but the excitement, the noise, the broken glass and the sight of blood were too much for her so she just fainted "I then took advantage of the opportunity to come out and take charge of things" Jane got home in a taxi and for the next three days it was she who lay in bed with two broken ribs The other two showed no signs of wanting to "come out" during this period Listening to Jane's recital of these events Thigpen found it difficult to keep in mind that there was only one woman in the car accident not three

The doctors have no doubt that Jane is the most intelligent and mature of all three personalities Yet should she take over permanently the patient would have to make drastic alterations in her life There's the matter of marriage It's unlikely that Jane would find George White the kind of man she would want for a husband On the other hand suppose Eve White survives free of headaches and blackouts and resumes her marriage through a sense of duty? The doctors believe it likely that the same conflicts would arise and perhaps this time lead her into a psychosis

Thousands of Secrets

Judged from the practical point of view Eve Black should be the first to die "A steadily prevailing Eve Black would indeed be a travesty of woman" the doctors have written But would any physician order euthanasia for the heedlessly merry and amoral but nevertheless unique Eve Black?

Thigpen and Cleckley have concluded that they are not wise enough to be responsible for passing the death sentence on two of the three personalities Even if they were they don't think it's their responsibility Their job as they see it is to help the patient work through the problem herself

Doctors Thigpen and Cleckley point out that the case of the multiple personality has raised a host of questions about the human psyche that as yet remain unanswered For example did the patient's once whole personality split up into three or were they never firmly united? What exactly do we mean by personality and how does it grow?

Are there within each of us several other spectral personalities silently standing by waiting for the proper time to emerge? If so what powerful influences must touch us to bring them alive? Our common figures of speech suggest that this notion is not as fantastic as it first appears We speak of John Jones being a *new man* ever since he gave up drinking Harry Brown *finding himself* in his new job Dick Smith being a *different person* since his marriage Frankly how do we know that the personality we present to the world is our real personality? Could it be that a more effective, a more comfortable personality is seeking release?

In spite of all the spectacular advances in psychiatry and psychology in recent years there are no complete answers to all these questions There are still thousands of dark secrets hidden deep in the body and soul of man Perhaps the case of Eve White the shy housewife was meant to serve as a dramatic reminder of this fact ★

How the Doctors Know There Are Two Eves

This chart on the two main characters in the strange multiple personality of Mrs. Eve White was made by Dr Corbett Thigpen and Dr Hervey Cleckley psychiatrists at the Medical College of Georgia This and other evidence in their three-year study helped them find the truth about her rare malady

	EVE WHITE	EVE BLACK
Face:	Suggests a quiet sweetness the expression is predominantly sad	Pixylike eyes dance with mischief as if Puck peered through the pupils.
Over-all Impression:	Demure retiring somewhat saintly.	Obviously a party girl Shrewd childishly vain and egocentric
Clothes:	Simple and conservative neat and quietly attractive	Becoming form-fitting provocative
Posture:	Tendency to droop or slump Movements careful and dignified	Posture and gait suggest playful attitude a challenge to some sort of frolic
Cultural Tastes:	Fond of reading likes to compose verse	Never contemplative; to be serious for her is to be tedious or absurd.
Voice:	Always softly modulated and influenced by a specifically feminine restraint	Coarse with implications of mirth and teasing Talk seasoned with spontaneous gusts of rowdy wit
Other Observations:	Not colorful or glamorous, limited in spontaneity An industrious and able worker competent housekeeper and skilled cook	Immediately likable and attractive A touch of sexiness seasons every word and gesture Ready for any irresponsible adventure
	Seldom lively or playful or inclined to tease or tell a joke Seldom animated	Addicted to pranks. Enjoys taunting and mocking Eve White
	No allergy to materials in wearing apparel.	Reports that her skin often reacts to nylon with urticaria a skin rash

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The Law Cracks Down

By PAUL STEINER

DRAWINGS BY GERALD SEEN

The manager of an Ontario marble and granite works was held without bail on a charge of stealing tombstones from a nearby cemetery.

In Vancouver a man was sentenced on a narcotics possession charge in spite of his plea that he only cultivated friends in the underworld in order to find two of Canada's top criminals.

An Ontario woman was arrested after police saw her driving her car with a man sitting on her knee.

St. Catharines, Ont., police were looking for the burglars who entered a house under construction and stole nothing but the kitchen sink.

In Val d'Or, Que., a motorist was arrested for drunken driving. He had waited for a traffic light to turn green — at a corner without a light.

Three teen-agers in Toronto were taken into custody after breaking into a candy factory and downing fifty pounds of chocolate candy.

In Guelph, Ont., a man was fined fifty dollars for drunken flying.

A Toronto judge ruled that four crackers and two pieces of cheese do not make a meal, and advanced the closing hours of a local tavern from 2 a.m. to midnight.

A Vancouver woman was granted a divorce after testifying among other things that her husband bit a piece out of their marriage certificate and threatened to make her eat the rest.

A Sudbury, Ont., husband was hailed into court charged with destroying all his wife's coats and shoes because he objected to her attending bingo games all the time.

In Toronto an electrician was arrested for tapping his neighbor's television antenna.

Police in Campbell River, B.C., had little trouble locating a certain motorist to face a reckless-driving charge. His car hit a pole so hard it left an imprint of his license plate.

Because he humiliated his bride-to-be by failing to show up for their wedding, a Montreal court ordered her fiance to pay her $400 damages.

A clumsy burglar in Vancouver, who crashed through the skylight and fell eighteen feet to the floor of a doctor's living room, was treated by the doctor for minor injuries before police took him away to jail.

Suburban police in Rosemount, Que., searched for a Peeping Tom who rides a horse and carries a ladder. They claim he rides up to his peeping place, plants the ladder and climbs it for his observations.

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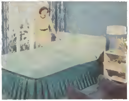

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Another modern model — this single size settee makes a smart sectional for corner arrangements, or for a long wall as shown above. It also is available for your selection in a wide range of lovely fabrics.

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The Haughtiest Suburb of Them All

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and G O Johnson, Admirals H F Pullen, H G De Wolf and H T W Grant, Supreme Court Justices R L Kellock and C H Locke, Exchequer Court Justices J D Kearney and J T Thorson, Hon Wishart Robertson, Speaker of the Senate, Dr O M Solandt, head of the Defence Research Board, Dean C J Mackenzie, retired head of the National Research Council and Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd, Dr E W Steacie, present head of the National Research Council, Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada, Dr A W Trueman, head of the National Film Board, A Davidson Dunton, head of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

In addition to what might be called the local notables, Rockcliffe entertains the representatives of eight foreign countries: the U S, Switzerland, Sweden, the Netherlands, Pakistan, India, Norway and Israel. At least twenty other diplomatic people rent homes in Rockcliffe, but these eight actually own their homes.

The Rockcliffe Village Council, which is supreme on municipal affairs, consists of a reeve—Dwight P Cruikshank, head of an Ottawa steel company—and four councilors: Group Captain (ret) E R Owen, F L Jeckell, a Dominion Brewers executive, D I Cameron, an investment dealer, and L F Burrows, secretary of the Canadian Horticultural Council. On important matters the village council must communicate with its diplomatic residents via the Department of External Affairs.

Rockcliffe stands out from the surrounding city like a rose among a patch of thorns. Where Ottawa is crowded, Rockcliffe is spacious. Where Ottawa children often have to dodge cars to play ball on the hot streets, Rockcliffe children seem to frolic in a village set aside as a safe playground. Privacy, an almost forgotten luxury in Ottawa, is a Rockcliffe standby, doubly assured by the wide lawns and shrubs and by the thousands of great old trees which make the village's busiest thoroughfares seem like winding country lanes.

Even the privacy of bird and animal life is respected, since Rockcliffe is a crown game preserve. Dogs breathe a kindlier air, for a special bylaw permits them to run without leashes within the village.

Rockcliffe householders, for their part, find their own leashes a little looser and, paradoxically for such an opulent community, their taxes a little lower than in other towns. There is, for example, the matter of house identification. Some residents don't bother to number their homes at all, but rather give them names after the English fashion. Such homes as Brackenfels (Alfred C Bethune), Fernbank (Geo McNaughton), Casa Loma (H S Southam), Marchmont (Walter F Soper) and Stornaway (George Drew) are as well known to taxi drivers, postmen and delivery boys as the Chateau Laurier.

For the not-quite-so-famous there is a similar leeway. One newcomer, perplexed to find his home between two places numbered 325 and 1145, called the village clerk, John Ramsay, to ask what his own number might be.

"What number would you like?" was the answer.

For a considerable distance the main boundary between Rockcliffe and Ottawa is the Ottawa Electric Railway streetcar track. This is a boon and a bane. Its beneficial qualities stem from the fact that if it weren't for the trams few servants would even consider working in Rockcliffe. As it is, the family car—often with son or daughter at the wheel—can be seen waiting at the end of the car line for cook to return from her night out.

The bane was best expressed by Lord Alexander. Asked to speak on the occasion of Rockcliffe's 25th anniversary in 1951, the Governor General—who occupied Rideau Hall, just a genteel hop, skip and jump from Rockcliffe—was properly apologetic.

"My poor wife and I are the only guests here this evening," he said. "Unfortunately we live on the wrong side of the tracks."

Rockcliffe has no fire or police department. It buys fire protection from Ottawa on an assessment basis which last year amounted to $22,000. For this sum the Ottawa Fire Department answered eight calls. Answering a Rockcliffe call has its ups and downs. A few years ago, rushing to the home of Harry Southam, head of the Southam newspaper chain and pioneer Rockcliffite, firemen found themselves without authority to proceed further because they were on a private road which did not even belong to Rockcliffe. This was speedily cleared, only to be superseded by a greater obstacle: the heavy equipment could not pass through the big stone gates at the driveway entrance. By the time this was overcome it was too late. The interior of the Southam home was completely gutted.

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>
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> For he'll only return
> To the scene of the grime.
>
> FRANCIS O WALSH

Police duties in Rockcliffe are carried out by a resident corporal and two constables of the Ontario Provincial Police under an agreement with Queen's Park. Cpl George Clarke, who heads the little detachment, policed the lively Windsor area before being assigned to Rockcliffe in June 1945. Since his arrival no major crime has disturbed the village.

"Quiet," says Clarke of his bailiwick. "A real nice town." Then with a hint of nostalgia for the rowdy days of yore: "Every time I nab a guy with a flashlight prowling around one of the big houses it turns out to be some Ottawa fisherman picking dewworms."

Rockcliffe's quietude, so beguiling to the famous few as well as to the unimportant many, is not maintained by any strong-arm methods. There is no color or racial barrier to becoming a resident. Nor do certain families or cliques control who shall enter the precincts. What does separate cliff-dwellers qualitatively from the rest of Canada is a set of bylaws requiring lots to be at least 80 feet wide, construction to be at least 42 feet from the edge of the lot, and the finished building to have at least 1,600 square feet of clear living space.

The real clincher, which has made Rockcliffe what it is today, is Bylaw No 46 18, which states that "no person shall erect or use any building for any purposes other than as a single detached family dwelling." This is further defined as "a building occupied or intended to be occupied as a dwelling by one family alone and containing only one kitchen and may include a private garage and other usual accessory buildings."

This is the rock on which Rockcliffe stands or falls.

It has stood firm against quite a number of severe buffetings. Donald Gordon, CNR president, who lived in Rockcliffe during the war when he was boss of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, informed Reeve Cruikshank one day that he was going to turn his own home into a duplex and to hell with Rockcliffe's bylaws. "They wouldn't stand up against wartime emergency needs anyway," said Gordon.

Cruikshank, who was at the time a member of Gordon's own staff on the WPTB, did a little fast thinking. "You realize, of course, what you are doing," he said. "This is the thin edge of a wedge which will open the door to a big influx of people. We'll need all sorts of new services: water, sewage, maybe a new school. And not the least effect," added the reeve, "your taxes will certainly jump."

Gordon, a true Scot, staggered visibly under this unlooked-for blow. "Let's forget all about it, shall we?" he said genially.

Just recently the Turkish Embassy, which makes a practice of combining the ambassador's home with embassy offices in other countries, tried to purchase a home for this dual purpose in Rockcliffe and was refused. What made it even tougher for Cruikshank in this case was that Sweden uses its embassy as both ambassador's residence and chancellery. Canny diplomat Per Wijkman, Sweden's representative in Canada during the war, managed to convert an unused room in his house into an office and was doing business before the village council got wind of it. Faced with both a *fait accompli* and a wartime housing shortage, Cruikshank gave in.

The idea of making Rockcliffe a permanent oasis of graceful living seems to have sprung from Thomas Coltrin Keefer, son of the engineer who laid out the original Welland Canal. Keefer, also an engineer, got into Rockcliffe by marrying one of the daughters of Thomas McKay, a retired Rideau Canal contractor who acquired 1,100 acres of land near Ottawa. This tract, on a high bluff commanding a superb view of the Ottawa River and the Gatineau Hills beyond, was called McKay's Bush.

The mansion on its western edge in which McKay lived in state was derisively titled McKay's Castle by local inhabitants. Today it has reverted to the name McKay himself gave it, Rideau Hall, home of Canada's governors-general.

McKay had a huge family, but a series of accidents wiped out most of them, including Mrs. Keefer. There was one daughter left and T C Keefer took her as his second wife. When McKay himself died in 1855 engineer Keefer became master of all he surveyed. He changed the name to Rockcliffe. Following an engineering project in Mexico he gave Spanish names to some of Rockcliffe's roads, Buena Vista, Acacia and Mariposa. These, together with those of governors-general like Lansdowne, Minto, Willingdon and Tweedsmuir, and pioneer Rockcliffites Hewick, McKinnon and Wood, make up the unusual street names which identify Rockcliffe addresses to Ottawans.

Keefer loved trees. He forced roads in his area to go around them and would not even allow poor Ottawa women to gather the rotting branches that fell from them. Part of his reverence has carried over into modern day. The village council put off the cutting down of two dying oaks near Ashbury College for years. Last May,

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when orders for their destruction were finally given, Reeve Cruikshank and a large number of residents were at the site to mourn their passing.

By 1907 Rockcliffe had about two dozen well-scattered homes and a few enterprising Ottawans found they could make a good living picking flowers in Rockcliffe gardens for sale in the city. To protect themselves from these depredations the residents formed themselves into a police village. This unstable condition lasted till 1926 when the residents decided to apply for incorporation as a village. To meet legal requirements, 1,000 people, they took the census when both Ashbury and Elmwood schools were in session. These 100-odd youngsters, together with all the servants who could be rounded up, swelled the population to the required level and Rockcliffe was duly incorporated.

In the quarter-century since her incorporation the village has suffered schizophrenia involving residents who live in what they feel is (a) the real Rockcliffe, (b) the Rockcliffe that should be. The first group includes people who profess to believe that their village is just an ordinary community with possibly a *soupçon* more than its share of extraordinary humans. These people—like Dr. George Hooper, head of Ottawa's Civic Hospital, Jack Charleson, helicopter expert, and Margaret Carson, possibly Canada's top aviatrix—see nothing unusual in the possibility of a general, an admiral, a cabinet minister and two insurance salesmen making up the village Home and School committee. "Even generals sometimes have children, don't they?" asks Jack Charleson.

It is interesting to them, but no more than that, that the trees in the village square were planted by ambassadors whose names are household words and that their next-door neighbor for years was Juliana, now Queen of the Netherlands. It doesn't seem at all strange to them that Rockcliffe, though lenient toward most forms of animal life and even permitting its residents to keep chickens if they desire, should have a specific injunction against anyone keeping a bear. If the daughter-in-law of the late Dr. O. D. Skelton, who was Under-Secretary of State, hadn't taken one in as a pet and if it hadn't accidentally dropped from a tree onto the shoulders of a passing Rockcliffe broker, the subject might never have come up. But once it had been brought before the village council no other course was possible. The bear had to go (to Algonquin Park).

Most significant to these people who see Rockcliffe as a haven of normalcy is the fact that over ninety percent of the residents own their own homes. This, together with the complete lack of distraction inherent in night clubs, bars, theatres and stores, makes for a sort of super domesticity.

The other, smaller segment of Rockcliffe sees the village as a sort of "sceptred isle" ranged like the original "against the envy of less happier lands." This segment provides most of the joke material for Ottawa punsters, often reflected in tongue-in-cheek editorials in the Citizen and Journal.

This is the segment that sheds a bitter tear at the distressing lack of foresight on the part of the venerated village planners who allowed main Rockcliffe streets like Acacia and Springfield to project with names unchanged into the outer limbo of Ottawa. To them a Rockcliffe address should glow like neon, sterling-silver neon.

Conversely the possibility of living anywhere else is unthinkable. A Toronto girl who married a Rockcliffe-raised lad hit upon this attitude soon after her arrival in the capital. Calling some of her husband's boyhood chums to invite them to a housewarming she fairly glowed as she told them of the lovely place she had located on Acacia Avenue—just *south* of the car tracks.

"I felt like someone who accidentally drops a bomb," the Toronto girl recalls today. "Later I overheard one of the women say, 'It's all right for Evie, but how perfectly dreadful for poor Gordie!'"

The embassies have made a deeper impression on Rockcliffe life than most of the villagers realize. First to ogle Rockcliffe's charms was Uncle Sam who, looking past the sophisticated suburbs of Sandy Hill and the Glebe, fixed on a little knoll on Pine Hill. It was 1928. American popularity in Canada was at a peak and the Government thought it would be "a nice gesture" on the city's part to provide the newcomer with the site he most desired.

Not so Rockcliffe.

Lady Kingsmill, wife of the first Canadian Chief of Naval Staff and staunch Rockcliffer, rose in arms against what she termed "a monstrous proposal." Did the government not realize that Pine Hill was higher than any property in Rockcliffe? Could they not see that this would place the Stars and Stripes above the Union Jack?

Rockcliffe residents, swarming to Lady Kingsmill's banner, stomped Ottawa's streets, tied up telephones with an all-out campaign and wound up with a mass protest meeting at City Hall which resoundingly vetoed the proposal.

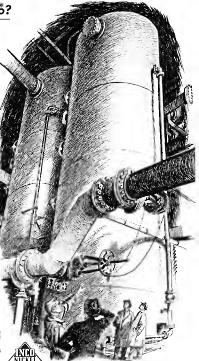
Even Indoor Plumbing!

Lady Willingdon, wife of the Governor-General, was so overcome with emotion at the victory of the British flag over the American flag that she threw her arms around Lady Kingsmill. "Lady Kingsmill," she cried, "our savior!"

This jingoistic attitude has abated somewhat today. This spring, for example, Spanish Ambassador Mariano de Yturralde y Orbegoso, who rents quarters in Rockcliffe, was indiscreet enough to echo General Franco's warning to Queen Elizabeth not to visit Gibraltar. Ottawa papers seethed with indignation but Rockcliffe remained calm. They may have thought some hard thoughts but no word of censure carried over to their guest.

The United States Embassy, for its part, has overcome its early handicap to become one of Rockcliffe's perennial favorites. The house it finally located in was part of the old Soper estate, as high a point of land as any in Rockcliffe but not higher. No group grieved more than Rockcliffe villagers when Ambassador Lawrence Steinhardt met his death in an air crash just outside Ottawa in March 1950. The only perceptible blemish on mutual relations came when Doris Duke Cromwell, wife of the U.S. minister in 1940 and one of the world's richest women, appeared to be making a habit of passing up her own parties. She also caused a stir when she confessed to a New York newspaper that she had been pleasantly surprised at the state of civilization in Canada. In Rockcliffe, she said, they even had indoor bathrooms.

For a time the embassy of Argentina was located in Rockcliffe. In 1948, however, a violent altercation rocked the village. The residents declared the wife of an RCAF air marshal were torturing their dogs to death! The Ottawa Humane Society called in to inspect embassy premises declared the dogs had died of distemper. At this a howl went up from Ambassador Juan



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Carlos Rodriguez. The inspectors, though exonerating him of blame, had violated diplomatic immunity, he charged. Under the 240-year-old law of Queen Anne respecting "publick repose" they must be tried, lashed and imprisoned—at the very least.

While official Ottawa tried to keep cool, an element of farce crept in. At a Rockcliffe cocktail party Dominican Consul-General Juan Ricart passed a small joke about dogs. Angered, the Ambassador for Argentine made a sharp retort and before delighted newswomen could unlimber their notebooks Consul Ricart was challenging Ambassador Rodriguez to a duel to the death, to be held in the Argentine Embassy grounds in Rockcliffe. Though in Rockcliffe technically, declaimed Ricart, this was Argentine soil and therefore not subject to Canadian laws.

Reeve Cruikshank and the Department of External Affairs held their collective breath as Ambassador Rodriguez pondered. The RCMP and the Ottawa police, as well as parliament, fidgeted nervously. Then Ambassador Rodriguez made his announcement. He would not fight. Though his honor and the honor of his country had been trampled on, he would not fight because (a) he respected greatly the laws of Canada and (b) an ambassador cannot engage in duels with "mere consul-generals."

Everyone was relieved but no one jubilant when the Argentine removed its embassy to the rival Ottawa suburb of Sandy Hill.

Tulips from a Queen

Juliana, of course, took Rockcliffe by storm. For most of her stay she lived in the house afterwards purchased for George Drew by the Conservative Party. She was a familiar figure in wartime Ottawa, whether shopping in the Bytown market in kerchief and sandals or sun bathing on her Rockcliffe lawn. Her children attended the Rockcliffe Public School where they received no special favors. In April 1952 Juliana laid the cornerstone of the school's recreation hall, Juliana Hall, and each year sends a large number of special tulips to grace Rockcliffe's arbors.

The French Embassy, one of Ottawa's most prominent party givers, is only a few hundred yards outside the boundaries of the village. Rockcliffe owes a considerable debt to the French for it was they who forced the city of Ottawa to charge for water on an actual use basis, instead of on the size of the property, a ruling which benefited many a Rockcliffe householder.

Mrs. Madge Macbeth, who from the detached outlook of a Sandy Hill home has observed and written about Rockcliffe doings for years, claims that the embassies have almost wrecked social life in Rockcliffe.

"Years ago, when liquor, food and hired help were reasonably priced," she maintains, "almost every home in Rockcliffe could throw a few big parties each year. Now only the embassies, with their tax-free liquor and big entertainment allowances, can afford to do so. The embassies are so generous with their entertainment that it puts their Rockcliffe neighbors in the embarrassing position of not being able to reciprocate in kind."

Mrs. Claire Keefer, widow of T. C. Keefer's grandson and a resident of Rockcliffe since before it was even a police village, feels that the present level of social activity merely reflects the influx of large numbers of moderate-salaried families. "They're more interested in their children than in other people," believes Mrs. Keefer.

Certainly children do play a large part in the life of modern Rockcliffe. The social season, once predicated on the whims of nearby Government House, now follows the opening and closing of school terms. Opening in September, the social whirl builds to a frenzy at Christmas, then falls while the kids are home on holiday. Picking up again about the first week in February, the season continues with hardly a letup till the end of June, school closing, when it ends abruptly.

A feature of most social gatherings are Rockcliffe's perambulating family retainers. These servants, possibly four or five butlers and as many maids, preside at almost all Rockcliffe functions and know to the last ounce of Scotch and dash of soda just how much each guest can or should have.

"If you can't get Rump or Vada Beatrice Whitehead or Walker," says Mrs. H. Willis O'Connor, wife of the former aide to several governors-general, "you may as well call off your party. They are *the* essential ingredient."

In the matter of housing Rockcliffe inclines to the conservative. Most homes are built on standard lines and even the ones now being constructed show no great flights of fancy.

Most recently opened section of Rockcliffe is the part below the bluffs on the east side of McKay Lake. This tiny pond, believed by many to be bottomless ("Then how does the water stay in?" countless Rockcliffe kids have asked) surprised new residents by turning up a large number of fish, mostly dead. Biologists declared they had died of suffocation caused by ice staying too long on the lake. The Danish Ambassador exhibited a 42-pound carp, while giant catfish, pike and pickerel were strewn about the shores. The surprising yield has put many a resident off his ideas of fishing trips to distant parts.

Rockcliffe's possible crisis in its affairs with Ottawa is more than equalled by its internal crisis. Of the original Keefer tract, fewer than a hundred lots are left and these will be taken by the end of 1954. After that there will be no extension, for Ottawa and Eastview hem it in on all sides.

What will happen then is difficult to predict. Perhaps people who would normally gravitate to Rockcliffe will set up a new community which will gradually supersede Rockcliffe in exclusiveness. Or perhaps Rockcliffe itself will grow even more exclusive.

Just how exclusive is Rockcliffe?

Testimony on this subject is confused—except in a large house on Rockcliffe's Crescent Road where Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Howe dwell. Last March, after a slow procession of misleading clues, it suddenly became obvious to radio listeners that some aspect of Howe's life was the answer in a national quiz program, Pot o' Gold. Immediately it became imperative that all contestants for the prize—over $3,000 and going higher each day—should find out Howe's personal habits, possessions and idiosyncrasies, for any one of them might be the $3,000 answer.

The Howe home found itself under siege. Phones jangled day and night, finally had to be disconnected. Callers hammered at front and back doors and once the frantic Mrs. Howe caught a fake service installation man in the basement, "just looking for clues." All callers wanted to know: How old is Mr. Howe? Does he like cats or dogs? What does he eat for breakfast? Does he wear a nightshirt or pyjamas? When the winning answer, "the *career* of C. D. Howe," was finally announced, the visitors abruptly stopped visiting.

How exclusive is Rockcliffe?

"Definitely," says Mrs. Howe, "not exclusive enough!" ★

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We'd Be Better Off On All Fours

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

half is divided between the four metatarsals on the outer ends of the foot. At least this is the way it is in well constructed feet.

The trouble arises when the first metatarsal is short or loose and too great a load is diverted onto the second one. Then we get one of the two prevalent types of foot disorder: either the fallen metatarsal arches of the forepart of the foot or flat feet or fallen arches of the instep region. And when high-heeled shoes are worn by women who have short first metatarsal bones, the results can be devastating. Pain from such a source may spread to very different regions of the body. Nervous irritation may in fact become so serious that a general nervous disorder results that far overshadows the mechanical cause. For no matter how much we analyze our bodies we remain all of one piece and no part suffers alone. Pain, nervous tension and emotional disturbance follow in sequence.

Our feet and legs in fact are adapted for carrying just so much weight and no more. Our ancestors were at one time arboreal creatures and in all probability were of relatively light weight and ran along the branches with feet that were much more hand-like than our feet are now. Since then however we have left the trees, grown heavier and have made a strong, arched foot out of the once flexible grasping organ we once possessed.

It has been a marvelous piece of reconstruction but it can carry only a certain load without breaking down and it is that which limits our size and weight to about 200 pounds. Even those animals that use all four legs to support the body eventually reach a weight limit determined by bone strength and the force of gravity. Elephants are about as heavy as a purely land animal can become and then only because the legs are thick pillars with the bones of each foot forming a compact mass beneath the shin bones. If elephants were twice as large, their legs would have to be about four times as thick to support the weight and locomotion would hardly be possible.

The larger dinosaurs of the reptilian past were those that lived in swamps and for most of the time water supported much of their weight. Even so, little doubt they became too big and heavy for their own good and their very size led to their extinction. Whales, the largest animals the earth has ever known, are warm-blooded mammals that have gone back to the sea and are able to exist only because they are completely supported by water. No limbs could possibly be devised that could lift their enormous bulk on land. As it is, when one of the larger whales becomes stranded on a beach its own body weight is such that it cannot expand its lungs and it dies from suffocation. Only the smaller species are able to recover after being stranded.

Considering the nature of our own anatomy there is little doubt we're already as large as we're ever likely to be. We'd probably be better off if we evolved into a smaller human race, for we would walk with a springier step with much less fatigue. Julius Caesar and his hosts of Roman soldiers were all small, yet they outmarched, outfought and outmanoeuvred the much larger barbarians to the north. He said so himself.

Gravity however does more to us than flatten our arches, grind our bones together and cause parts to slip out of place. It pulls on the internal organs as well, particularly when we stand or sit up. In most persons fat is stored around the vital organs to keep them in place but all too often, especially in women who are excessively thin, the internal supporting fat is lacking, and heart and kidneys dangle or float in a distressing and dangerous way.

A more serious danger concerns the circulation of the blood. Two great vessels, an artery and a vein, run along the backbone and at the level where they divide into two branches, one for each leg, the right side artery crosses over the left side vein. In a four-legged horizontally placed animal this presents no problem but in humans they cross just over a bony vertical projection where the intestine, piled up by its own weight in the pelvis, presses down upon them.

Usually there is no trouble but when the downward pressure is increased during the weight of pregnancy, for instance, the vein is pressed almost flat and the swollen so-called milk leg of pregnancy results. After abdominal operations more fatal postoperative blood clots arise from the congestion of vessels in this region than any other.

When we are lying down the heart has little work to do, for the force of gravity does not interfere with the flow of blood to and from the brain and the body extremities. When we are standing the heart not only has to pump the blood directly upward to the head, against the pull of gravity, but has to get blood back from the toes four feet below the heart.

Ring-shaped muscles around important veins help the return by squeezing the blood up the leg by relaxing and contracting, but they work only as long as we move about, which is why policemen rock on their heels and soldiers shift from one foot to another after standing at attention. Otherwise the blood in the veins of the leg tends to collect in a kind of pool, to form varicose veins and may escape by rupture into surrounding tissues. It is a long pull from the feet to the heart and a weakened heart has difficulty pumping blood through them. Swollen ankles may be the first sign of trouble ahead.

So much for gravity as we find it, or as it finds us. There is also the question of gravity as we make it. For in this age of dive bombing and rocket travel we are subjecting the human body to gravitational forces far greater than the one we have been designed for. When a pilot pulls sharply out of a dive it is as though his weight suddenly increases to nearly half a ton with every constituent part of his body, including the circulating blood, participating in this weight change.

If normally the heart forces a column of blood 12 inches upward into the head, when the body as a whole is subjected to an acceleration equivalent to five times gravity the heart has to develop five times as great a pressure to raise the blood the same distance. This is more than the heart can adjust to and most persons lose consciousness after six to seven seconds.

We'd Be Flat on Jupiter

Giant centrifuges are employed to test the effect of such conditions on human guinea pigs. As the normal force of gravity is exceeded the body feels heavy and the soft tissues are drawn downward, giving the face a sodden appearance of ageing. Movement becomes difficult and at two and a half times normal gravity it is impossible to get up from a sitting position. At four times gravity the legs cannot be lifted. At five times gravity a complete blackout occurs after about five seconds. The blood is too heavy to reach the brain and unconsciousness follows quickly.

Pressure suits and other complex devices are used to keep enough blood in the upper part of the body and our superiority in this respect was one reason we won the war in Europe. The more serious problem comes from the rockets where accelerations of twenty to forty times gravity are developed in starting even ordinary rockets like the German V1 or V2. No human can stand such a strain unless lying transversely to the direction of acceleration. The limitations to flight, whether in air or outer space, are in fact much more human than questions of engineering.

Whether we like it or not we are earthlings and there are penalties even for walking erect upon this earth. We would not be human if we did otherwise but we pay a price. On another planet, the moon for instance, the force of gravity is so weak that if we ever land there and walk around the thrust of each step would take us several yards. But on Jupiter, which some space addicts have thought of visiting, gravity is such that we would be flattened out against its surface, or if we did manage to raise our head the blood would never reach it.

All in all we are better off at home. And we'd be even better off on all fours. ★

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The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Fort Frontenac at Cataraqui may have been part of the program they discussed between them. La Salle went to the French court the following year with a proposition: place the new fort in his hands with an ample stretch of territory about it and he would pay back out of his own purse the ten thousand francs of government money which had been spent in the building of it. In addition he would guarantee to maintain at his own expense a garrison there as numerous as that of Montreal.

The offer was accepted. All that the youthful La Salle, fired now with new zeal and determination, had to do was to raise the necessary funds. He had nothing in his own purse but he had wealthy relatives and connections. His brothers contributed more generously than might have been expected in view of their attitude over his share in the family estates. Afterward they declared that his operations in New France had cost them five hundred thousand livres, and, needless to state, they were very bitter about it. A cousin, François Plet, loaned him eleven thousand livres, demanding interest at the rate of forty percent. Some outsiders contributed shares amounting to more than twenty thousand livres. La Salle now had ample funds. He paid the government the stipulated sum and returned to Canada to claim Fort Frontenac.

The consummation of this pact was the signal for a storm of protest in the

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colony. Montreal merchants and fur traders complained that Frontenac had built the fort with government money and then turned it over to his new ally the visionary La Salle. Between them they would have a monopoly of the western fur trade and Montreal's trade would be cut in two.

Paying little heed to the uproar La Salle proceeded to carry out his promises. He replaced the wooden palisade, which Raudin had raised at Cataraqui with such remarkable celerity, with a wall of hewn stone. Inside this he erected a barracks for the men of the garrison, a mill and a bakery. The staff he maintained at the start consisted of two officers, a surgeon and ten soldiers. There were in addition thirty workers and two Recollet fathers, Luc Buisset and Louis Hennepin. Cannon frowned through gun emplacements in the walls. Outside the fort a village was established and in short order one hundred acres of land had been cleared and crops planted.

It became apparent at this point that these two outstanding men had joined forces with more in mind than making a profit from the western fur trade. They had a far greater objective, the conquest of the west. The establishment of Fort Frontenac was the first step in this magnificent design.

While La Salle was in France making these arrangements he was introduced to a man who was to play a large part in his life. This was a young Italian named Henri de Tonty who had come to France under unusual circumstances.

The father of this brave officer was a Neapolitan banker, Lorenzo de Tonty, who got into trouble in his native city by dabbling in politics and involving himself so deeply on the losing side that he had to flee with his family.

Henri de Tonty was a soldier. He had entered the French service as a cadet and through sheer merit and bravery had advanced rapidly to the rank of captain. At the battle of Libisso a grenade shot away his right hand. Knowing that he could not expect medical aid at once the gallant young officer cut away the jagged flesh with a knife and kept on fighting. He had an iron hand made and thus, at a time when rumors still circulated in France about a mysterious prisoner who was called the Man in the Iron Mask, Tonty became known as the Man with the Iron Hand. He wore a glove over it and was believed to be capable of handling a sword just as well with his artificial hand as before.

When he met La Salle Tonty was in his late twenties. He was a tall fellow with a prominent nose jutting out from gaunt cheeks. His mustache had waxed ends that turned up sharply. La Salle conceived an immediate liking for Tonty and offered him a post as his lieutenant in America. Tonty accepted gladly. The brave Italian seems to have been the only real friend the reserved La Salle ever had.

La Salle never seemed concerned over the ease with which he made enemies. He was too engrossed in his dreams to care what other men thought of him. La Salle was practical enough to know that money was needed in large quantities to carry out the plans which filled his head. He was willing to go to any lengths to get it. But a study of this strange man leaves the conviction that he had no concern over money for its own sake. His was the true pioneering spirit and the almost demoniac passion with which he fought to claim the Mississippi was not inspired by a consideration of future profits. He saw glory in the accomplishment and he would have been content if no other reward had offered.

On his return to New France with Tonty, La Salle lost no time in setting out for the west. A party of volunteers went ahead to prepare a base on the Niagara River. La Salle and Tonty followed with the bulk of the party.

The next step was to build a boat above the Falls, one large enough to take the whole party with their supplies over the waters of the Great Lakes. La Salle had received disturbing intelligence from the colony that his enemies, now including his brother at Montreal, who was standing like a watchdog over the family funds, were combining actively against him. He felt it advisable to return at once and do whatever he could to repair his fences. This meant a trip on foot across the face of the Iroquois country and over the frozen surface of Lake Ontario, a matter of many months. The task of constructing the boat therefore fell to the lot of Henri de Tonty.

The Man with the Iron Hand rose nobly to the need. While La Salle was plowing on snowshoes over the Iroquois trails in constant danger of his life his Italian-born friend was performing a miracle of another kind, the construction of the forty-five-foot vessel which had been designed.

NEXT ISSUE • ON SALE SEPT 22

THE INCREDIBLE stupidity of a succession of governors lit a flame of vengeance in the wild Iroquois hearts. It flared into

The Massacre at Lachine

THOMAS B. COSTAIN tells this chilling story in Part 14 of his saga THE WHITE AND THE GOLD IN MACLEAN'S OCT. 1

By spring the vessel was ready. It was christened the Griffin as a compliment to Frontenac whose coat of arms included that mythical beast. It was not until late in August however that La Salle put in an appearance. He had much bad news to tell. His brother, the Montreal Sulpician, had ordered all the pelts stored at Fort Frontenac to be seized and sold at auction in Quebec. Of the amount realized, which was considerable, La Salle himself had been allowed only 14,990 livres. François Plet, maker of loans at forty percent interest, had come over from France to protect his investment and had located himself at Fort Frontenac where he was watching everything that happened with what might be termed a forty percent eye. Other creditors in the colony were clamoring for dividends.

What course should they follow now? The indomitable La Salle declared that they must go on. They had the Griffin, they had food in the hold, they had a stout crew. They had nothing to lose but their debts.

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Dr Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

There has never been a story to excel that of La Salle. It was adventure piled on adventure, misfortune added to misfortune, curious quirk imposed on twist of malign circumstance. It was a tale in which stout comrades and unrelenting enemies played their parts, an epic of cruelty and suffering and privation. Through it all La Salle displayed a grim determination to succeed in spite of everything and a courage which at times strains credulity and defies comparison.

When the Griffin reached the head of the lakes, the La Salle party found themselves balked at every turn by open opposition. The Jesuit missionaries, who had come to distrust and even hate Frontenac, regarded this partner and favorite of the governor with an equal degree of resentment. Even the Indians had been poisoned against him in advance. In spite of the suspicion they encountered at every step La Salle and his companions threw themselves into the fur trading with so much success that the hold of the Griffin became filled with prize pelts. La Salle decided then to send the ship back so that the cargo could be used to pay off the most pressing of his debts.

After the departure of the Griffin with its vital cargo the explorer made himself familiar with the course of the Illinois and at a strategic point near what is now Peoria he built a strong post and called it Fort Crèvecoeur. The construction of a new ship to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi was begun.

They Wanted to Kill Him

In the meantime disturbing rumors began to percolate down from Michilimackinac and Green Bay to the effect that the Griffin had been lost with all on board. Leaving Tonty in charge at Fort Crèvecoeur La Salle set out on foot with a few companions to discover what had happened. This reckless journey proved to be a long series of adventures. He reached his headquarters at Fort Frontenac finally with one distressing fact established: the Griffin had vanished, no one knew where or when or how. Obviously it had foundered on its way down from the head of the lakes and the crew had been lost. The only other explanation was that it had been scuttled by the malice of his enemies and all trace of it skillfully covered up. The first seems to have been the truth although it took nearly three hundred years for the fate of the vessel to be determined.

Less than a quarter of a century ago six skeletons were found in a cave on a Lake Huron island. The crew of the Griffin had consisted of Pilot Luc as master, four sailors and a boy. As further proof the hull of a ship was found nearby at the bottom of the lake. This evidence seems to be reasonably conclusive.

When La Salle reached Fort Frontenac there was news of other disasters to greet him. A ship coming out from France had been wrecked in the St. Lawrence and everything it held, including supplies for his use to the value of 22,000 livres, had been lost. The supply depot he had left on the Niagara had been broken open and rifled. The final blow was news from the west that most of the men under Tonty at Fort Crèvecoeur had mutinied. They had destroyed the fort and carried off all the goods which had been stored there. The mutineers, it developed, were on their way east and were planning to attack and destroy Fort Frontenac. They had even announced their purpose of killing La Salle himself to prevent any reprisals on his part. La Salle resolved the last menace by

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and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and
½ cup lukewarm water
Stir in
3 cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows.

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS
Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ¼-inch thickness; cut into rounds with 3-inch cutter. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Crease each round deeply with dull side of knife a little to one side of centre. Fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, just touching each other, on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 6 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS
Cut one portion of dough into 8 equal sized pieces; cut each piece into 3 little pieces. Shape each little piece of dough into a ball and brush with melted butter or margarine; arrange 3 balls in each greased muffin pan. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS
Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a rectangle about ¼ inch thick. Loosen dough, cover and let rest 5 minutes. Brush dough with melted butter or margarine and cut into strips 1½ inches wide. Pile 7 strips one upon the other and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Place each piece, a cut side up, in a greased muffin pan; separate the slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS
Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a 11-inch round. Brush with melted butter or margarine and cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge of dough, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange well apart on greased cookie sheet; bend each roll into a crescent shape. Brush with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle with salt. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

waylaying the mutineers. Two of them were killed and the rest were made prisoners.

The great explorer now faced difficulties which seemed insurmountable. All he could hope for was to find the hull of the unfinished vessel on the Illinois and to meet with the ever reliable Tonty.

Somehow he overcame all those difficulties. He placated his creditors by sheer vigor of argument. He secured from unstated sources the funds to provide for a new start. He gathered together a party of twenty-five men and on Aug. 10, 1680, he started off again.

La Salle reached the Illinois country on the heels of a major tragedy. The Illinois Indians had been scattered, their great city on the river (it was spoken of as a city because of the density of its population) had been destroyed with a fury which passes belief. Only blackened ruins and mutilated bodies remained where once this teeming community of friendly aborigines had stood. The silence of death and desolation reigned over that once-fruitful countryside.

The perpetrators of this unprovoked attack had been the Iroquois. Their leaders had cast their eyes west, where the Illinois lived in peace and prosperity. Distance held no terrors for the Iroquois.

It seems possible that the selection of the Illinois as the next victims was due to the friendship they had displayed from the start for the white men. Back of the ceaseless war making of the Five Nations was hate of the interlopers, these men of white skin with their superior weapons who had come to steal the land from its rightful owners. The thought may have been expressed in the council house at Onondaga that to destroy the Illinois would be to serve notice on all men of red skin: make no peace with these grasping strangers who come in the guise of gods but with conquest in their hearts, or feel the might of the Five Nations.

La Salle's arrival followed soon after the departure of the triumphant Iroquois. There was something strange and macabre about the sight that greeted him. Not a living soul was encountered in the wide district where the fury of the conquering horde had been vented. Where was Tonty? Had he and his few faithful followers been among the victims of the murderous onslaught? If this proved true it would be for La Salle the final blow, the one loss for which there could be no compensation.

But Tonty was not dead. He had striven fearlessly to act as mediator between the Illinois and the invading hordes and had been close to death on several occasions. The Illinois had been filled with suspicion, conceiving the idea that the iron-handed man had been sent ahead by the Iroquois to spy out the land. While still convinced of this they seized the supplies of the Frenchmen and even destroyed the forge and tools to which Tonty had clung in the hope of using them in the construction of the new ship. His efforts to avert a clash failing, he fought bravely with the Illinois and survived by luck which verged on the miraculous. He made his way back finally to Michillimackinac. There, to his great joy, La Salle found him and what was left of his party.

Huts with Round Domes

Everything had gone wrong with La Salle up to this point and the usually resolute leader had been sunk deep in despair. Finding the Man with the Iron Hand alive was sufficient to balance the scales. With Tonty beside him he felt that he could face the future with confidence. With the armor of his faith refurbished and shining brightly he returned to Fort Frontenac to start over again.

It was late in the fall of 1681 that a start was made on the expedition which was to crown the long series of failures with the shining chaplet of success. There were a dozen canoes in the long line which took to the water of Green Bay. In the party were twenty-three Frenchmen, eighteen Indians of the Abnaki and Mohegan tribes, ten squaws and three children. La Salle could not cut down to the levels of efficiency and easy subsistence; he must travel in state, with his helpers and vassals about him.

The weather was good, the men were in good spirits, all the portents were favorable. In this spirit of confidence they crossed the Chicago River, reached and passed the Illinois, left Lake Peoria behind them.

On February 6 they sighted for the first time the broad surface of the mighty Mississippi. Spring came early and there was softness in the air when they passed the junction point where the brown and sluggish Missouri swelled the volume of the parent stream. A month later they reached the Arkansas and the promise of summer was all about them.

The most interesting of their adventures was a visit to what seemed a new civilization, the main town of the Taensas Indians. It consisted of dwellings of baked mud with rounded domes, grouped in circular form about the temple of the tribe and the house of the venerable chief. The Taensas were sun worshipers and their rites included human sacrifices. This was the Frenchmen's first contact with the customs which had crept north from the lands of the Aztec.

Early in April the party came to a point where the great river broke into three channels. The paddles of the weary men were lifted at once with renewed energy, their voices reflected a gain in spirits. This, they knew, was the beginning of the end. Below this division of the waters must be the ocean or gulf into which the river emptied. The flotilla was divided into three equal parts. La Salle chose the western channel, Tonty the centre, and D'Autray, third in command, the east. It was La Salle's canoe which first issued out on the surface of the salt water, his eyes which first sighted the broad green gulf.

When the three parties came together La Salle followed the example of all great explorers by erecting a tall cross on the shore. It carried the arms of France and the words:

Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre Règne, Le Neuvième Avril, 1682

All voices joined in singing The Banners of Heaven's King Advance! and all arms were raised in the air. The whole of this unknown land which stretched in majesty to the western horizon had been claimed for France.

But more important was the feeling that at last the mystery of the Mississippi had been solved.

La Salle returned to France amid great acclaim. He made a quiet entrance into Paris, restrained in mood and deeply preoccupied. A little shabby in attire, perhaps, for his purse was again flat. He applied at once for audiences with the King and his ministers. Louis, always curious and with an eye for the spectacular, decided to receive the homecomer.

One morning, therefore, La Salle appeared by appointment in the royal anteroom. At the designated moment (Louis being as punctual as any humble clerk) he was ushered into the cabinet of the King. La Salle had heard much about it, how in the blazing effulgence of the Sun King visitors blinked and became tongue-tied and the pretensions of the unworthy or the unlucky shriveled to nothing. But La Salle had room in his mind for one thought only, the need to convince this omnipotent being of the feasibility of a great new scheme.

This was what they discussed. France and Spain were now at war and La Salle pointed out to the King that the northwestern point of Mexico, where gold and silver mines were yielding their wealth to Castilian greed, was not far south of the mouth of the Mississippi. Why not, therefore, accomplish a double purpose by establishing on the newly claimed river a colony strong enough to command a foothold on the Mexican coast. He had a plan worked out in full detail. Give him two ships and two hundred men, half of them soldiers, half artisans. He would then recruit in Canada a much larger force of trained woodsmen. An alliance would be made with the northern confederacy of Indian tribes, and a party of four thousand warriors would be brought down the Mississippi to join in an attack on the Spanish settlements.

Such was the scheme proposed to the ambitious King. It is hard to believe that La Salle could have advanced an idea as wild as this with a straight face or that a man as shrewd as Louis XIV could have considered it in full seriousness. If La Salle really believed that a war party of four thousand western braves could be persuaded to travel down the great river (for which they had a superstitious dread) to fight a powerful white race leaving their own lands wide open to more mass raids by the Iroquois, he had no conception whatever of Indian nature. If he was convinced, moreover, that such an army could be held together and made effective against the trained soldiers of Spain, he was indulging in dreams as ephemeral as soap bubbles.

As to the judgment displayed by King Louis in accepting this harebrained scheme, the less said the better.

The royal decision was known only to three men, the King himself, his colonial minister the Marquis de Seignelay, a son of Colbert, and La Salle. The secret was closely held during the whole period of preparation. Men might guess that the fitting out of four ships and the recruiting of a force of four hundred men (the King had doubled La Salle's conservative estimate) had to do with a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi, but who could foresee the deeper purpose back of it?

At the start the King proceeded to

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make a grave mistake. The Sieur de Beaujeu, a commander in the royal navy, was given charge of the ships. La Salle, as usual, wanted to have every shred of power in his own hands and he glowered unhappily over the appointment. Beaujeu developed a superior attitude almost from the start and conceived a low opinion of La Salle. He began to write letters to vent his views. "I believe him," speaking of La Salle, "to be a very honest man from Normandy. But they are no longer in fashion."

The resentment of Beaujeu mounted when his instructions on sailing bore no information as to the destination of the expedition. This secret was being held among the King, Seignelay and La Salle. The latter proceeded to confound Beaujeu with conflicting hints. One day he would confide to the naval commander that the ships were to sail for Canada. The next day he would whisper that the real destination was the mouth of the Mississippi. "There are few people," Beaujeu exploded in one of his letters, "who do not believe that his brain is touched."

The expedition sailed from La Rochelle in the summer of 1684. The smallest of the four vessels, a ketch named the St. François, was captured by the Spaniards off San Domingo. La Salle was struck down with a fever at San Domingo, went out of his head and raved wildly. Finally a limp and very ill La Salle went aboard the Joly, his flagship, and gave orders to drive westward into the unknown waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

La Salle had been unable to fix the location of the mouth of the Mississippi by scientific methods. He had found the latitude by some rough and ready way but the longitude had been beyond him. This is not surprising, for navigation was in a primitive stage. A writer of the period was frank enough to say: "I would not have any think that the longitude is to be found at sea . . . so let no seamen trouble themselves but keep a perfect account and reckoning of the way of the ship."

Having nothing definite to guide them, therefore, the navigators of the little fleet took a course too far south. On the twenty-eighth of December land was sighted, a long stretch of flat islands behind which lay the waters of a large bay. At first La Salle was inclined to think that they had located the Mississippi but observations soon showed him his mistake. This was Matagorda Bay and it lay four hundred miles south and west of their destination.

The ill fortune which had pursued La Salle all his life—with the glorious exception of his Mississippi voyage—continued. One of his remaining ships, the Aimable, ran aground on a reef in the bay while coming in under full sail. Captain Beaujeu returned to France in the Joly and the last vessel, the Belle, a small frigate, was wrecked on the river shoals.

Now the colony was cut off from the world in a strange hot land, ringed about by hostile and watchful tribes, with no prospect of early relief.

La Salle passed the long days in a state of despair. For the first time he had been entrusted with a royal mission and he was failing dismally. He had stranded the hopes of the King for a western empire in the muddy flats of Matagorda Bay. The people he had brought with him from France were dying of the malarial fevers.

The only hope left them was to get word back to France by way of the Mississippi. La Salle set out accordingly with a party of twenty men, including a nephew named Moranget. La Salle was playing again his most familiar role, risking life and limb in a dangerous journey to rectify the consequences of bad luck and his own mistakes.

It would have been better if he had decided to leave his nephew with the colony at Matagorda Bay. Moranget was a bad-tempered youth who had won nothing but dislike. He was now to lead to La Salle's final tragedy. A party which included the expedition's surgeon, Liotot, was sent to recover a cache of food. By now most of La Salle's companions, and particularly the surgeon, had lost all respect for the high and mighty La Salle who had involved them in this mad adventure and whose mistakes seemed likely to cost them their lives. There was a quarrel among the party which set out in search of the cache; the leader's nephew and two others were killed in their sleep. The assassins decided to dispose of La Salle as well, in order to cover up their guilt.

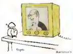
This was accomplished two days later when the leader set out to find what was keeping the party absent. According to a friendly member who went with him, Friar Anastase Douay, La Salle was weighted down with a sense of doom. In his account of what happened the friar says that La Salle talked of nothing but "matters of piety, grace and predestination, enlarging on the debt he owed God." When they approached the spot where the conspirators had hidden, a volley was fired from the ambuscade and the leader dropped dead, with a bullet through his brain.

"There thou liest, great Bashaw!" cried the surgeon, emerging to stand above the victim.

The body of the indomitable explorer was stripped naked and left in the deep reeds and bushes, and the air above was soon filled with the black wings of buzzards.

Thus ended the life of René Robert Cavelier de la Salle, who had compressed into his scant 43 years more excitement and adventure than any other man of the period. Fortunately the memory of his achievements has persisted down the years while the stories of failure and of the enmities he created have faded away. One hostile belief persists—that he was mad, that an inner demoniac fever had driven him into his excesses of energy and had led to the miscalculations which studded the record of his years.

Perhaps he was mad near the end, but certainly it was a glorious madness, for even his mistakes were of the kind which keep history glowingly alive. ★



"The correct time is"

NEXT ISSUE • PART FOURTEEN

THE MASSACRE AT LACHINE

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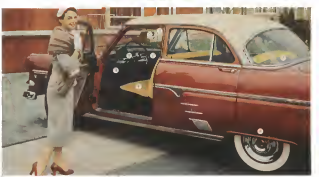

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DECEMBER 1
DECEMBER 15
JANUARY 1
JANUARY 15
FEBRUARY 1
FEBRUARY 15
MARCH 1
MARCH 15

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Once years ago we invited comments on our covers from readers. We got hundreds, ranging from "brilliant" to "ghastly." Now—more than one hundred cover paintings later—we're at it again. What kind of cover do you like best? We reproduce here the twenty four covers that have appeared on Maclean's over the past year beginning with Oct. 1, 1953 and ending with the cover on this issue. We ask you to tear out this page, mark the figure 1 over the cover you liked best, a 2 on your second choice, a 3 on your third and so on up to 5. If you'd like to enclose a letter on our covers in general we offer you a fighting chance to get your postage back. Twenty five dollars for the best letter, pro, con or neutral, and ten dollars for the three next best. Mail to Cover Editor, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

MACLEAN'S
APRIL 1
APRIL 15
MAY 1
MAY 15
JUNE 1
JUNE 15
JULY 1
JULY 15
AUGUST 1
AUGUST 15
SEPTEMBER 1
SEPTEMBER 15

Clinic for Marriage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"I want you to tell me something."

Oberman fidgets nervously.

"You don't need to be afraid of hurting my feelings. I want you to tell me the absolute truth."

Oberman is looking very serious now. This is the point where, not knowing what's coming, I usually turn the lamp down so my wife won't see that I'm a bit pale. I know that Oberman is going to try so hard to be right that he could get mixed up about which is his right hand.

"Do you *really* like this dress?"

Oberman looks again, biting his lip. I can see that it has worked. He's beginning to think it looks a bit lower at one side than the other. I know. This is something that happens to dresses at ten o'clock at night. I don't know why.

"I—think—it's—a—nice—dress," he stammers, "except that I just wonder—"

"Go ahead," my wife makes herself go pale. "What's on your mind?"

"Well, nothing, really—," he hesitates.

"Nobody can think of nothing," my wife says. "You think it's too full in the peplum, don't you?"

Roundabout Law

People who pass through revolving doors
And halt
Give their followers immediate cause
For assault

JOAN WEATHERSEED

This isn't exactly what Oberman thought; he doesn't think. He blurts, "Well, to tell you the truth, I just wondered if it was a bit lower at that side."

"Just what I thought," my wife says. "You don't like it." She looks at Oberman with flushed face. "Dr. Oberman, I'd just like you to make something clear."

"What do you mean?"

"Why couldn't you have told me that you didn't like it in the first place?"

"I didn't—"

"You knew it was lower on one side than the other, but you wouldn't say so."

"I *did* say so—after," he mumbles, breathlessly.

"After I made you tell the truth. You just kept saying you liked it without thinking about it."

"NO!" Oberman shrieks. Then he lowers his voice with an effort. "I mean no. That wasn't what I did. I mean I *thought* it was all right at first. I still think it's all right—I just didn't—"

"You thought it was all right but you didn't think it was all right."

Oberman leaps to his feet. It's clear that he's thinking if he can't tell whether a dress is straight or not, how can he expect to straighten out marriages.

"LOOK, WHY IN HELL DO YOU KEEP ASKING A MAN WHETHER HE LIKES A DRESS WHEN HE ALREADY SAID HE DID—DOES?" he shouts, then flushes and puts his hand vaguely to his forehead. "I think—if you'll excuse me—I must go."

As the door closes behind him my wife and I throw our arms around one another and do a hilarious rumba around the living room. Then we pour a couple of drinks and I go and get the chalk and yardstick to make sure the dress is straight. ★

The Private Empire We're Giving the Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

school of warfare equipped to handle upwards of 30,000 men—two infantry divisions—if conditions in this jittery world make it necessary.

The transformation has begun. Last spring fleets of bulldozers toppled huge timber stands and created a 3,000-acre clearing at the northern end of the training area, about 12 miles below Fredericton. Here by the end of 1956 the Department of National Defense expects to have a permanent camp headquarters of 125 buildings and 5,000 officers and men. Within walking distance of it will be a tidy landscaped army town of 10,000 soldiers, wives and children. Built overlooking the Oromocto and St. John Rivers, it will have schools, churches, shopping centres, paved streets, parks and playgrounds. In population it will be almost as big as Fredericton. But unlike other towns it will have no factories nor towering smokestacks. Its sole industry will be the army and its sole occupation army work.

Camp Gagetown got its baptism of fire last June when Major-General J. M. (Rocky) Rockingham, a veteran of Italy and Korea, led the newly formed 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade into the south end of the training area for a month of manoeuvres. As the army rolled in with its lorries, jeeps and 38-ton Sherman tanks, a corps of civilian lawyers put the finishing touches to one of the most complex land purchase deals in Canadian history. In acquiring what land the army wanted, Ottawa had to seize then pay for 1,052 properties and uproot more than 2,000 people—the biggest evacuation of Maritimers since the Acadians were expelled two centuries ago.

Their land, now the army's, encompasses an area four times as big as Camp Borden, Ont., and twice as large as Camp Wainwright, Alta., until now the largest army post in Canada. When recently Lieut.-Colonel Freeman Waugh, commander of Camp Gagetown, referred to it as a "place," a fellow officer protested: "Place? It's an *empire*!"

But what makes Gagetown unique apart from its size is its scenery. In the past Canadian army camps have almost invariably been stuck up on flat stretches of sand, seemingly on the theory that on land where nothing else can grow a soldier can. Gagetown is radically different. It combines open fields and rolling hills with swamps, dense bushlands, rivers, lakes and modest mountains. Its climate, equally varied, ranges from the sweltering 90s in summer to sub-zero weather in winter.

This pleases the army brass. On a tour of inspection one drizzling day last spring Gen. Rockingham slogged through mud, brushed through packed thickets, climbed up and down steep hills and, staring at other challenging terrain, was heard to mutter, "Wonderful!"

The prospect of green recruits having to do the same gratified him as a practical infantryman. "It is essential," Rockingham has said, "that manoeuvres be conducted over ground which is similar to that on which the formation may have to fight in earnest." Accordingly it is no coincidence that in many respects Gagetown's training area resembles the North German plain, probably the first battleground in any shooting war with Russia. With space to spare, the army will also be able to give its trainees a com

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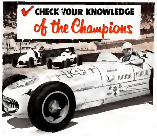

plete course in formation fighting. Thousands will learn at Gagetown to fight as a team.

"For the first time," says Col. H. F. T. Doucet, chief-of-staff of the army's Eastern Command, "we'll be able to train whole divisions in one place. That's what makes Gagetown so important to us—to the whole country, in fact." Eventually the 1st Canadian Division, now a-building, will be stationed at Gagetown.

Camp Gagetown's fighting name was borrowed from the nearby community of Gagetown, founded by the United Empire Loyalists and named for General Thomas Gage, who commanded British forces in America in 1763. Rewarded with farm lands in New Brunswick for being true to the crown when other colonials were not so true, the Loyalists arrived in horse carts and made their first homes in tents.

When the 3rd Brigade's 3,600 men moved into the same area this summer they came in a long motorcade and settled down to living under active service conditions ... in tents. On hand to greet them, standing outside his makeshift headquarters—the post office of erstwhile Armstrong's Corner—was Camp Commander Waugh.

Waugh is a big chunky man of 44 with a sharp nose, advancing girth and a graying hairline that is on the retreat. Throughout the army he's known as "Casey" in tribute to the fact that as a youth in Kingston, Ont., he once fanned in the last of the ninth inning with the bases loaded.

Probably no man in the Canadian Army knows Camp Gagetown as well as Casey does. On foot or by jeep he has covered most of it, from the peak of Mount Champlain in the south to the sucking bogs in the centre and the tall timber stands at the north. He calls it all "my farm." Waugh's farm at its widest point is 22 miles across.

Gagetown strikes Waugh and the other military men who have explored it as just about an ideal place to train troops. "No other camp in Canada," he says, "has such a variety of terrain and so much of it." One day this summer twenty Sherman tanks manned by Royal Canadian Dragoons set off across the countryside on a small exercise. They rammed through thick forest growth, flattening trees as thick as telephone poles. They poked their blunt snouts into deep ditches, clambered over stone fences and wallowed through water. Two came to grief at the hands of the tank's worst foe, mud. It took two hours to free them. Later Sgt.-Major R. W. Deeming, who has been soldiering for 25 years, confessed: "I haven't seen such mud since we were in Italy."

Mud plus Gagetown's rolling hills reminds some veterans of Korea. Its lowlands, as noted, resemble the North German plain. The training area is studded with farmhouses, barns and villages like New Jerusalem, which contains a cluster of houses, a church, graveyard and a small monument to its four fallen of World War II. The army plans to spare them. They make the countryside more typical for manoeuvres.

Brother of a Bazooka

Gagetown's climate fits it for year-round training, though it sometimes suffers from extremes. It can be hot in summer, damply cold in winter (28 below last year), foggy sometimes and rainy anytime. All this suits the army fine. "We want it that way sometimes," says Waugh, "because wars don't stop when the weather gets lousy."

In these surroundings Canadian soldiers will train with a galaxy of weapons, from rifles on up to heavy artillery. With an eye to efficiency, small-arms ranges have been mapped out close to the camp headquarters, tank and artillery ranges farther away to the south. The 3.5-inch rocket launcher, big brother of the celebrated bazooka, will be used at Gagetown and, tucked off in one corner of the camp's master plan, is a small rectangle marked ABC. This simple designation belies the grim lessons to be taught here: how to stay alive in atomic, bacterial and chemical warfare.

There are numerous streams and lakes, formerly fishing haunts, within the training area and one, Swan Lake, is big enough for mock assault landings.

When Gen. Rockingham put his 3rd Brigade through exercises "Firebrand" and "Crescendo" at Gagetown this summer, only dummy ammunition was used. Next year, once the entire training area has been cleared of civilians, troops will train with live ammunition. The consequent danger of fire poses a big problem. In 1826 a small brush blaze got out of hand and destroyed 23,000 acres of choice woodland on the present camp site. Ottawa plans to assign rangers from the Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources to protect the Gagetown area.

When full-scale manoeuvres are going on, possibly beginning next year, all traffic will be stopped on the Broad Road, New Brunswick's best highway, which splits the training area on its way from Saint John to Fredericton. Until or unless Ottawa provides another highway skirting the camp, motorists will have to use a winding road along the St. John River and travel an extra 25 miles between the two cities.

Gagetown's headquarters is rising now in a clearing of roughly four square miles at the northern end of the camp near the village of Oromocto. Almost all its buildings, ranging from tiny gatehouses to a sprawling ordnance depot, will be built of reinforced concrete and steel, unlike most of Canada's jerry-built army posts.

At the present time 800 construction workers with bulldozers and steam shovels are grading the headquarters site, laying sewage, water, power, heating and communication lines and building 20 miles of streets. All of Gagetown's utilities, including its hot-water heating system, will be in a concrete tunnel running beneath five miles of the principal streets. Most of Gagetown's roadways, except those used by tanks, will be asphalt. The tanks rate concrete.

By next summer, when the roads and utilities have been completed, construction of Gagetown's buildings will be well under way. They'll include officers' and NCOs' quarters and barracks for more than 4,000 men, tank hangars, Protestant and Roman Catholic chapels, garages and stores, a guardhouse and detention barracks, hospital, drill halls, gun sheds and the ordnance depot, which is twice the size of a football field.

By next fall, after another brigade group has broken camp, the first of Gagetown's permanent units will move in. And by New Year's Day of 1957 the army expects the camp will be complete to the last fire hydrant and light socket.

Half of the clearing on which the headquarters is now being built will be left vacant, ready to double the camp's size in the event of wholesale mobilization.

Work on the Gagetown townsite, a 900-acre triangle distinct from the camp but close to it, will be started next spring. First phase of the army's plans calls for 1,400 housing units—costing between $12,000 and $14,000 each—and ultimately 2,500 of them. Built to Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation specifications, Gagetown's homes will be for one or two families each but no more. Experience has shown that army wives and their husbands dislike the barracks-style apartment life of many army camps. Gagetown will offer them the privacy, or near privacy, that they might have in a bungalow in the suburbs of Toronto, Calgary or Halifax.

When the army camp is completed it will have a permanent year-round strength of about 5,000 officers and men who will pay rent according to rank.

The need for a camp like Gagetown was felt sharply soon after the outbreak of the Korean War when Canada began recruiting her largest "peacetime" army. In 1951 the Department of National Defence sent out teams of surveyors to find a site. It had to be on the east coast, close to railheads and embarkation ports. It needed a variety of terrain and a climate for year-round training. And the area had to be sparsely populated.

After shopping around in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick they recommended the Gagetown district. Before it was finally chosen the Defence Minister and his military advisers studied recommended aerial maps of the site. To prevent land speculation the plans were kept secret. "It was all very hush-hush," Brigadier T. E. Snow, New Brunswick area commander, said later.

Having approved the site, Ottawa moved swiftly to acquire it. On Aug. 7, 1952, all lands staked out by the government's surveyors were expropriated and turned over to the army.

From that moment, theoretically, the two thousand people living on the camp site were trespassers on their own farms and wood lots. They didn't like it. They held protest meetings, sent letters and telegrams to Ottawa and generally damned the army.

For Ottawa there remained the awkward problem of compensating Gagetown's displaced persons and evicting them without losing too many dollars or friends. This task fell to Frank Miller, a 39-year-old real-estate officer of the Department of National Defence. Miller is a big moon-faced man with grey-flecked hair and a hearty manner completely at variance with his role as a wholesale evictor. His job was to find out who owned what land, then to make a cash settlement for their losses to the army. To aid him, besides his own staff of 18, was a battery of 15 lawyers headed by Arthur Limerick, a quiet middle-aged Fredericton barrister.

Limerick has called what ensued "the most complicated land deal on record." What made it so, to begin with, was the fact that most of the thousand-odd properties to be paid for dated back to the late 1700s, the days of the Loyalists.

Miller moved from Ottawa and settled down for a long stay in Fredericton. Immediately he and his assistant, Lee Mersereau, prepared a map of the camp site eight feet by twelve feet from aerial photos. On it they superimposed an ancient chart of the original grants. Then, working in shifts at two registry offices, Limerick's lawyers tried searching titles up to the present day. But they soon found that many properties had been subdivided, lumped with others or left to unknown people

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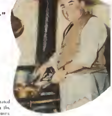

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WINES AND BRANDIES

ahn . . . So they went out into the field and out who was living on each piece of property and began untangling from there to establish ownership.

They had to climb family trees, dig out their roots and probe strange wills. To buy one small property, worth $6,000, they had to chase down 17 heirs in Canada, the United States and England.

As the legal staff cleared the title to each property it was colored in on the master map. Then Millar or Mersereau went out to talk terms.

"At first," Millar recalls, "we met solid hostility. Naturally people don't like to be told they've got to give up their homes and get out, and that's just what we had to tell them." Gradually, after Millar had talked to them in their kitchens, out on the back forty and at meetings held in rural halls, they started coming to terms. He promised them "fair and just prices" and plenty of time to get out.

Later Millar called them "the best Canadians there are . . . real patriots."

Some sold eagerly. Others, deeply rooted, were naturally reluctant to leave farms that had been in their families for generations. "A few thought we were out to gyp them," says Mersereau, "and a few others thought they were dealing with Santa Claus."

Their policy, set by Ottawa, lay somewhere in the middle. They weren't to drive a hard bargain, brandishing the big club of expropriation. Neither were they to squander taxpayers' money just to get an unpleasant job over with. Government appraisers went around to each property, heard claims for land, buildings, crop losses and such, and rated them in dollars and cents. In the village of Petersville an appraiser met Mrs. Mary McCarthy, a 95-year-old widow who lived with her cats and her son in the house she had come to as a bride 75 years before. He made an offer of $20,000 settlement for the son's two properties. "Tell me," Mrs. McCarthy cut in, "what price do they pay for contentment?" After they settled she bought another farm 35 miles away.

Edward Barton, a farmer at Clones, was no happier about leaving. "My grandfather came here in 1840 from Ireland," he told a newspaper reporter. "He carried boards on his back to build his first shelter. It's not right to take our land." Barton got $23,000 in compensation.

Johannes Vohlrs, an Estonian DP, had bought his farm only two years before. He received $9,000.

A Lesson in Tactics

Some landowners settled promptly and drove away in new cars. To others moving was a hardship. One old man lost his house to the army and went to live on his son's farm five miles away, just outside the camp area. A few nights later he got up, dressed and went back to it. In the morning an army officer found him asleep on the floor of an upstairs bedroom. "I got a bit homesick," he said.

A woman who went to see Millar in his Fredericton office was determined to hold out. "It's my land," she said, pounding his desk, "and you can't make me sell!" Millar took her name and the location of her property, checked into his file and came up smiling.

"You'll be happy to know," he said, "that we don't want your land."

The visitor stiffened. "What!" she said. "I've been trying to unload that place for ten years. You've got to take it. It's discrimination!" Millar politely turned her down, reflecting that here was a lesson in tactics for the army.

MACLEAN'S

"Don't tell this to a soul, but did you hear . . . "

Besides arranging settlements ranging from $800 to $265,000 (paid to a lumber company), helping displaced people to find new homes and struggling through a welter of paper work, Millar and his staff had to look after a million small details. Arrangements had to be made to care for about 30 graveyards—the army will tend them and permit regular visiting days; compensation had to be reckoned and paid for schools, telephone lines and roads; lumber yields had to be calculated, for most farmers had small wood lots.

Now two years after the land was expropriated, only a small portion of the army's 274,000 acres is yet to be paid for. In all, nearly 1,100 settlements may have been made and a few holdout cases may go to the Exchequer Court of Canada. The total cost, including administration and $80,000 in legal fees, is expected to run close to $13 millions.

Asks Army to Tea

Most of Gagetown's former residents have resettled in the Norton and Sussex districts of New Brunswick and have changed over from mixed farming and logging to dairy farming. Some older farmers have retired and a few younger men have left New Brunswick. Few people, says Millar, have held grudges against the army once they've been paid. The army isn't so sure. Recently a party of soldiers found this message pinned to the railing in an abandoned church, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Though the army had the power all along to seize land on thirty days' notice and argue about it later, only once did it pull its rank. Last winter the few civilians remaining in the southern half of Camp Gagetown were told they'd have to be out by June 1. The 3rd Brigade was coming in.

All complied except Mrs. Mabel Nelson, a middle-aged woman who decided she didn't want to sell her 150-acre farm. She had just finished spring housecleaning. "I'd be crazy to sell this place after getting it all fixed up," she said. So Col. Waugh went to see her. He read her a section of the National Defense Act stating that trespassers would be liable to a year in jail, a fine of $1,000, or both. When he asked her to sign a paper acknowledging that the act had been read to her, she refused. "As long as the army hasn't got the lease," she said, "they can't turn me out." As Waugh left she told him she'd be glad to have his soldiers drop in for a cup of tea any time they were around because they were "nice lads."

Mrs. Nelson was ordered to appear in court but before the date of her hearing she came to terms and moved away.

About two years earlier, when Mrs. Nelson and other landowners first heard of the Gagetown project, J. B. McNair, then Premier of New Brunswick, hailed it as "the biggest event in New Brunswick's economic history." It will cost $50 millions to build and $1.5 millions a year (including soldiers' pay) to maintain.

Although the province as a whole liked the prospect, Saint John businessmen objected to the location of the permanent headquarters at the northern end of the training area, near Fredericton. Parker Mitchell, president of the Saint John Board of Trade, says that Fredericton was favored "for political reasons." This apparently referred to the fact that the city is in the riding of York-Sunbury, political home of Labor Minister Milton Gregg.

Originally the army planned to build its first 1,400 PMQs—permanent married quarters—in Fredericton itself. There would thus be a natural intermingling of military and civilian people which the army likes to see for reasons of practical public relations. But Fredericton tried to drive too hard a bargain. It wanted the army to build the houses, provide all services—sewage, water and streets—and submit the whole development to taxation. The army decided to set up its own town.

Even so, Camp Gagetown will mean much to both Fredericton and Saint John. While supplies for the base will be bought largely in stately Fredericton, bigger, brasher Saint John has more attractions for the soldier on leave with money to spend.

The proximity of these two cities was one of the reasons for putting the camp where it is. While Gagetown will have baseball and football fields, an 800-seat theatre, a large recreation centre, gymnasium and messes, the army isn't kidding itself that these will be enough. Both Saint John and Fredericton have set up committees to study ways to keep soldiers entertained.

Canada's wartime army camps were the butt of much soldier humor. Some were described as "sand pits with week-end passes" and at one time a group of men stationed at Camp Debert, outside Truro, N.S., earnestly considered hoisting the Russian flag on the grounds that Debert was really a thinly disguised part of Siberia. Camp Gagetown, a vast improvement, is already coming in for its share. Last spring at a refresher course held in Fredericton for recruiting officers of the New Brunswick area, one officer engaged in a mock interview with another, the prospective recruit.

"Now you understand," he said, "if you join up you may be called on to go places in defense of your country."

"Like where?"

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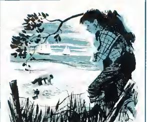

The Mystery of Jerome

DRAWING BY DON SEXTON

On Aug. 23, 1863, near Sandy Cove, N.S., a village boy named George Albright came upon the biggest mystery in Canadian maritime history—a legless man about 25 years of age with a box of ship's biscuits and a pitcher of water lying helplessly on a deserted stretch of the Bay of Fundy shore.

He was taken to the village. Because the few words he spoke were in Italian he was questioned by the various Italians of the district. He told them his name was Jerome and that his legs had been frozen, but nothing else. He responded to continued questioning with rage or sullen indifference. When offered pen and ink he indicated that he couldn't or wouldn't write.

Jerome lived among the people of Digby county for 48 years. In that time the only other thing he told them about himself was that he came from Trieste, on a ship called the Colombo.

Gradually a legend grew that Jerome was a member of a ducal Italian family and had aroused the anger of the sinister Mafia. That secret society, the tale went, had cut off his legs and dumped him on the Canadian shore. His aristocratic appearance—high intelligent forehead, gradually whitening hair, mustache and trim pointed beard—and his vague Italian background were all that supported the legend.

A less romantic version drifted across the Bay of Fundy from New Brunswick. Jerome was said to have been a stowaway aboard an Italian ship, the Colombo, and had escaped into the woods when the ship was loading near Saint John. He found work in the lumber camps, where one bitter night in March he fell between the logs into a millpond. Doctors found it necessary to amputate his injured frozen legs. His upkeep being expensive, some thrifty New Brunswickers paid an American schooner captain to transport him to Nova Scotia shores where they said he would be among friends.

It is true that the night before Jerome was found at Sandy Cove two American schooners were seen standing off the coast. Two workmen, Robert Bishop and William Eldridge, who saw a small boat put into shore, assumed the schooners were taking on fresh water and dismissed the incident from their minds until Jerome was found.

No investigation was ever made in or around Trieste, nor any attempt made to trace the Colombo for information on Jerome. He died on April 19, 1912, still without revealing his past.—Edward Rowe Snow

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

My Eighty Years On Wheels

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Enniskillen, four miles away. For there was no Presbyterian church at Tyrone, and the good Ulstermen journeyed to the kirk at Enniskillen.

It was in the kirk that my father met Mary Smith, the daughter of Scottish settlers who had come to Enniskillen from Perthshire two or three years after the McLaughlins reached Tyrone. She was a bonnie lass, this Enniskillen girl who was to become my mother. I can remember her to this day, nearly eighty years later, even though I was only five years old when we had the great misfortune to lose her in 1878, the same year my father moved his little carriage shop to Oshawa. I know just how my mother looked then, in the days not many years after my father courted her after church on Sundays and then married her. I know not only from my memory, but because she had once had her photograph taken and many years later Sir Wyly Grier painted her portrait from it for me to hang in a place of honor in my home.

In due time after his Sunday visits to Enniskillen my father could inform Granddad that he was going to marry Mary Smith. On the acreage Granddad deeded to him on hearing this news my father set to work to build a home for his bride. It was to be a better house than the one the McLaughlins had started in—of boards, not logs. Nowadays when a young man says he is going to "build a house" it usually means calling in a contractor to do the work. In my father's case it meant building a house with his own hands of his own materials.

Cutters in a Catalogue

It meant felling the trees, cutting the logs to length, hauling them to the sawmill, hauling the lumber back to the site he had chosen for the house and then building it. Nearby he put up a driving shed. There wasn't much to be stored in that shed, just a few tools and odds and ends. But there were compensations for the emptiness of the shed—it meant that my father could build a fine big work bench. At that work bench, in the evenings, he made dozens of axe handles, using the finest straight-grained bits of hardwood that he had selected from the lumber milled for the house. With his little farm still being cleared of virgin forest, those axe handles were an important source of revenue.

But the Governor—I might as well start using now the name we called him, in affection and respect, for all his life—the Governor wasn't satisfied. He was eager to make more ambitious use of his self-taught skill in working wood. One of his treasured possessions was an old catalogue illustrated with wondrous pictures of carriages, wagons and cutters. The Governor pored over these pictures with endless interest, tracing with his finger the elaborate curves and carvings of the bodies. He studied the methods of fastening the body frame to the springs and the springs to the wheels or runners. Then one day he reached a decision.

"I'm going to build one of those."

His first project was comparatively modest—a sleigh. While he was working on it, a neighbor passed by, stopped to see what Bob McLaughlin was up to in his shed, watched the quality of wood and workmanship he was putting into his first sleigh, and said:

"Will you sell me that cutter when it's finished?"

"I'll make you another one like it," said the Governor, "and you can specify the time you want it." Thus his first "production line" was two cutters at the same time. He couldn't do all the work himself, of course. In those days small carriage and wagon shops were dependent on journeyman artisans—and journeymen they really were—blacksmiths and upholsterers who traveled about the countryside, stopping off to perform their special work on as many vehicles as the shop had ready, then moving on to the next shop.

It was a very casual schedule these journeymen kept. The state of the roads, the amount of work to be done at any one place, the artisan's own habits of temperance or intemperance—all these determined how punctually a journeyman would arrive for his assignment. In that leisurely age the uncertainty of the journeyman's coming was of no great consequence as a rule, but it so happened that the Governor's first production schedule was geared to a very tight deadline.

He was fortunate with his upholsterer, J. B. Keddie of Oshawa, who arrived in good time. In his wagon were two apprentices and his supply of horsehair, canvas, leather and other upholsterers' materials. My mother had to provide room and board for the journeyman and his apprentices—that was part of the unwritten contract.

The promised date of delivery of the neighbor's cutter was drawing near and still the blacksmith who was to do the essential ironwork on both cutters had not arrived. Meanwhile the man who had ordered the cutter came around to see how it was progressing. He said to the Governor:

"Bob, I forgot to tell you—I want a

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picture painted on the back of that cutter: King Billy crossing the Boyne on his white horse.

My father, unlike many of his North of Ireland Protestant neighbors, was not an Orangeman. Moreover, he had never seriously tried his hand at picture painting. But he set to and produced a creditable—and vivid—picture of the event that made July 12 famous. Three quarters of a century later that cutter came back into the possession of the McLaughlins and the picture the Governor painted on the back of his first vehicle was still recognizable—especially the white horse. Thereafter no customer had to use any great persuasion to get my father to paint pictures on their vehicles.

When the blacksmith finally arrived, quite unabashed at his tardiness, there was so little time left that he and my father had to work day and night to finish the cutters. But finished they were and one was delivered to the staunch Orangeman.

But, strangely enough, it was the Governor's near failure rather than his success that probably led to the growth of the Tyrone shed into General Motors of Canada. It is not difficult to imagine what might have happened if that blacksmith had arrived on time and given my father no cause for worry: the Governor might well have been content to continue the production system then in vogue with the dozens of small carriage shops in Ontario, which used visiting journeymen artisans for important roles in carriage building, with resulting limited production and dependence on the whims of a very independent bunch of men.

The lesson the Governor learned from the belated blacksmith led to an important decision: to build his own tiny blacksmith shop in front of the shed at Tyrone. The upholstering end was never a problem. J. B. Keddie was a reliable man and a fine workman. He was to stay with my father as journeyman upholsterer until the business moved to Oshawa, when he became foreman of the McLaughlin Carriage Company, a position he held for the rest of his life.

Soon the demand for cutters and wagons outgrew the Tyrone shop and in 1869, two years after he made his first pair of cutters, the Governor decided to move to a larger community—Enniskillen. In that year my brother George was born. My eldest brother Jack (J. J. McLaughlin) was three years old. I was to be born two years later.

In Enniskillen the Governor built a somewhat larger shop with a separate blacksmith shop; on the second floor was a room where wheels hung from the ceiling to dry and, surmounting everything, a small tower where the town bell was installed. The Governor was still building only cutters and wagons, but in his fine new shop he decided to try his hand at a carriage—the McLaughlin representative at the coming county fair at Bowmanville. He and Mr. Keddie gave it their best and produced a beautiful phaeton. Among entries which included the products of two of eastern Ontario's largest carriage makers the McLaughlin phaeton won first prize. Immediately the McLaughlin carriage shop stopped making wagons and went in for carriages.

My own first recollection of the carriage business was a painful one. One day when I was five I wandered into the room where the wheels were hung from the ceiling to dry. A wheel fell on me, knocking me out and opening a deep gash in my head. I was carried to my father's office bawling lustily as soon as I recovered my breath. I have no doubt—and while everyone else fussed around wondering what should be done next the Governor solved the problem simply: he produced one of those brown striped humbugs and gave it to me. The pain and the tears stopped miraculously. After that the family always said I had "wheels in the head." And I suppose they were right. I have now been earning my living with turning wheels for just sixty-seven years.

The McLaughlin carriage shop outgrew Enniskillen within half a dozen years of moving there. It now employed as many as eight men at busy seasons but it operated under conditions that would cause a businessman today to pull out his hair in handfuls. There was, for example, no bank. Enniskillen was a long way from the nearest railway and all supplies had to be carted in. In 1876 the Governor decided to make the big and daring move—to Oshawa.

It might be wondered how any business could expand or operate at all without banking facilities. Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that a village carriage maker seventy-five years ago didn't do business the way it is done today. I have before me a faded and torn journal in the Governor's handwriting in which a typical entry is that of Feb. 10, 1875:

> H. Taylor—one cutter, $30 in cash next fall and seven cords of good dry hardwood, maple or beech.

MISINFORMED

Whoever first stated,
All men are born free,
Should just see the bills
Obstetricians send ME!

LAURIE KOTE

When I say the move to Oshawa was daring I am not reflecting my father's attitude but that of our competitors. There were at that time two established carriage makers in Oshawa and they let it be known that in their opinion "McLaughlin will last six months." It took a little longer than that for further changes to occur in the Oshawa carriage industry—and when they did it was the competitors who disappeared!

It is true that the Governor brought no great ambition for expansion to Oshawa. After he had bought a lot and erected a smallish three-story building on it, with a separate brick blacksmith shop, he sold the balance of the lot to the town, which built a jail on it and later the city hall.

And indeed my father's methods did not permit mushroom growth. People called him "a crank for quality" and he took it as a compliment. No workman would dare skimp a job or rush it through because my father inspected everything and poor workmanship was the one sure way of calling down his wrath. He was disdainful of the quality of the carriage hardware traveling salesmen tried to get him to buy and insisted on using nothing but Norway iron, a tough and durable metal which cost five to ten times as much as ordinary iron.

But early in the Eighties the Governor produced an invention that was to revolutionize the carriage industry and expand the little McLaughlin shop into a million-dollar-a-year enterprise. It was, strangely for my father, whose great concern had been with the woodwork and who had hired others for the metal parts, an invention made of metal. It was a new "gear" for buggies and carriages. The "gear" is all that part of a carriage between the body and the wheels—the springs, couplings, chassis and [illegible] that permits the front [illegible] to turn and thus steer the [illegible].

The McLaughlin gear had long flexible springs, couplings of Norway iron, of [illegible], brass and rubber washers. But the most important part was the turning mechanism. There's an old saying "as useless as a new type fifth wheel," but the Governor belied that saying by incorporating a fifth wheel into the turning mechanism of his gear and he patented it. The McLaughlin gear is, I suppose, part of the vanished history of a vanished type of vehicle. But in those days it was big news. It made carriages safer and smoother riding.

From my father's point of view, his new gear was just another improvement in the design of his carriages and he made them only with the intention of using them in his own products until Tony Foster saw the gear.

Tony Foster was the most popular of the many traveling salesmen who called on my father. He was a memorable and colorful figure and we were always glad to see him come to the shop, dressed in a soft tweed hat, braided velvet coat, horse-blanket vest, yellow gloves and carrying a cane. Tony sold upholstering material and hardware items, and he was always sure of an order from the Governor, even when we weren't really low on inventory of the goods he sold. But this day Tony didn't have time for a sales talk. He took a look at a McLaughlin gear that had been set up, leaned his ample weight on the springs, tested the fifth wheel steering mechanism and said:

"By Jove, Mr. McLaughlin, that's a fine-looking gear. . . . I could sell some of those to my customers now."

The Governor thought of this idea for a moment, then said, "All right, Tony, if you can sell them we'll sell them to you."

Tony waited to hear no more. He hurried back to Guelph and described the gear to his boss, Chris Kloepfer (later MP for Guelph). A couple of days later both Tony Foster and Mr. Kloepfer arrived early in the morning. They looked the gear over again, then spent the rest of the morning in the Governor's office.

When my father came home at noon he held a solemn conference with his sons, two teen-agers and me not yet in my teens. "Boys," he said, "I have had an offer to sell the gear patent." He paused. "Ten thousand dollars." Pause. "That's a lot of money." Pause. "Will I take it?"

I suppose that, since he had done us the honor of consulting us on this very important matter, we should have thought over the question for a minute or two. But we didn't. In one voice we cheered, "No, don't sell it!"

The Governor returned to Foster and Kloepfer and announced his decision not to sell the gear patent. But he offered them exclusive rights to sell the gear itself across Canada, provided they placed a minimum order for 4,000 to be taken over a period of two years. As it turned out, that was a conservative contract, which underestimated Tony's salesmanship and the appeal of the gear to other carriage makers. In the years which remained of the heyday of the carriage Foster was to send in orders for nearly 20,000 gears.

To manufacture this sideline we had to expand both the carriage factory and the blacksmith shop, and then we had to enlarge again to meet the increased demand for the carriages with the new gear which we built ourselves. It might be thought that by selling other carriage makers this important part we were competing with ourselves. But it didn't work out that way. Carriage factories all over the country advertised

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equipped with the [illegible]Laughlin ge[illegible] and [illegible] advertising we [illegible]re buying a car [illegible]ghlin gear why not [illegible]Laughlin carriage? [illegible]rriage makers came [illegible] point of view After [illegible]hin years to their own [illegible] time they started ordering [illegible] carriages and thus be[illegible] our agents.

[illegible] then our sales had been almost [illegible] local. Often a buyer would [illegible] to our shop with a horse and drive away in a new carriage. New orders for gears and for carriages started to come in from places that our shipper had never heard of, places far beyond Ontario in eastern and western Canada. Walking through the crowded busy shops the Governor regretted that he had sold that "surplus" half of his lot.

To take advantage of this gratifying new demand for the carriages he had been building for nearly twenty years my father hired his first traveling salesman John Henry. Others were put on the road in quick succession. William Stevenson, Manley Rose, T. A. Chadburn. They sold McLaughlin carriages literally from coast to coast.

In the early days of this expansion, while the carriage shop was still small, I graduated from high school. I was only sixteen, so I suppose I should confess modestly that I was a fairly bright scholar. But I think one reason was that I found the world such an exciting place that I wanted to get out into it as soon as I could.

I had no great urge to go into the carriage business. My brother Jack had graduated as a chemist from the University [illegible] was in New York doing what [illegible] called "looking things over." Actually he was even then planning his own great enterprise—the founding of the Canada Dry beverage company. My brother George, a couple of years older than I, was already apprenticed to the carriage shop, and I thought that one second-generation carriage maker in the family was enough.

Besides, there were other things I wanted to try. I thought I might like to become a hardware merchant and worked in Dan Cameron's store for five months. I thought of becoming a lawyer—I fancied I looked a little like one. I knew from George that apprenticeship with the Governor was no rest cure. It meant working practically from dawn to after dusk six days a week and that would interfere with the bicycling I was so keen on.

Not mind you, that the Governor let any of his family suffer from idle hands. We were not allowed to run the streets at night, there was cordwood to be sawed, the horses to be looked after, any number of chores around the house. We didn't have a hired man until much later. But I still managed to find time for some furious cycling. The Governor must have been concerned about this, although he never reprimanded me. But he mentioned my over-enthusiastic cycling in a letter to Jack. My brother replied:

> Regarding Sam's bicycling propensities. It seems to be a kind of fascination that gets hold of a boy but it usually wears off in a year or two. It seems to stick to Sam longer but it's a mistake for him to travel such long distances.

Long distances? Once for a holiday I rode from Oshawa to Brockville and back over dirt roads, a distance of more than 300 miles. Often I rode the thirty miles to Toronto and back in one day. That was a toll road but being on a bicycle I didn't have to pay. Almost every day of the week I took a sixteen-to eighteen-mile swing around the Oshawa - to - Whitby - to - Columbus circuit. And this was not on a modern cycle but on an old-time solid high-wheeler with a little bit of a pilot wheel. I entered meets at all the fairs and meets I could get to, with pretty fair success. In fact, George said jokingly that I brought home so many cups and cruets and pickle dishes that I would be able to furnish a house when I got married.

I knew the answer to that one. I wasn't ever going to marry. I was going to be too busy to be anything else but a bachelor.

What finally decided me to go in with the Governor was a very pleasant but firm letter from Jack, in which he persuaded me that it was my duty to enter the family business. So in 1887 I became an apprentice in the upholstery shop. I soon found that George had not been exaggerating when he said it was no advantage to be the boss' son. I swept the floors and did all the other menial work that apprentices have hated from time immemorial. Everybody in those days worked a fifty-nine-hour week except the bosses (and I soon discovered the boss' son). They sometimes worked seventy or eighty hours, without overtime either.

The Governor was impatient at the paper work involved in business. The working day of a carriage maker, he felt, should be dedicated to making carriages. He never started the office routine, making out purchasing orders, writing letters and such things, until after six. I was expected to stay and help with such chores as copying letters on the big old-fashioned screw-press. We seldom got home until after seven at night—and work started sharp at seven in the morning.

I was thirty years old, a partner in the business and a family man before I decided I had come up in the world enough to start going to the office at the luxuriously late hour of eight o'clock. The first morning I did so my conscience grew more and more bothered the nearer I got to the plant—and finally I sneaked in the back door, thoroughly ashamed of myself. It took a long time for me to become accustomed to keeping "executive's hours."

As an apprentice I was paid three dollars a week, and every payday the Governor solemnly deducted two fifty for room and board. I had fifty cents a week to spend as foolishly as I wished. In later years when I related this to the younger generations of my family, they looked at me with incredulous eyes and exclaimed, "But what could anyone do with fifty cents a week?"

Well, let me tell you that in Oshawa sixty-five years ago there was a lot a boy could do with fifty cents a week. perhaps I should say there were a lot fewer ways of getting rid of the change in your pocket: there were no movies, no twenty-five-cent sodas and sundaes, no fifty-cent ball games in enclosed grandstands, no bus or streetcar fares to pay if you wanted to go somewhere a couple of miles away. We made our own games, we could shoot and fish and hike. And when it came to spending money you'd be surprised how many wintergreen candies you could get for a cent, or better still there was the old lady who made taffy in her little shop and for one cent she would hand over a lump that could pull all the fillings out of your teeth, if you had any.

The Governor's Spoiled Brat

Or you could get a smoked herring for one penny. Today at my salmon fishing lodge at Cap Chat, Quebec, there is an elaborate smokehouse which processes the fine Atlantic salmon my guests and I kill. It is done by the long cool smoke method that is supposed to produce one of the world's great food delicacies, and it undoubtedly does. But to this day I can still remember the savor of those smoked herrings that came out of a barrel in an Oshawa grocery for one penny each.

Certainly I didn't suffer any hardship during my three years of apprenticeship. I learned to stitch and sew, to make wax ends, to lay out jobs, to make cushions—everything an upholsterer must know from the ground up. It was so thoroughly worked into me that I am still a journeyman upholsterer, and I think I could make a living at it even today.

But I wasn't so confident back then in 1890 when I was still in my teens and the upholstery foreman told me I had become a full-fledged journeyman. Oh, I was cocky enough, but I just wanted to make sure that I was good enough to make a journeyman's full pay—$1.75 a day—in carriage shops other than McLaughlin's. In other words I wanted to find out that I wouldn't be paid all that money just because I was the Governor's spoiled brat.

So I put twenty dollars in my wallet, took the train to Gananoque, crossed the St. Lawrence in a ferry and went on to Watertown, N.Y., where the H. H. Babcock Co. was located. The company was noted for making magnificent carriages and having a very high standard of workmanship. If I could get a job there—and keep it—it would be a good test of my ability. I got a job right away, and to my surprise top wages of $1.75 a day.

After I had been there two weeks I heard a couple of men working near me whisper "Here comes the big boss, Mr. Rich himself." Mr. Rich was superintendent of the plant. He came up to me and said, "Are you a McLaughlin from Oshawa?" I suppose he had seen my name and address on the plant records. I told him I was.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm just testing my apprenticeship, sir," I answered. "I am out to learn a little more and look around."

Mr. Rich smiled and said, "I was born in Brooklin." Brooklin is a village a few miles north of Oshawa, in those days about the same size as Enniskillen. [illegible] so kind. He gave me [illegible] the plant and helped me in [illegible]. So in Watertown I not only learned that I was worth $1.75 a day but I absorbed a lot of ideas about plant management, design and quality control. I stayed with the Babcock company for two months and was sorry to leave. But I wanted to see more of other carriage factories. I got a job with Sturtevant and Larrabee, carriage and sleigh makers in Syracuse, N.Y., and later moved on to a similar job in Binghampton. Then I took my savings, went to New York City and "did the town."

After sixty-five years the details of that first visit to the big city are somewhat hazy—but still pleasant. I arrived back in Oshawa with fifteen cents in my pocket. Now I was ready to settle down and make carriages for a while, anyway. ★

Next Issue Part Two	How the Auto Beat the Horse

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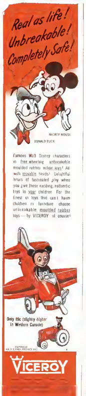
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

but to take on this "onerous but honorable assignment."

ASIDE FROM the obvious difficulty of finding a straight path through the tangled jungle of Indo-Chinese and French politics the practical problems of the task are greater than Canada has ever encountered in peacetime.

This is no mere matter of finding a staff for three commissioners. Ottawa has to recruit personnel for approximately 35 inspection teams—26 to be stationed in specified places plus an indefinite number (but probably nine or ten at least) of mobile teams who can be sent off at short notice to look into any reports of trouble.

Each of these inspection teams must include at least one Canadian. Some will need more. For instance the enormous task of supervising the evacuation of Hanoi or Haiphong can't be done by one Canadian, one Pole and one Indian.

Moreover even on the teams which need only one man at a time we can't count on any one man serving from start to finish. These teams will be stationed in a very unhealthy tropical climate in towns and villages where modern conveniences are unheard of. There is sure to be a fairly high sickness rate; there's sure to be a justified demand for fairly frequent leaves and a fairly rapid rotation system.

It's hoped that a fairly high fraction of the personnel can be found among Canadians now serving in Korea. These at least are men who have already resigned themselves to a long stretch of service away from home and who are already accustomed to the discomforts and the hazards to health of life in the Far East.

All or nearly all the men assigned to responsible jobs in Indo-China must be able to speak French. The native languages in Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia are Annamese, Khmer and Thai (Siamese) but the second language in all three—and the only European tongue spoken by the average educated person—is French.

Finally, all the Canadians assigned to Indo-China must be the very best representatives this country can find if Canada is to take advantage of a great opportunity. It will not be enough to have three good men as commissioners sitting in the three capitals. These men and their staffs of senior officials will be dealing with educated, sophisticated people whose opinions of Western civilization are already formed.

The really important jobs are on the inspection teams in the interior, dealing with illiterate and untraveled villagers whose estimate of the free democracies will depend very largely on their personal reaction to a handful of young Canadians operating with the scantiest of instructions in a new and bewildering field. Conceivably the democracies may win or lose Asia as a result of the impression these young men make.

CANADA'S willingness to intervene in faraway Indo-China is another proof how far we have come since the prewar days when Canadian foreign policy was "No commitments." Not everyone realizes though that it also marks a long stride forward since the relatively recent days of 1947.

In the fall of that year Prime Minister Mackenzie King was in England when the United Nations Assembly was in session. Hon. J. L. Ilsley was in New York as head of the Canadian delegation, reporting to the new Minister of External Affairs, Hon. Louis S. St. Laurent, in Ottawa.

Canada was nominated to the United Nations Commission on Korea. No one on the Canadian delegation was particularly anxious to accept the nomination but there seemed to be no good reason for evading an international duty. Ilsley consulted St. Laurent, who agreed that Canada should serve. When Mackenzie King got home and learned what they had done he was furious. Didn't they realize that Korea would be the starting point of the next war?

His colleagues didn't know then that the Prime Minister, through a spirit medium, had confirmed this opinion by conversation with the shade of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. They were left in no doubt however that he held the opinion very strongly. He ordered peremptorily that Canada must get off the Korea Commission at once. Never mind how the Canadian reversal was to be explained, the thing to do was reverse Canada's position instantly.

After nearly twenty years of being his own minister of external affairs Mackenzie King had apparently forgotten that the situation had changed. St. Laurent and Ilsley were polite but firm. If their judgment was to be ignored in this summary fashion they'd have no alternative but to resign.

According to the best recollection of Ottawa gossips the man who broke this impasse was the then Under-Secretary for External Affairs, L. B. Pearson. He pointed out to King that there was no need to be so precipitate. Canada's delegate could sit on the Korea Commission more or less as an observer and seize upon the first favorable opportunity to withdraw gracefully for cause.

The opportunity soon came. The UN Commission decided to hold UN-sponsored elections in South Korea whether the Soviet Union would permit North Korea to take part or not. In Canada's view this decision was unwise. The Canadian delegate was therefore instructed to take no part in it but to leave the way open for withdrawal if the decision were taken.

At home it turned out that Canadians had not then become accustomed to the policy of abstaining from embarrassing votes. A questioner in parliament asked why our representative had been absent during this important decision. The Government in a never-to-be-forgotten reply intimated that he had gone to the bathroom.

Pearson didn't know it but some old hands in External Affairs believe that this incident of 1947 was the real starting point of his political career. Mr. Mackenzie King and St. Laurent were both impressed, according to these observers, with Pearson's adroitness in finding a solution to this political problem.

A year later it became almost the last act of Prime Minister King and the first act of Prime Minister St. Laurent to agree upon drafting Pearson from the Civil Service into the Cabinet. ★

The Wordiest MP in Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

what Pouliot now hints darkly was foul play came within 117 votes of being a twenty-fifth.

Enraged at what the hated Tories had almost done to him—he rarely uses the word Conservative—Pouliot went to Ottawa and spent the next five years making a holy terror of himself to the government of R. B. Bennett. The performance so pleased his constituents that they rewarded him by swamping his opposition at the next election and they have been doing it ever since. In return Pouliot has seen to it that the county has never lacked federal bounty and has given it the most vocal representation of any part of Canada.

In his three decades at Ottawa Pouliot, whom a Vancouver writer once called "a vocalamity" (Pouliot the next day in the Commons called him "a nasty little fellow"), undoubtedly has spoken more words than any other MP, a record achieved not solely on length of service. C. G. (Chubby) Power, the wartime air minister, has been in the Commons seven years longer and was a cabinet minister for nine years but he has not equalled Pouliot's output. The Conservative member for York East, Robert H. McGregor, has acquired in 28 years less space in the indexes to the record of parliamentary debates than Pouliot has in one year.

When Is a Gin a Gin?

Pouliot simply has a lot to say. His words, which once were described as "a strange combination of quicksilver and bilge water," have been lavished on issues important to everyone in the country and on issues important to no one but Jean François Pouliot. He has carried on lively campaigns on such disparate subjects as the lending of $1,250,000,000 to Britain and the labeling of John de Kuyper gin as gin. He objected to both.

Pouliot has become famous for the shock effect of his remarks, formal and impromptu. He once likened an MP who was heckling him to a drum—"very noisy but empty." Called a mountebank he replied that he would call his detractor an angel "and both of us will be mistaken." To underline his objections to the practice of parliament handling divorce bills he once suggested that "all parties who come here for divorce shall be sterilized before divorce is granted." This seemed a little drastic even to those most anxious to have MPs rid of divorces.

Civil servants are customarily immune from personal criticism in the House because, among other reasons, MPs realize that they haven't an equal opportunity to answer critics. This has never discouraged Pouliot from attacking them along with big bugs, brass hats, so-called intellectuals, bureaucrats, the intelligentsia—all terms are Pouliot's—and above all Tories.

He has sometimes gone too far and been ordered by the Speaker of the Commons to withdraw his remarks. Once he spent a month in exile from the House before obeying an order to take back an allegation against R. B. Bennett. At least twice he has been threatened with physical violence by MPs whose feelings he has wounded.

Once in 1934 Pouliot claimed in the House to have defended the right of small wage earners in Cape Breton against Isaac Duncan Macdougall

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ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITTANICA • 1768

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than the Conservative member for Cape Breton, Macdougall, a formidable French-Scot, branded the statement as he demanded its withdrawal and when Pouliot haggled, he shook his fist and shouted: "You withdraw; if you do not I will go over there and you will do it quickly." Pouliot was almost literally saved by the bell when his speaking time ran out at precisely that moment and the dispute perished.

At times he has been a harsher critic of his own party than he has of the Tories. During the Second World War he was a source of constant anguish and annoyance to the Liberal government, and particularly to Defense Minister J. L. Ralston. Although rebellious, he stayed in the ranks of the government's supporters until compulsory overseas service was introduced in November 1944. Pouliot's break with the party lasted six months; his personal break with Mackenzie King, whom he regarded as having turned his back on anticonscriptionist Quebec, was never fully healed and he made several cutting speeches in the House urging King's retirement.

Praise From Miss MacPhail

Naturally for a public figure who lives so many verbal broadsides Pouliot is a popular target. The Ottawa Journal in a single editorial several years ago accused him of buffoonery, bad taste, childish antics, atrocious attacks, vulgar abuse and primitive blackguardism and also questioned his sportsmanship and courage.

On the other hand the late Agnes MacPhail, Canada's first woman MP, who was not given to loose praise, once described Pouliot as the most polite and charming man in parliament "... when he is not murdering someone in the House of Commons."

Because of his flavorful individuality the Parliamentary Press Gallery in a poll a few years ago named him the most colorful MP. Pouliot has played to a wider audience than most of his fellows. The average private member is lucky if he is known in the next constituency and sometimes if he is known in his own. Pouliot has gained more newspaper space and consequently is more widely known than some cabinet ministers.

The audience he has always played to, however, is the one in Temiscouata, and it has seldom failed to respond to his mercurial turns. In 1946 his constituents even gave him a new car, the sort of thing that sometimes happens to a big-league ballplayer but rarely to a politician.

Pouliot's domain fronts on the south shore of the St. Lawrence about 120 miles east of Quebec City and runs down to where Quebec and New Brunswick form a corner with Maine. Not many years ago it was lumbering country but now most of its people are in mixed farming. It is a backwoodsy rural area where high-wheeled buggies still run in the side roads and where people stand in some awe of the man who does the government's business in the county and speaks for them at Ottawa.

Riviere du Loup, the county town, has a population just under 10,000. Here, on the main street, Jean-François Pouliot has his law office, and on the outskirts, his big home on a point of land overlooking the place where the Temiscouata River meets the St. Lawrence. The Pouliots, who came from Normandy, have been in Canada since about the 17th century. They have been in Temiscouata for at least 100 years.

Pouliot's maternal great-grandfather, Louis Bertrand, was a member of the Lower Canada assembly in the 1830s—the years of struggle for responsible government. His grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Pouliot, was in the Canadian assembly from 1862 to 1867. Jean-Baptiste fought Confederation unsuccessfully, fearing the French Canadian minority would be swallowed in the union, then left politics. He was elected again by acclamation, however, in 1874 and was in the House of Commons until 1878. Pouliot's father, C. E. Pouliot, was in the Quebec house in 1890-91 and at Ottawa as a supporter of Laurier in 1896. He died in that year.

These forebears represented the same area Pouliot does today. As great-grandfather Louis Bertrand fought the bureaucrats of the Family Compact, great-grandson fights the bureaucrats he has suspected in recent years of usurping more and more of the power that should belong to parliament. As Jean-Baptiste sought separation from the majority in the case of Confederation, so Jean-François sought separation from it on conscription. He has said that he turned down the chance of two federal appointments in 1940 "because the war was on and I had to protect my people."

When he goes about the riding Pouliot can call an extraordinary number of his constituents by name. In the 1930s he astounded Mackenzie King, who was visiting Riviere du Loup at Pouliot's invitation, by introducing to him some 800 persons, giving a word or two of biographical data on each. In a walk of a block or so he will nod to and greet by name perhaps a dozen people and stop to speak with several more. To women he raises not just tips his hat and gives a duck of the head that is the beginning of a bow.

The caller at his office on Riviere du Loup's main street, Lafontaine, mounts three flights of stairs passing the haberdasher's shop on the second floor. In a plain rather gloomy anteroom there may be from ten to fifty callers on a Saturday morning when parliament is in session. Pouliot is home only on week ends. In summer the traffic up and down the stairs is more scattered.

One by one they are called in to relate their problems. Often they are seeking federal jobs. Sometimes the constituent has income-tax troubles. Another wants to know what he should do about the renewal of his mail-carrying contract. Occasionally it is a case of someone near and dear to the petitioner languishing in jail. Pouliot dispenses information, promises action on some requests, defers others, dismisses a few.

One of a number of rules of thumb Pouliot has for relations between MP and constituents is: "If they vote for me they can come to the office and give me hell." Otherwise they must do it catch-as-catch-can. It is an arrangement, he points out, that deprives no one of his freedom of speech; it merely regulates where it can be exercised.

In Temiscouata, as elsewhere in Quebec, patronage is recognized as a fact of political life and therefore permissible for conversation in other than whispers. It was of patronage Pouliot was talking recently when he enunciated the further rule: "The plums are for friends, but I will work hard to correct any injustice."

Pouliot keeps close watch over the distribution of the plums. A few years ago he crossed by boat to a provincial Liberal election meeting on the small island of Notre Dame de l'Ile Verte. He was displeased to find only eleven men in the hall. Although he has argued in the Commons that a man may vote differently in federal and provincial fields and is himself a friend of Premier Maurice Duplessis, he could not overlook this disinterest in a Liberal meeting. Work was being done on a government wharf in the district. Pouliot phoned Ottawa and had it suspended. When the election was over he told the foreman—one of the eleven faithful—to employ the ten who had attended the meeting with him. Others were told they obviously were too busy fishing or farming to do spare time work.

Temiscouata usually gets its share of government works. When a switch to diesel power caused the CNR to close its repair shop in Riviere du Loup the government found it possible, at Pouliot's urging, to locate a branch of Canadian Arsenals there to make cartridge cases and replace lost jobs. The plant employs 150.

Pouliot is as diligent in fulfilling the social obligations of his role as he is the political. He attends a vast number of weddings, funerals, christenings. He makes hospital visits and looks in at those functions where the MP is expected. Sometimes, facing a tight schedule, he will leave home with two ties, one black, one colored, to be changed as the program demands.

Weddings demand gifts. Pouliot used to buy them himself but for some years now this has been done by his wife Marika, an attractive gracious woman some years his junior. Pouliot used to run heavily to alarm clocks and pictures of Mackenzie King. Madame Pouliot says hers are better, a claim he does not dispute.

To The Voters He's Great

Jean-François and Marika, who was born in Constantinople (but is not, as one report had it, a Near East princess; her German father was in business there) have one son, François, a strapping 16-year-old. His present interest is sports, not politics; his father says he will not enter politics. Pouliot himself made his first political speech at 16, on a platform with Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Murray Bay. Laurier was one of the few Pouliot heroes; another was Ernest Lapointe, Mackenzie King's captain in Quebec.

To the voters of Temiscouata Pouliot—not those textbook heroes—is the great man. They chuckle when he smacks the big bugs and brass hats and tweaks august noses. They recall that when the federal government considered disallowing Quebec's padlock law it was Pouliot who reminded Prime Minister King that the choice was between Cardinal Villeneuve and Tim Buck. The law remained unchallenged. It was he, too, who stood up to those who would have plucked Temiscouata's boys into the army. After the war in Riviere du Loup a dinner was given Jean-François, "the friend of the soldier and the conscript."

They know, or the older do, of the high acclaim he won early in his career for a volume on Quebec parish law. It brought commendation from the Pope and from cardinals in several countries. His municipal code of Quebec also won praise from civil authorities.

Pouliot has had voluminous local publicity as well to impress his electors. Even the call letters of the Riviere du Loup radio station, CJFP, are a reminder of him. Pouliot does not own the station. It is owned by Armand Belle, a friend Pouliot describes as "my favorite capitalist." Belle also owns a music store and is manager of Le Manoir hotel, with a cuisine recommended by gourmet Pouliot.

Pouliot first came to full bloom politically when the Liberals went into opposition in 1930. A Conservative decision to hold up the building of a new railway station which the preceding government had planned for Riviere du Loup helped the process. Pouliot launched a campaign of harassment that is still remembered in Ottawa with mingled pain and admiration. MPs groaned when he got up to speak, which he did at every opportunity. They reluctantly learned of the old station's plumbing defects, its unsafe walls, the bugs it harbored.

Before the session was over Pouliot had 135 written questions answered by the government. When Railways Minister Robert J. Manion protested that a batch of fourteen would take weeks to answer and asked Pouliot as an act of mercy to drop some of them, the bleak reply was, "I am ready to wait weeks."

At the end of the session the government sent an emissary privately to Pouliot. If the station were repaired as good as new, would he shut up? He would. When the announcement was made he had one last word: "I have no thanks to offer the government. No one should be thanked for doing his duty."

Another time Pouliot hounded the Conservative government for breakdown figures on unemployment. The government agreed that a classification of the unemployed by skills would be worthwhile, but said that such statistics could not be obtained. Pouliot set out to get his own. By enquiry, appeals to civic pride and some judicious bullying he got municipalities to wire him local figures.

Putting them together took three months. Whenever his interest flagged, Pouliot would leave his office, lambaste the government in a speech in the House and return refreshed. The

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finished report containing what he claimed to be a classification of half the unemployed, was presented to the government as a petition. It was declined without thanks, possibly because of the 33 pages of introductory comment by Pouliot under such uninviting headings as "The Bennett Government Has Left The Canadian People Under A False Impression About The Disastrous Effects of Their Policies" and "The Bennett Government's Two Other Mistakes."

In 1936 with the Liberals back in power the report got a more sympathetic reception. Labor Minister Norman Rogers said that Pouliot "by his industry and patience" had laid the foundation for statistical work on unemployment.

In the campaign for the federal election of October 1935 Ernest Lapointe said at a joint meeting for Temiscouata and Madawaska-Restigouche counties that Pouliot would be given a prominent place in the Liberal Party to reward him for his services during the period of opposition.

From Oct. 14 to Oct. 22 King wrestled with the selection of a cabinet. Candidates tripped on his doorstep, other callers brought suggestions. When King's choices were made known Pouliot was not among them. Nevertheless he wrote congratulatory letters to all who had been chosen. From Lapointe he received a letter which said in part:

> There are so many others who are furious and who have used insulting language and who had not the tenth of the titles that you have to a promotion that I have been more than touched by the manner in which you are accepting the result of the delicate work that the chief had to do ...

Later there was a note from King thanking him for his "understanding friendship."

Not long after the 1935 election Pouliot was invited to consider a judgeship in the Superior Court of Quebec. He turned it down, presumably still hopeful of a cabinet post. Between 1935 and 1939 Pouliot frequently reproached the Liberal government "because the pets of the Tory government are still on a pinnacle." These so-called pets were mostly financial experts including the late Dr. W. Clifford Clark, deputy minister of finance, but also among them was General A. G. L. McNaughton, then of the National Research Council.

Sometimes they were "dangerous men," at others sarcastically "supergeniuses," again "pests." The reasoning behind Pouliot's objections was direct enough: they had been appointed by Bennett, thus were Tories. If retained they would advise the government on dangerous (i.e. Conservative) lines. Also they had grown too big. "Nobody can touch them; when their names are mentioned everyone is called to order. Are they sacred? No, sir, they are not sacred ..."

In 1938 Pouliot was made chairman of a committee to enquire into the administration of the Civil Service Act. An eminent authority commented the next year that the committee's "first claim to notice must rest on the bizarre character of its proceedings which have probably never been duplicated in Canadian history."

Pouliot brought to the task the conviction that reform was needed and with it the zeal reformers are supposed to have. Before the committee had produced any evidence he was talking of the "Family Compact practice" which was to be made to "die by exposure." Witnesses were confronted with rumors and gossip and required to deny them. The secretary of the Civil Service Commission was told it was being gossiped that he had or had had 40 relatives on the government payroll. Going back over most of his 54 years in the service, taking in such distant relatives as brothers-of-brothers-in-law, and interpreting government payroll to mean all who drew salary from the government (one relative was a judge) he eventually acknowledged 16.

Pouliot laid down the doctrine that whether witnesses were criticized fairly or unfairly it did not constitute an attack. If a member of the committee said something irregular to another member, that might be considered an attack. But since MPs had to vote the money to pay civil servants they were free to question or criticize them in any way.

There were frequent heated exchanges between committee members ("I object to that." "You can object and be damned.") and between the chairman and members (Chairman: "You are dumb. You think you are a superman but you are only a pest in this committee.") But for all its noise the committee made no radical recommendations.

The hearing however helped to sustain Pouliot's belief that the Civil Service Commission was unduly swayed by doctorate degrees, which he held in low esteem. A young man had won out in competition for a civil service job, the deciding factor being his PhD. Some time later it was discovered that what the commission had read as PhD actually was a DPH—Diploma of Public Health.

The wartime tactics employed by Pouliot in what he has called the protection of his people were vigorous and often vicious. In 1942 at the time of the conscription plebiscite he was a special writer for the big Montreal daily La Presse. He said not long ago: "It was a big stick in my hands."

He raged against the Quebec medical boards. At least fifteen doctors were non-Aryans, he complained. A disproportionate one-third were English speaking. The district medical officer should be fired. The doctors were incompetent or worse. The Pulhems system used to assess the suitability of recruits was "an absurd concoction of the British War Office." When Defense Minister Ralston said that Pouliot did not know what he was talking about Pouliot turned on him: "... It is very dangerous to speak to me that way."

When reinforcements were the issue he said it was time the English brought reinforcements to the Canadians. "I do not want to scandalize anybody," he declared, "but I ask you ... how is it that Canada has to do the whole thing and the other people look from their ivory tower upon us?" He had left the Liberals on Nov. 24, 1944, to sit as an Independent and as "a living remorse" to the government for having introduced compulsory overseas service.

In 1946 he fought a $1,250,000,000 loan to Britain. It was not from any dislike of Britain, he explained, but because it was financially unsound for Canada, bad for Commonwealth trade, and like giving charity to a solvent man since Britain had assets here which it could have liquidated. The government's subsequent decision that there would be no further loans abroad he has cited as vindicating his stand. "They realized I was right," he said recently, "but they did not say it. People did not remember ... I have always been ahead of my time."

In the same year, when King was overseas, Pouliot suggested that the ageing Prime Minister should step down. He proposed C. D. Howe as a successor. Two years later he again took up the theme, this time bitterly. He made contrasts. In other days the prime minister did not act without consulting his ministers and party. Things had changed. He did not want to be unpleasant but he had a duty to perform. It concerned the relations that should exist between the prime minister and his supporters in the House.

"I do it," Pouliot said, "in the hope that the next prime minister will adopt a different attitude with regard to members of parliament from what we have had in the past fifteen years. ... It is time the Liberal Party changed its attitude of worship of one man and returned to the old system of co-operation between all members."

The next year Pouliot applauded the new party chief, Louis St. Laurent, for having indicated the intention to "carry on with Liberal policies as I knew them when I was first elected ..." He said he was ready to forget his party's past mistakes.

Today Pouliot rises less frequently from his place in the front rank next to the cabinet benches. This comparative silence in the once-tireless talker of Temiscouata can be traced to 1946 when the government refused to heed his advice against a British loan. He then stated he would save his words for outside the House. It was not, however, a vow of absolute silence.

He kept his hand in at the most recent session with half a dozen speeches during which he ruffled the Conservatives with the undocumented assertion that R. B. Bennett knowingly hastened the approach of the depression. Among several questions he placed on the order paper was one on a distinctive Canadian flag, which Pouliot thinks desirable but a long way off.

What next? From time to time it has been suggested that Pouliot, after his years in the Commons, will round out his parliamentary career in the Senate. Pouliot would like to go there. It would mean staying in politics but without the chores of looking after a riding. What it would mean to the Senate is more interesting. The Senate has never had anyone quite like the member for Temiscouata. ★

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The Tragedy Of The In-Betweeners

May I compliment you on a much-needed exposé of one of the most indefensible features of our abominable divorce laws, the refusal to recognize desertion as a ground for divorce (The In-Betweeners, July 15). There are probably 50,000 in-betweeners in Canada; the great majority deserted wives but there are also many deserted husbands. . . . The result is that many persons form illegal unions, and children, whether of the marriage or illegitimate, are brought up in an atmosphere they soon sense to be "queer." The result: a large increase in juvenile delinquency. On insanity as a ground . . . our present divorce laws are barbarous, unrealistic and indecent. Instead of promoting respect for marriage they do the very opposite.

A minor misstatement is that "if both can be proved guilty of misconduct no divorce will be granted." That is not so in Alberta and B.C. at least. The act says that in such a case the court has a discretion to refuse the divorce, and in many cases our courts have followed the policy laid down by the British House of Lords that where there is no hope of salvaging the marriage it is better that the divorce be granted.

Without an amendment to the BNA Act parliament cannot give a province the power to pass a new divorce law but what parliament can do is to pass a new act to be in force in such provinces as desire it. It did that in effect when in 1930 it gave Ontario the divorce law of England as of July 15, 1870, the same law under which western provinces are living.—W. Kent Power, Calgary.

- In each and every marriage which ends in murder, suicide or desertion, etc., Church and State are equally responsible and jointly guilty. . . . Marriage and divorce are medical problems as is childbirth, and very much related. We urge the government to abolish the Divorce Court, the Family Court (which has become a curse and menace to every marriage) and the Family Bureau and appoint a medical commission to reorganize the field covered.

NAME WITHHELD

- Canada's marital laws are strict and divorce should be more practical rather than a ritual as is now the case. If two married people are not suited in temperament they should separate for a certain period and then if conditions do not remedy themselves they should get a divorce on grounds of incompatibility.

Concerning the statement "till death do us part" in the wedding ceremony—I think that it would be advisable to leave this out, then divorce could possibly be performed by the Church.—C. Williams, Toronto.

Fred Loves Catherine

I have fallen deeply in love with Catherine of that Winter Wheat fiction story (July 1). Can you give me her address please? I have a steady income of $40 a month given me by a grateful government for wheat growing during seventy years and she probably has the same. I am certain we could love each other. And whoever F. B. Hughes is, if he writes another story will you please print it. That writer uses a made-in-Canada pen.—Fred Sloman, Capreol, Ont.

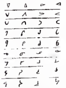
Clare Hincks' Lesson

I found the Amazing Career of Clare Hincks (Aug. 1) interesting but in some respects alarming. I was saddened to read of the lady who requested that no clergyman be allowed to see her before her death because she believed that death is the end of all things and for that reason she wanted to die in peace. Under such conditions this would be impossible for, in spite of the fact that she didn't want to believe in life after death, she could not help but wonder what her lot might be after her demise. Therefore the very existence of a doubt would be destructive of the peace she so much desired.

Grievous as the amount of mental sickness in Canada certainly is, it would be far greater were it not for the psychiatric ministry of the Church.—Rev. Alwyn Dickinson, Richibucto, N.B.

Should We Switch to Cree?

I'm sending you an alphabet from Cree (see cut). . . . I would be very pleased to read the Maclean's magazine if you would write in Cree.—Donald Kakegamuck, Favourable Lake, Ont.



They're Not That Old

In the Editor's Confidence (Aug. 1) you mention publication of pictures of rare photographs in connection with the hundredth anniversaries of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Shouldn't that be fiftieth anniversaries, date of formation as provinces being 1905? When you publish these pictures you will either be, according to yourself, fifty years ahead of or behind the times.—J. A. Kappelberg, Meskanaw, Sask.

We were fifty years ahead.

Postscript to the Flag Fight

When the shouting's o'er
And the fun is done
Canada's Red Ensign
Will still be the "one."

—Edward W. Green, Alert Bay, B.C.

Will Your Youngster Turn to Crime?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

grant, two part-time assistants and a small room containing a desk and two chairs and instructed the Gluecks to go ahead and make an audit.

"We undertook to find out what had happened to five hundred men discharged from a reformatory," Mrs. Glueck explains. "You can imagine our problem. The FBI couldn't find some of these men. They changed their names, moved to South America or Italy, joined the crew of some tramp steamer, put on weight and grew mustaches. But we found all but twenty-five of them. Then we had to gain their confidence to find out if they had reformed or not."

The Gluecks discovered that in a five-year period after their discharge from prison 78 percent of the inmates had returned to crime, a rate of actual failure almost equal to the rate of successful rehabilitation claimed by most prisons. The findings of the Gluecks were published in 1930 under the title Five Hundred Criminal Careers and came as a severe shock to many complacent penologists.

An Ohio State University professor recently polled psychiatrists, sociologists and psychologists to list the books they felt had contributed most to their knowledge of delinquent and criminal behavior. Five Hundred Criminal Careers led the poll and the Gluecks had two other volumes among the top ten.

They Went Back to Crime

The Gluecks followed their first joint effort with Five Hundred Delinquent Women, a research requested by the head of a women's reformatory. It presented even more of a sleuthing problem; some of the women had changed husbands several times, slipping into a new identity and hair dye each time. One former inmate had become the leading clubwoman in a small town.

In 1934, going backwards in search of a stage in criminal development where reform was more hopeful, the Gluecks published One Thousand Juvenile Delinquents. In a five-year period after they had appeared in Juvenile Court 88 percent of the boys had returned to crime, a rate of backsliding even higher than that of adult criminals. Later research led the Gluecks to the conclusion that society's attack on crime after it had begun was a poor solution.

They began to wonder why so many children in slum areas, living in appalling conditions of filth and deprivation, failed to become juvenile delinquents. What deterred these children from the life of crime some of their playmates preferred? The Gluecks reasoned that if they could study a huge group of slum children, half juvenile delinquents and the other half clearly not juvenile delinquents, perhaps they could identify some differences between the groups and trap that elusive beast, the cause of delinquency.

In 1940 they began a research of 1,000 teen-agers living in Boston slums. Half were juvenile delinquents already committed to reform schools and the other half were non-delinquents. The Gluecks decided to choose the boys from depressed areas to remove slum environment as a factor in their choice or refusal of a life of crime. Other factors were also kept constant in both sets of boys to give more meaning to the contrasts the Gluecks hoped to discover. All the boys, for example, were matched in pairs by age, intelligence quotient and racial origins.

A staff of 17 worked for ten years to compare the thousand boys in 402 separate ways. Doctors, under the Gluecks' supervision, examined the boys' health; anthropologists studied their body structure; Rorschach analysts pored over their descriptions of ink blots; psychiatrists interviewed them; social workers talked to their parents, studied their report cards and searched the records for information about their grandparents. When it was over the Gluecks assembled the reports and discovered what conditions and what mental attitudes were found more often in delinquents than in non-delinquents. Some highly regarded theories about juvenile delinquents were revealed to be myths.

For instance, many experts believed that membership in a gang was a primary cause of juvenile delinquency. The Gluecks discovered that nine tenths of the delinquents show their earliest anti-social symptoms before the age of eleven but boys don't join gangs until they are in their teens. Another popular belief was that most delinquents are underdeveloped, sickly neurotics; the Gluecks found exactly the opposite condition.

The core type juvenile delinquent they found is strongly built with wide shoulders, a tapering torso and muscular body. Until he is twelve he is smaller than boys his own age but he has a growth spurt early in his teens and becomes as tall as or taller than his friends. His health is as good as a non-delinquent's though he was more restless as a small child.

He is vivacious, impulsive, destructive and sadistic, showing less self-control than non-delinquents. He is hostile, defiant, nonsubmissive to authority, has a strong thirst for power and a desire to be looked after without too much effort on his part. He is less realistic, less practical, less conscientious, less aesthetic, more sensual, more egocentric and more stubborn than a non-delinquent.

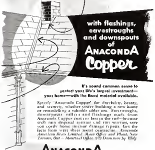
The delinquent also dislikes school more than the non-delinquent, plays truant far more often and, in spite of his equal intelligence, does poorly academically. By the time he is nine the delinquent is a teacher's problem. He is inattentive, lies, arrives late, destroys school property, is restless and lazy.

The delinquent's first acts of mischief, the Gluecks found, are stealing rides, hopping trucks, sneaking into theatres without paying, setting fires, running away from home and keeping late hours. He also shows a precocious interest in gambling, smoking and drinking.

The delinquent goes to the movies three or four times a week to satisfy his thirst for excitement, plays in distant neighborhoods, on street corners and vacant lots, waterfronts, poolrooms and railroad yards. He is rarely at home in his spare time and is not interested in supervised recreational facilities that might be available in his neighborhood. He prefers delinquents for company to non-delinquents.

The parents of a typical delinquent are unhappily married or not married at all and the home was broken by desertion, separation, divorce or death while the child was very young. If the father or a foster father is in the home he is hostile to the boy. Sometimes there is little discipline over him or he is severely and painfully beaten. His mother is indifferent or contemptuous of him; he fights with his brothers and sisters.

A great many of the qualities that distinguish a juvenile delinquent are part of the normal development of almost every boy. Most boys have a



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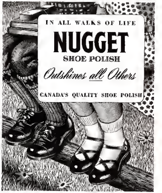

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period of aggression and resistance to authority or try to sneak into movies or pilfer candy bars from store counters or hate school and pay little attention to the teacher. At some period of their childhood most boys destroy property or seem to enjoy hurting animals and other children. During these periods the neighbors hint darkly that the boy is certain reform-school material, his teacher is constantly irritated and his parents waver between a sense of outrage and fear. The probability is that the boy is suffering from nothing more disfiguring than the unharrassing difficulties of growing pains.

Psychological studies of emotional development in human beings suggest an explanation. In a sense, all humans are born criminals. That is, socially not adjusted. A six-month-old baby, if he were physically capable, would steal without conscience, kill when peeved and destroy with vicious abandon. Under the pressure of his environment and his parents' discipline and example the child learns to curb these urges in the first ten years of life. But if these pressures are drastically distorted from normal the child cannot learn properly to live in society. Those who fail and land in courts are called juvenile delinquents. But the big question is whether children who show early signs of misbehavior will or will not become true delinquents. The Gluecks feel that only half the importance of their prediction test is in detecting potential delinquents. The other half of its use is in determining which boys who appear to be wildly out of control are actually only going through a normal stage in their development.

The Gluecks' study of the thousand Boston boys revealed three basic areas of distinct contrast between the delinquent group and the non-delinquent group. One area was a comparison of the Rorschach analyses and another was a comparison of the reports from psychiatric interviews. The third area, the one with the easiest application, was in the home relations of the boys and their parents: certain attitudes appeared much more commonly in the homes of the delinquents than in those of non-delinquents. The Gluecks then arranged these attitudes and scored them on a percentage basis.

For example, 75 percent of the boys whose fathers were overstrict or erratic in their discipline turned out to be delinquent, compared to only nine percent of those whose discipline was firm but kindly, so the Gluecks used these percentages as scores for each case, according to the actual discipline the boy received. Again, 97 percent of the boys who came from unintegrated families turned out to be delinquents, compared to 21 percent who came from cohesive families. So it was too with three other items in the prediction table—supervision of boy by mother, affection of father for boy, affection of mother for boy. The Gluecks demonstrated that the probabilities of a boy becoming delinquent were much higher if he had in his background history the conditions proven to be most malevolent.

The fantastic implications of the simple five-factor test (see chart) have stirred penologists, psychologists, social workers, psychiatrists and law-enforcement officers to wrathful argument. While they await the outcome of the testing in New York schools, several of these authorities have plunged into print with doubts and denials. Some of the criticism centres on the point that the Gluecks formed their test after studying chiefly white and Roman Catholic boys in Boston. The results, they claim, cannot have equal application to boys in other cities of different racial backgrounds.

This criticism was weakened when the Jewish Board of Guardians in New York applied the Gluecks' test to one hundred Jewish juvenile delinquents already in an institution. This experiment was intended to determine if the prediction test *would* have been accurate if it had been used when the boys were six. Ninety-one of the delinquents, it was discovered, would have tested as potential delinquents at six years of age.

Another argument against the worth of the prediction test has been that it is based on recollections of teen-aged boys about their early childhood and on parents' recollections about their treatment of half-grown sons years earlier. The Gluecks' reply is that the statistics on social conditions were obtained only in small part from interviews with parents and sons; most of the information was found in the files of social agencies which had been dealing with the families for many years.

The discussion will go on a few years more. The worth of the prediction table—for which the Gluecks themselves make no claims as yet—cannot be proven until the 330 schoolboys being tested in New York are old enough to prove themselves clearly delinquents or non-delinquents. The New York City Youth Board, established seven years ago with an annual budget of two million dollars to combat juvenile delinquency, has made the validation of the prediction test one of its projects. For the past two years the Youth Board has been applying the test to six-year-olds entering Grade One in two schools in the Bronx slums that have the highest incidence of juvenile delinquency in the world.

Some of the best-behaved boys in the classroom have tested strongly as potential delinquents. On the other hand, the tests indicated that some of the most obstreperous will probably live within the law.

The cases of two small boys, Tommy and Pete, will illustrate this. Tommy, a quiet shy six-year-old, had a test that showed him to be among the most likely delinquents in the group. The teacher, who is never informed of the results of the test for fear of prejudicing her treatment of the youngsters, reported that he was a model pupil. His mother, when approached with the suggestion that Tommy needed help, was indignant. "I've got six children!" she exclaimed, "and he's the best behaved of the lot!"

During the following year Tommy began to be a sullen truant and showed signs of incipient sadism. His mother, beginning to be concerned, consented to a Rorschach test on Tommy. The Rorschach is the famed inkblot test believed to be the best method to diagnose personality weaknesses. Tommy was revealed to be a seriously disturbed child. Pete, on the other hand, had settled down and his conduct was no more than exuberant. Agency reports on his early years showed he had been a sheltered child; he had come out of his shell with a bang, tested the authority of his parents and teacher and found it firm. He was giving no more trouble.

To date about a third of the boys tested have shown themselves to be potential criminals. This is an exact reflection of the known ratio of juvenile delinquents to the older grades of the same schools. In these districts one out of every three boys over twelve is a juvenile delinquent.

The Youth Board and the Gluecks have concentrated exclusively on boy offenders in their experiments, chiefly because eighty percent of all juvenile delinquents are boys. The Jewish Board of Guardians is now experimenting with applying the test to a group of girls. While the survey is far from complete it was reported recently that the test appears to be only slightly less effective on girls than on boys.

Hostile To His Son

Outside of the Gluecks themselves, members on the staff of the Youth Board are probably best qualified to use the prediction test. The hitch in zealous parents trying to use it on their own and the neighbors' children is that they're not likely to score accurately. Even experienced scorers of the Youth Board are occasionally wrong.

Gathering information for the test is not the formidable task it would be for an untrained person. Social workers gathering data begin the interview by saying to the mother, "I'd like to talk to you about Johnny." The interview lasts from an hour and a half to two hours, during which the social worker does little talking. He starts by asking questions that won't cause the mother to become antagonistic. "What kind of a boy is Johnny?" "What does he like to do?" "Does he belong to any clubs, play baseball?"

The interviewer never asks bluntly, "Is your husband hostile to his son?" He may ask questions like, "What happens on the boy's birthday?", "Does his father help him with his homework?", "What happens to the boy when he does something he shouldn't do?", "Do he and his father spend much time together?" The network of evidence builds up until the social worker is satisfied that the category has been identified.

No notes are taken in the home because social workers have discovered that mothers are uneasy when they see their family life going into a notebook. Once out of the neighborhood, the interviewer writes down everything he can remember about the home conditions and turns his report in to be scored.

A part of the Youth Board's experiment in New York is to give preventive treatment to exactly half the boys who test as potential delinquents. The other half, representing approximately 55 boys, will be untreated to act as a control group.

If the New York City Youth Board's experiment should prove the prediction tables accurate, Mrs. Glueck plans to prepare a [illegible] for all communities considering using the device. The Gluecks would like to see every school test every first grade boy and direct all those showing a high potentiality for delinquency to a community clinic of psychologists, doctors, psychiatrists and social workers who can attempt to divert the youngster from a life of crime.

Meanwhile the Gluecks are working further back on the problem of delinquency. They believe senior students in grade schools should be given some training in the proper home environment necessary to the mental health of children. The Gluecks would like to see industries and unions gather younger workers together for instruction on the same theme. Pre-natal clinics, they said, could include some information about the proper care of a baby's emotions along with information about his diaper rash.

"Look at what kind of a person the delinquent is," suggests Dr. Glueck. "He's not all bad by any means. He's fearless, adventurous, aggressive, energetic, strong—just the sort of citizen we want. We shouldn't lose him." ★

My Canadian Adventure

"No holds barred," they promised me, "but we'd like you to come to London and get to know us first."

Lester Beall, internationally famous designer, describes one of the most exciting jobs of his life

Fair enough. Four famous brews—and my job was to give them the best labels I could. First, I needed to learn all I could about Labatt's, the kind of company it was and the kind of brews it produced. After that, a free hand.

Getting together with the people at Labatt's turned out to be a real adventure. For one thing, the brewery and bottling plant at London, Ontario, were more impressive than I had imagined. The bottling plant, for instance, is a model of electronically controlled efficiency, undoubtedly one of the finest and most modern on the continent.

I talked to scores of men and women about Labatt's ... about Canada. I visited retail stores, groceries, taverns. I watched bottles of Labatt's coming through production—cartoned and stacked for shipment—being bought, in the case and individually—being held, lifted, poured and set down again by purchasers themselves.

The new Labatt labels, to my mind, had to be contemporary. I definitely wanted them to reflect the continuing quality and integrity of the product. Furthermore, the labels should be distinct from all other brewers' labels. A bottle of Labatt's should look unique. And integrated—crown, neck label, and the label itself must relate to each other, must "belong."

I especially wanted the Labatt labels to have a "family look." Few breweries, after all, can claim the strong "family" character that Labatt's can. Ready to hand was the fact that four members of the Labatt family have each made a unique contribution—the addition of a brew to the Labatt line. I decided that the labels should carry their likenesses, on medallions incorporated on every brand label.

Hundreds of ideas passed over the drawing boards of my studio in Connecticut. My excitement grew. We designed and re-designed. Finally—satisfaction!

The results are now for you to judge. It has been absorbing work for me. It has been a Canadian adventure I'm proud and happy to have had.

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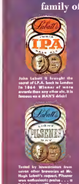

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My, Uh, Dazzling Career As Miss Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Rockettes at the Radio City Music Hall in New York.

The contest was to be at the Brant Inn, a big roadhouse in Burlington near Hamilton, early in August. The winner was to be entered two weeks later in the Miss America contest in Atlantic City. One quarter of the points would be awarded for looks, one quarter for talent, one quarter for intelligence and one quarter for manners. This apparently was no bathing beauty contest.

"No girl will have to display her legs in public," Mrs Weaver told us. "The *physical* judging will be done privately. Even then no girl will be asked to wear a bathing suit. Each will have to appear in shorts and a blouse."

Five or six days before the contest we thirteen candidates were called down to Burlington. Each of us was placed with a chaperoning family. The family's job was to protect us, relax us, and generally get us ready for the contest. They were also to report on how we behaved in their homes. This would be taken into account by the judges.

Some of these families were personal friends of the Weavers and some were local people who volunteered to help. "Nobody," Mr Weaver insisted, "makes a penny out of the Miss Canada contest. It is held solely to help Canadian youth." He told me later there was never any difficulty getting chaperone families. Most of them liked the publicity. I joined a Burlington couple named Mr and Mrs Jay Shaver.

At first twelve of us girls were chummy. There didn't seem to be any jealousy among us. But there was one girl who kept herself very much apart. We called her "the Dark Horse." Her name was Diane Brisson—she was the girl with the Rockettes. She qualified because her parents lived in St. Catharines, Ont. She was so beautiful and cool and smart and had such gorgeous legs I thought she was bound to win. I was always worried about my thighs which tended to be too plump.

We visited factories, town halls, department stores, hotels and all sorts of places where people wanted publicity. We rode in a cavalcade of convertibles loaned by automobile agents who also wanted publicity for their new cars.

We had to be tactful with photographers. Mrs Weaver told us to encourage them but not to let them take any cheesecake shots—which meant lifting our skirts and showing our legs. The photographers of course wanted nothing else but cheesecake. "Come on, kid," they would say, "show a leg." Or "Chest out, honey! Be proud of yourself!" They shot us sitting on fences and standing at the top of stairs, and they kept pestering us to go away and come back in shorts.

"Don't let them tempt you, girls!" Mrs Weaver would say. "You'll let down the tone of the contest."

The photographers all went goo goo eyed over Diane Brisson. The rest of us girls alternately admired, envied and reviled her knack of getting the best out of every pose without quite breaking the cheesecake rule.

We were treated like nobility at the receptions, especially by the men. Presidents of companies, promotion men and politicians put their arms round my shoulder and called me "little girl." At some places there were cocktails. But we girls weren't allowed to drink or smoke. "Smoking and drinking do not become a girl who aspires to represent the youth of Canada," Mrs Weaver declared.

At one point, one of the girls, a very sweet angelic little thing, disappeared for a time with a photographer and was seen having a drink. There was a terrible row. "She has disgraced us," Mrs. Weaver said. Before the finals came up the girl was eliminated.

On the Saturday afternoon before the contest we went before the judges in a private room for our "physical." Although bathing suits were banned some of the girls wore shorts that were even more revealing. When I saw what I was up against I swiftly rolled up the bottoms of my shorts to make them briefer.

The judges were Fay Bainter, an American actress; Celia Franca, director of the Canadian National Ballet; Jonny Shields, the Toronto singer; Betty Jean Ferguson, who was Miss Canada in 1949; Jack Leonard, the musical arranger for Tommy Dorsey's band; and John Holden, a New York producer.

"None of the judges ever takes a penny for his services," Mr Weaver told us. "They just get their plane fares and food." I'm told they do it for the publicity. Even Sarah Churchill does it.

That Saturday night at the Brant Inn we were to meet the judges at supper so that they could watch our table manners and listen to our conversation. We got very edgy. We all knew about which knife and fork to use, but we were worried about spilling things. "If it's peas I just give up," one girl said.

The Judges Didn't Talk

Each of the judges sat for a time at each table when there were three or four girls. It was really tough on the judges because every now and then, just when they were getting a chance to eat something themselves, Mr Weaver rang a little bell and they had to pick up their plates and move to another table.

"Wolf your dinner, girls, if you like, and don't mind me," John Holden said to us. "I'm finishing this course here if it chokes me."

It was difficult to make conversation with a constantly changing round of judges who arrived chewing anxiously and were thrown off balance at each new place by the fact that the knives and forks were getting more and more mixed up. Most of us had studied up on the latest political situation but our plans to talk intelligently went all wrong because none of the judges seemed to care for the subject.

All day Sunday we were supposed to rest, but most of us had been frightened by rumors that in the intelligence test on the stage we would be questioned about celebrities.

I sneaked into a drugstore and bought a thirty-five-cent pocketbook entitled The Hundred Most Important People. I memorized one bit in case it might come in useful:

> Doctor James B. Conant, the President of Harvard University, America's oldest, richest and best known educational institution, has a motto upon which he regularly acts. It is: "Behold the turtle; he makes progress only when his neck is out."

On the Sunday night before the contest it is a custom for all the would-be Miss Canadas to go to church to show the surrounding community that they are religious. It was a Protestant church with a very well-dressed congregation.

The feature of the service is always a sacred solo sung in farewell by the retiring Miss Canada. In that year it was Marjorie Kelly and she sang The Holy City.

Three Cheers For School Teachers

The passing years have set me right
I view them in a different light.
And now I gladly number teachers
Among my favorite human creatures.
I find the traits that bothered me
Refreshing to the Nth degree.
I like their studied, careful diction;
I like their absolute conviction
That no one's ever more than ten —
They make me feel so young again.

P. J. BLACKWELL

On the Monday morning we heard eight girls had been eliminated for bad manners, poor deportment, unfortunate dress tastes and other reasons. I was among the five finalists.

Almost all of us had been so friendly during the early days that we had helped each other dress, adjusted each other's hats, and said nice things to each other like "I know you are going to win. You look so lovely." But now as the final test approached our ambitions got the better of us. We were moody. We kept apart. And when we spoke we were cool with one another. One girl who wasn't very optimistic even when she reached the finals said: "I know it's fixed. I can feel it."

There is a big open air arena at the Brant Inn for moonlight dancing and shows. It holds several thousand and yields enough gate money to engage big-name bands like Duke Ellington's. The night of the Miss Canada contest it was packed and I guess the ticket sales paid all expenses—although Mr Weaver says he sometimes has to put his hand in his pocket to make up deficiencies. Premier Leslie Frost of Ontario made a speech about the youth of Canada.

We five finalists walked onto the stage amid applause. I was wearing a long Mediterranean-sea blue formal and my heart was pumping like mad. I could see my Mum and Dad and little sister Carol out there and I determined to do my best for them. Movie cameras were turning and still cameras were flashing. A band was throbbing softly. Sitting on thrones in all their regalia, side by side at the back of the stage were Colleen Hutchins, the reigning Miss America, and Marjorie Kelly, the retiring Miss Canada.

Then the emcee, Bob Evans, a professional from Arkansas, asked the crowd to encourage every girl by applauding and please not to start booing or catcalling at girls they didn't like.

Each girl then had to step forward in turn and to a musical accompaniment model her gown. That means pacing about, making turns and striking poses like models do at fashion shows.

Then in turn we had to display our talent. Diane Brisson, the Rockette, did a sort of slow St. Louis Blues tap dance and every now and then she jolted everybody by hotting it up with some can-can steps. Joan Treble of Alderwood, Ont., recited passages of Eliza in the flower girl scene from Shaw's Pygmalion. Pat Carter, of Simcoe, Ont., danced to some sort of "Deep Purple" music.

Having had experience singing with bands I guessed crooning was my best talent. I started with an up-tempo number, Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart. That was to lift them. Then I sang a wistful number, Please Mister Sun. That was to hold them. I was holding them all right when I realized the air was alive with bugs. One as big as a bat kept fluttering round my face. I didn't flinch even when it started threshing about in my hair. The audience didn't seem to notice it.

Next came the dreaded intelligence test. The candidates were locked in a room and brought to the stage one at a time to answer three questions to determine their intelligence. The first question was easy. Where was I born? Where did I live? What did I do? I was relieved and my answers got cheers. The next question was: "Assuming you were about to be married which country would you choose for a honeymoon?" I was too hasty. Apparently I should have answered: "I would not choose any country until I had determined the wishes in this matter of my prospective husband." But because I had always wanted to go there I said: "England." Luckily the audience cheered.

The third question floored me: "Who do you consider the greatest living Canadian personality?" I couldn't remember reading about a single Canadian in The Hundred Most Important People.

I took a grip on the mike. My father had always taught me to stop and think rather than blurt out something silly. So I just kept staring at the audience. I could see my mother crying because she thought I was going to fluff it. Suddenly I got the inspiration. I said: "Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent!" There was thunderous applause. Then I was asked why. I said: "Because he has done a lot for the youth of Canada and has a nice kind face." The audience seemed to agree with me, especially Mr and Mrs Shaver who were leading their friends and my rooters in applause.

Breakfast for a Queen

When one girl was asked about the great Canadian personality she answered too quickly. She said: "Churchill!" Then she clapped her hands to her mouth and said: "Oooh no! That was the answer to last year's question, wasn't it?"

Soon afterwards they announced the winner. We were all off stage and they first called forward No. 5, then No. 4 and so on. When No. 2 was called and it wasn't me I knew I had won.

I can't remember much about what happened afterwards except photographers jumping onto the stage and fighting with one another, and my mother hugging me and crying, and my father nearly crying, and my little sister jumping round my legs, and reporters asking me about my diet, and men putting their arms round my shoulders and saying: "I knew you'd win all the time, kid."

My prize was a thousand dollars, some in cash and some in grants for dancing, singing and elocution lessons.

Next morning Mrs Shaver brought me my breakfast in bed, made a curtsy in fun and said: "For Miss Canada!"

I stayed with the Shavers two more weeks while the Weavers got me in trim for the Miss America contest. From that point on I learned what it's like to be a beauty queen. Every minute of my day was planned. I was helped to get dressed by Mrs. Shaver, Mrs Weaver and various other women who came around. Before I left the house my clothes were carefully inspected. I had steam baths and pared a couple of pounds off my infuriating thighs. I also had massages, facials, hairdos, manicures and pedicures, all at the Western place. Photographers "shot" me inside and outside the building and I guess the Weavers got plenty of publicity. I don't know whether I was happy or unhappy. I was dizzy. I think I felt more like a boxer in train

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Hundreds of letters and telegrams poured in. One of these read:

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>
> Signed N A BOYLEN REEVE

A man who signed his name under a Port Rowan, Ont., address sent me a photograph of himself in a frogman's suit and wrote on the back: "Any time you would like to try underwater sports drop me a line. What say?"

My father became my manager and he got in touch with various firms. Eaton's gave me eight complete outfits of clothes. Phantom Hosiery promised to keep me in stockings for the remainder of my "reign." Silknit gave me slips, brassieres, panties, a bed jacket, lounging pyjamas and a negligee. Catalina gave me swim suits. Beauty Counselor gave me a make-up kit full of every conceivable cosmetic. I also got heaps of hats, shoes, bags and costume jewelry from other companies.

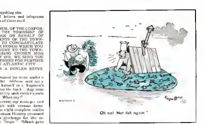
Before I left for the Miss America contest I had to make a speech to 25,000 people at the Grandstand Show at the Canadian National Exhibition. Tony Martin, the singer, introduced me. I said I felt like an ambassador of good will and would do all I could for Toronto's reputation down in the States. Then Mayor Allan Lamport thanked me and hugged me.

Mrs. Weaver was my chaperone at Atlantic City. In some ways it was just like the preparations for Miss Canada, but on a bigger, brassier scale. We drove up and down the Boardwalk in convertibles waving to the crowds and blowing kisses. But some things were very different. I had my photograph taken with Marilyn Monroe and she made me look just like a girl from the farm. Miss Alabama actually sneered at my legs. At a talent rehearsal some of the other girls winced when I did my songs. Though most of them were kind I soon realized that they were nearly all professional artists already established in show business. The receptions were such a razzle-dazzle I can hardly remember anything about them except the shouting.

A woman executive in the Miss America organization kept telling us, "No smoking, no drinking and no making up to men. While you're here you're in a convent. Remember!"

But the male attack was tremendous. We were all billeted in hotels and every time we left or arrived there were packs of wolves trying to cut girls out from the flock. Some of them were old men, very gentlemanly and crafty, and some were young fellows just out of short pants, but most enterprising. These total strangers telephoned our hotel rooms asking for dates. But the chaperones were always there, dashing in and breaking it up if ever the girls and the wolves looked like getting together, and snatching up the phone every time it rang. Mrs. Weaver didn't say much but I could tell she thought the affair lacked the tone of the Miss Canada contest.

I put all I could into the contest and tried to keep my thighs out of it as much as possible. But we had to wear bathing suits and my thighs felt like balloons. In any average crowd of girls I would have been okay. But I was among flank upon flank of lofty sirens whose measurements were right to a fraction of an inch, everywhere, and I felt stubby and ordinary.



"Oh no! Not fish again."

The talent was fantastic. The winner, Neva Jane Langley (Miss Georgia), was ravishing and during all the preliminaries she was surrounded and encouraged by a growing swarm of photographers and rooters. When she came to her act she staggered everybody by playing classical music on a big grand piano and it sounded just like the real thing.

I never had a ghost of a chance and was eliminated in the first round. That night I cried and cried.

On the way back to Toronto in the plane Mrs. Weaver said to cheer up as I was still big stuff at home and there would be a crowd of photographers and reporters waiting to meet us. But there was only one little old photographer at the airport. All I got was a tiny picture on an inside page. It turned out that that day the Boyd Gang had escaped from jail. Mrs. Weaver said if only she could get her hands on the Boyd Gang she'd strangle them.

Men Called Her Honey

Mr. Weaver thought up a plan for getting me back into the headlines. When he thinks up these plans he gets very enthusiastic and says, "I have a story for the whole world." The story was that I was going to the Coronation. The papers took it up in a big way. Mrs. Weaver told me that he would have to dig down into his own pocket to pay my expenses because there wasn't enough left in the Miss Canada kitty. But he thought that it would be worthwhile. "Why," he said, "you might even meet the Queen and think of the publicity that would mean."

The next eight months were hectic. We received so many phone calls at my parents' home that other people on our party line complained and we had to be cut off at set periods every day to give them a chance to talk.

I dropped the puck at the opening of hockey matches and I threw the first ball at the opening of the Maple Leaf Stadium baseball season. I went to the opening of new stores and factories and to dozens of conventions. At one convention I had my picture taken with Dana Porter, the Ontario Attorney-General, a very cultured man. Once in a while I went off to some small Ontario town to head the bill at a local variety concert. My father did all the negotiations regarding fees.

At the Sportsmen's Show in Toronto I had to ride in shorts on an ostrich named Jughead. I was terrified because I thought it would swivel its head right around and peck me. But it was most docile. The photographers wanted a picture of the ostrich throwing me but it wouldn't buck at all, although I kept trying to make it. In the end I had to pretend to be thrown. The picture got quite a splash and the Sportsmen's Show was very pleased.

I was invited to parties at swanky homes. While everybody else drank liquor I drank milk. Mr. Weaver once smiled and called me his milk-fed baby. The men were always calling me "honey," "kid" and "sweetheart." But the women weren't so kind. I once overheard a woman remark, "That child has neither the figure nor the face to carry such fashionable clothes."

When I did a TV show I took a blow smack on the chin. I was told, delicately, that I had "one or two unpleasant expressions." I got more and more baffled about what people wanted me to be like.

One day I heard I was on the cover of Flash, a Toronto tabloid. Inside there was a story saying that the Miss Canada contest was fixed. My mother cried and cried. Then I cried. And the doctors ordered me to take a two-month rest.

I was better in time for the Coronation trip and my father wrote to George Prudham, Canadian Minister of Mines, a distant relative of my mother's, and asked him if he could make arrangements for me to entertain Canadian troops in Europe after I had seen the Coronation. Mr. Prudham wrote to Defense Minister Brooke Claxton and it was arranged—because the services like publicity too. My father got in touch with various companies. Monarch Knit gave me sweaters, Varden Petite gave me dresses, Camille gave me hats and Bata gave me shoes. Eaton's gave me costume jewelry and a complete set of matching luggage. They also lent me a diamond tiara in case I was presented to the Queen.

This was looked after carefully by Mrs. Robert Tucker, my chaperone, a cultured young matron from Port Credit, Ont., who worked as a teacher of oral expression at the University of Toronto. She told me she was going to help me by being quite frank. One of the things she told me about myself was that my table manners were atrocious.

During the flight to London I knew a big crowd was waiting for us and before we landed I said a prayer: "Oh God, let them like me. Let them think Miss Canada does mean *something*."

We watched the Coronation procession from seats in Hyde Park. Later the crowds all started running toward Buckingham Palace. I ran too. Mrs. Tucker tried to stop me. "Running is so undignified," she said. But I broke away from her and ran and ran. Hours later, after I had seen the Queen on the balcony, I walked back alone to the hotel, about three miles, filled with the joy of what I had seen.

Next day we had tea with Mrs. Thomas Bata, a very rich and beautiful woman. That night we were taken to the Bagatelle, Princess Margaret's favorite night club. Some Guatemalan diplomats asked me to pose with them for pictures. Afterwards I danced with them until about three in the morning. They were very Latin.

On Friday, June 5, I was introduced to Crown Prince Hussein of Jordan who gave me a funny smile and wrote me his autograph in Arabic.

Next day we went to North Luffenham, the RCAF base, and did two shows. They were having a Coronation ball. I met Sir John Baldwin and the Marquis of Menton and at ten o'clock I was sent to bed in the airwomen's quarters.

Then we were flown to Gros Tenquin, an RCAF base in France. The pilot let me fly the plane and make it go up and down. When he was flying low I foolishly pushed the controls away forward and the plane dived. The pilot, who had turned white, took over quickly and flew straight up into the clouds.

We flew to Zweibrucken, another base, and did a second show. Then we arrived four hours late at Hanover to entertain Canadian soldiers. Some of the troops had got drunk waiting for us. One man kept coming up to me and crying and saying I reminded him of his wife.

The Deck Caved In

In Paris we went to a big party at the Canadian Embassy. Mrs. Tucker was at ease with the diplomats but I felt out of it and sat in a corner. A man came up with champagne. I had never had a drink in my life, but I had a tummy ache and I felt it would help. I had two drinks. I drank them too quickly as if they were Bromo Seltzers. Then I felt dizzy and had to go to the bathroom. I remember I had to climb a long curving staircase that led out of a hall. I had to hang onto the balustrade all the way up. I felt awful because I thought I was letting the youth of Canada down.

We flew back to England and were taken out to the Canadian warships formed up for the Spithead review. As we climbed aboard HMCS Quebec Rear Admiral R. E. S. Bidwell and all the officers lined up to salute. I bowed gravely just like I'd seen the Queen do.

On the carrier Magnificent I stepped forward to introduce myself and begin my act. Suddenly the deck seemed to cave in beneath me. I felt myself falling down through a trap door of some kind. I hit a lot of dirty old pipes in a deep dark hole and shouted, "Jeez!"

Up above there was some nervous laughter, then a lot of ringing commands and running about. Finally five men lifted me out and I had a heck of a job keeping my skirts down.

My leg was covered with blood and oil. Two ships' doctors attended me. Then they sent a boat for two more from another ship. I was X-rayed. Four doctors kept messing around with my leg. When I was all bandaged up Mrs. Tucker took me back to London. The navy got plenty of publicity out of that. Ever since I've always said I fell for the navy.

A few days later we flew back to Toronto. At Malton airport there was a big crowd of newspapermen who were expecting me to step out on crutches. But I managed by using one of those high English umbrellas as a stick. I never felt less glamorous in my life. When my mother saw me she cried.

I was under contract to start singing immediately with a band at the Royal York Hotel. On the stage I still had to wear bandages for a week or so but I had them under a long gown.

When it came time to elect another Miss Canada I had to go down to Burlington to sing the traditional sacred solo in church. There was a lot of bickering among the congregation who didn't think it was right a dance-band singer should perform in church. But Mr. Weaver quieted them down and I sang Bless This House. On the final night, when I handed over my crown, I sang I Believe. But really I didn't believe as much as I had done a year previously.

For the whole year that I had been Miss Canada I had been feted and encouraged to believe that I was famous. But once it was over I was forgotten. After a three-month job singing at the Chateau Frontenac I started taking lessons in specialty dancing. I paid for them by teaching ballroom dancing at Arthur Murray's. I was still desperately keen on getting into show business. But one night when I was practicing adagio I just broke down. In hospital they told me I was a nervous wreck and I had to rest for several months.

Last July I decided to have another crack at show business. I called on Lucien Jarraud, the Montreal theatrical agent. When he asked me about my experience I told him about being Miss Canada. He hadn't even heard of me. That's when I knew that I wasn't a beauty queen anymore. ★

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SUMMER'S end is always a sad time and this one finds us feeling sorry for a host of poor unfortunates. The unhappy knight errant who lost his sword on a Toronto streetcar, and advertised for it in the Star. The hit and run driver who smashed into a parked car in Hanover, Ont., when the owner wasn't looking and would have made a clean getaway except he left his own license plate stuck in the victim's fender. The driver of a sight seeing bus at Jasper Park who prospered from the inspired moment he hung a sign in his charabanc "Please do not tip the driver more than one dollar"—until an appreciative tourist asked the manager couldn't she tip the driver two dollars just this once. And the eighty year old woman in PEI whose farmer son defied her wishes and finally put in a telephone which she'll have nothing to do with at all unless it rings when she's alone and then she grabs it up like a hot poker, shouts "Alex isn't home" and slams it down again.

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On the other hand mid-September means foot balls already being punted about the campuses, colleges opening for registration and old grads warming up for those nostalgic reunion week-ends that are bound to follow. A McMaster old boy was practicing on us the other day, his favorite story about an absent-minded professor who inhabits the university. This venerable scholar was waiting for a bus at an intersection near the college, his mind as usual a million light years away, when one of those snub-nosed milk trucks stopped in front of him. Before the startled driver could pull away on the green light the professor had stepped in the open door and dropped his ticket into an empty milk bottle.

• • •

When this Vancouver woman was returning from driving a baby sitter home to a desolate section of Burnaby well after midnight, she noticed with a chill sinking feeling that she was being followed by a car without headlights. Telling herself not to panic she slowly speeded up, turning a needless corner or two, but sure as sin the dark vehicle kept pace. Soon she was clutching the wheel wildly and doing sixty miles an hour through the deserted streets, and she was never as relieved in her life as when she suddenly heard a police siren screaming up behind her. She dove for the curb and as the cruiser pulled up beside her she blurted "Oh, I'm so glad it's you—this car with its lights off kept following me faster and faster and . . . ." At which the embarrassed cop hurriedly switched on his lights and drove off.

• • •

A Lethbridge man was waiting in the office of a service station while the attendant was greasing his car when a young fellow walked in to ask for a tow. Finding the garageman busy he slumped on a chair and began telling the older man his troubles. He was sure his battery was dead and he'd have to get a new one, he said. Not long before he'd had to get the brakes set up; what's more and before that he'd had to buy a couple of new tires. "It just seems like once a car starts to go, everything goes at once," he finished bitterly. All sympathy, his listener asked him how old was his car to be giving him as much trouble and the lad replied in the same aggrieved tones, "It's a twenty-seven."

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Courthouse officials in Sudbury, Ont., are still trying to figure how an inmate of the district jail was able to place a long-distance telephone call to his family in Timmins and charge the cost to the sheriff. Best guess is the prisoner got his chance when he was assigned to clean up the sheriff's office during a moment when no one was in the room. The call wasn't discovered till the long distance bill came in, of course, and the mystified sheriff asked the phone company to trace the unexplained call. They did, and the man who placed the call was soon identified, but though he's still at the same address, the Bell men have written off the bill as uncollectable.

• • •

A young woman from London, England, recently visited an aunt in Medicine Hat, Alta., where she heard a good deal about the famous Medicine Hat Potteries and saw displays of their wares in what seemed like every store in town. She decided to take her grandmother in England a sample of the local china, an attractive teapot. She had to pack it with care because she was going to lug it all over western Canada and the U.S. before heading for home, and it was weeks later in Britain that she finally unwrapped the teapot, took another look and noticed it was stamped "Made in England."

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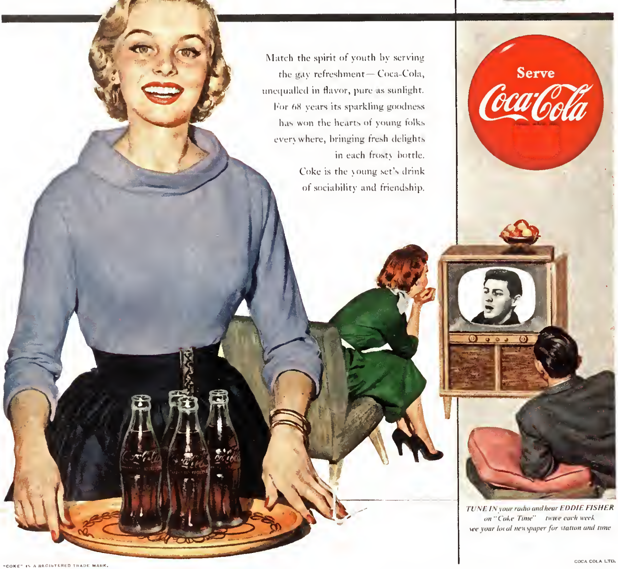

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